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Maria D. Shutter.

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INSANITY AND GENIUS.

BY DR. ARTHUR McDONALD.

HUMAN beings may be classified, in a general way, into normal and abnormal. By "abnormal" is meant departure from the normal. While the term "abnormal" often suggests ethical or æsthetical characteristics, it is here employed with no such reference. Thus a great reformer and a great criminal are both abnormal in the sense of diverging much from the average or normal man.

Human abnormality may be divided into three general forms—insanity, genius, and crime. The third form, "crime," includes all excessive degrees of wrong.

Assuming the natural history point of view, man should be studied as we study all species below him. In an investigation, therefore, of insanity and genius, we must, as far as possible, eliminate all those ethical and æsthetical ideas (however important) that we have been accustomed to associate with these terms; for an empirical study is concerned with facts, rather than with sentiments, emotions, or ideals connected with such facts.

INSANITY.

Krafft-Ebing* defines insanity, from the anatomical point of view, as a diffuse disease of the brain, accompanied with nutritive, inflammatory, and degenerative changes. The division between mental and brain diseases is purely a prac-

* "Psychiatrie," 1890.

tical one, and not strictly scientific. Mental diseases are a special class of cerebral diseases, and from a clinical standpoint are distinguished by psycho-functional disturbances. Insanity is not only a disease of the brain, but also a diseased alteration of the personality. One difficulty in distinguishing between sanity and insanity is due to the fact that the manifestations of one can correspond exactly to those of the other. The first symptoms are not generally intellectual, but emotional; there is abnormal irritability. The fluctuating line between sanity and insanity, as frequently seen in public and private life, can, says Krafft-Ebing, oscillate between the extremes of genius and mental disease. Such men show peculiarities in thought, feeling, and action; they are called strange or foolish because the great majority of men feel or act otherwise. So their combinations of ideas are uncommon, new, striking, and often interesting; yet they are not capable of making use of these new thoughts. Such individuals are not yet insane, but still they are not quite right. They form the passage over to insanity; they are on the threshold. They are so eccentric as to be said to have a strain of madness in them. Maudsley* calls this an "insane temperament"; it is characterized by a defective or unstable condition of nerve element, a tendency to sudden caprices, to act independently of the social organism; a personal gratification that seems to others a sign of great vanity. But they are so engrossed in their own impulses as not to be conscious of how it affects others. In Maudsley's opinion, this predisposition to insanity lies close to genius in some cases. He says such pseudo-geniuses are numerous in public life; they believe themselves on the way to weighty discoveries and humanitarian enterprises, which turn out to be unfruitful; some are inventors, improvers of the world, revolutionary heroes, creators of new sects, to whose plans an agitated public sometimes lends a willing ear, but whose work necessarily fails, because it is only a "mental flash of a puzzled head," and not a ripened result out of the development of civilization.

Some persons having this insane temperament may be called mattoids, to use Lombroso's expression. They are strikingly peculiar, eccentric, and original, but generally in useless ways; they show disproportionate development; they

* "Pathology of Mind."

are closely allied by heredity to mental disease, and may gradually develop into this state. Thus one member of a family may show genius, another be insane or epileptic. This may indicate an extreme sensibility in the family, which under different conditions of life and body has taken different forms. This extreme nervous sensibility may endow a person with genius, but not the highest genius; for he lacks the power of the critical sense and the vast intelligence of the genius, which permits him to correct his wild imagination. The insane temperament shows originality, but lacks the critical spirit; the ordinary normal mind has some critical spirit, but lacks originality; the genius possesses both originality and critical power.

Clouston says that there are a number of examples of insane temperaments ranging from inspired idiots to inspired geniuses; that De Quincey, Cowper, Turner, Shelley, Tasso, Lamb, and Goldsmith may be reckoned as having had in some degree the insane temperament. Some are original, but in the highest degree impracticable and unwise in the conventional sense of the term. Another form of this temperament is sometimes illustrated in spiritualism, thought reading, clairvoyancy, and hypnotism.

The pseudo-genius, or mattoid, is, then, one who has the insane temperament, with originality and particular talents in certain lines, and often displays a mixture of insanity and genius. In the words of Maudsley, he desires to set the world "*violently right*"; under mental strain he is impulsive, and may be attacked with derangement. A weaker and much less important class of mattoids is the egotistic variety, with no capacity to look at self from an outside standpoint. This self-feeling may widen into the family, but develops no further. This class considers its oddities higher than the virtues of others. Another phase is illustrated by those who have little sympathy for their own kind; they often have extreme affection for some dog or cat, and suppose that they are exceedingly humanitarian because they love animals more than human beings.

Hammond* says that "the discrimination of the very highest flights of genius from insanity is a difficult, and at times an impossible, undertaking, for they may exist in one and the same person." Hammond also is of the opinion

* "Treatise on Insanity," New York, 1883.

that more people of great genius exhibit manifestations of insanity than do persons with ordinary mental faculties. He mentions as showing symptoms of insanity, or at the close of life passing into fatuity, Tasso, Burns, Swift, Mozart, Haydn, Walter Scott, Blake, and Poe.

Schüle * defines insanity as a disease of the person, resting upon and caused by a brain affection. Here it is to be understood, psychologically speaking, that a pathological symptom does not constitute the essence of a mental disturbance, be the thought ever so broken or the disposition or action ever so anomalous. Hallucinations under certain conditions can appear temporarily, or superstition can come within the range of specific mental disease, and yet there is no insanity. In true mental disease the whole person must be included, so that in his thoughts, feelings, and actions he is no more determined by motives which may be changed by reflection and conclusion, but by irremovable feelings and ideas upon the ego, which, if called up, exercise an incontestable superior power. It is the *mental compulsion that constitutes the essence of mental derangement*. The patient often stands under its power as a whole personality; at another time he is theoretical or reflective as to this force over him; but the distinctive point is that he cannot clear it away, nor overcome it through logic, nor stop it by his will. This compulsion is grounded in a fundamental organic brain disease.

According to Arndt, † our manner of knowing, feeling, and willing is differently developed, and shows itself in feeble or strong constitutions, as nervousness, weakness, or insanity; or as gift, talent, or genius. Every mental disease is a reaction of the nervous system impaired in its nutrition, especially the nutrition of the brain. Arndt's idea is that when a nervous condition appears occasionally in parents and grandparents, it sooner or later passes over into mental disease, as seen in children of aged parents born late, or in children of parents with talent or genius. In the first case (in children born late) this nervous condition develops with the decrease of vital energy; in the second case it comes from the nature of the higher endowment or genius. This endowment or genius is an expression of a highly organized nervous system,

* "Klinische Psychiatrie."

† "Lehrbuch der Psychiatrie."

more particularly that of the brain. Thus it is that all higher gifts, including genius, are very frequently subject to all kinds of diseased conditions, peculiarities, idiosyncrasies, and perversities. Arndt mentions as examples among poets, Tasso, Lenau, Heinrich, Von Kleist, Hölderlin, Gutzkow; among artists, Robert Schumann, Carl Blechen; among scientists, Pascal, Frederic Sauvages, John Müller, Robert von Meyer; among statesmen and generals, Tiberius and the Duke of Marlborough. A large number of geniuses were the last of their kind; as Democritus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cæsar, Augustus, Galenus, Paracelsus, Newton, Shakespeare, Leibnitz, Kant, Voltaire, Gustave Adolphus, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Linné, Cuvier, Byron, and Alexander von Humboldt. The family of Schiller has died out in its male members. This dying out of genius can only be explained, according to Arndt, by the weakness of the organizations, and the resulting hyperæsthesia. This also is an explanation of the fact that the brothers and sisters of geniuses are often mediocre and sometimes weak minded.

GENIUS.

Moreau of Tours* holds that genius is the highest expression, the *ne plus ultra* of intellectual activity, which is due to an over-excitation of the nervous system and in this sense is neurotic; that disease of the nervous centres is a hereditary condition, favoring the development of the intellectual faculties. He maintains, on the basis of biographical facts, that among distinguished men one finds the largest number of insane; that the children of geniuses are inferior even to those of average men, owing to convulsions and cerebral diseases in infancy. Genius is always isolated; it is a *summum* of nature's energy, after which her procreative forces are exhausted. Mental dynamism cannot be exalted to genius, unless the organ of thought is in a condition analogous to that of an abnormal irritability, which is also favorable to the development of hereditary insanity. When the mind reaches its highest limit it is in danger of falling into dementia. The cerebral troubles of great men, from simple nervousness to normal perturbation, are the natural, if not necessary effects, of their organization.

* "Psychologie Morbide."

* Lélut also considers genius a nervous affection, a semi-morbid state of the brain. † Nisbet holds that genius and insanity "are but different phases of a morbid susceptibility of, or a want of balance in, the cerebro-spinal system." "Whenever a man's life is at once sufficiently illustrious and recorded with sufficient fulness, he inevitably falls into the morbid category." Huxley says: "Genius, to my mind, means innate capacity of any kind above the average mental level. From a biological point of view, I should say that a 'genius' among men stands in the same position as a 'sport' among animals and plants, and is a product of that variability which is the postulate of selection. I should think it probable that a large proportion of '*genius sports*' are likely to come to grief physically and socially, and that the intensity of feeling, which is one of the conditions of what is commonly called genius, is especially liable to run into the fixed ideas which are at the bottom of so much insanity." Lombroso †‡ says that from an anatomical and biological study of men of genius, who are semi-insane, from an investigation of the pathological causes of their apparition, marks of which are almost always left in their descendants—with all this in view, there arises the conception of the morbid, degenerative nature of genius.

While, then, some alienists hold that genius is a pathological condition of the nervous system, a hyperæsthesia, a nervous or mental disease, others do not go so far; yet all seem to be agreed that the relation between insanity and genius is very close.

As an introduction to the biographical study of genius, it will be interesting to give the opinions of geniuses themselves.

Aristotle says that under the influence of a congestion of the head there are persons who become poets, prophets, and sibyls. Plato § affirms that delirium is not an evil but a great benefaction when it emanates from the divinity. Democritus || makes insanity an essential condition of poetry. Diderot ¶ says, "Ah, how close the insane and the genius

* "Démon de Socrate."

† "The Insanity of Genius," London, 1891.

‡ "L'Homme de Génie."

§ Phædo.

|| Horace, *ars Poetica*.

¶ Dictionnaire Encyclopédique.

touch; they are imprisoned and enchained, or statues are raised to them." Voltaire says: "Heaven, in forming us, mixed our life with reason and insanity; the elements of our imperfect being; they compose every man, they form his essence." Pascal says: "Extreme mind is close to extreme insanity." Mirabeau affirms that common sense is the absence of too vivid passion; it marches by beaten paths, but genius never. Only men with great passions can be great. Cato * said, before committing suicide, "Since when have I shown signs of insanity?" Tasso said, "I am compelled to believe that my insanity is caused by drunkenness and by love; for I know well that I drink too much." Cicero speaks of the "*furor poeticus*," Horace of the "*amabilis insania*," Lamartine of "the mental disease called genius." Newton, in a letter to Locke, says that he passed some months without having a "consistency of mind."

Chateaubriand says that his chief fault is weariness, disgust of everything, and perpetual doubt. Dryden says, "Great wit to madness nearly is allied." Lord Beaconsfield says: "I have sometimes half believed, although the suspicion is mortifying, that there is only a step between his state who deeply indulges in imaginative meditations and insanity. I was not always sure of my identity or even existence, for I have found it necessary to shout aloud to be sure that I lived." ‡

Schopenhauer confessed that when he composed his great work, he carried himself strangely, and was taken for insane. He said that men of genius are often like the insane, given to continual agitation. Tolstoi acknowledged that philosophical scepticism had led him to a condition bordering on insanity. George Sand says of herself, that at about seventeen she became deeply melancholic; that later she was tempted to suicide; that this temptation was so vivid, sudden and *bizarre* that she considered it a species of insanity. Heine † said that his disease may have given a morbid character to his later compositions.

However paradoxical such sayings may seem, a serious investigation will show striking resemblances between the highest mental activity and diseased mind. As a proof of

* Plutarch.

† "Contarini Fleming."

‡ "Correspondance Inédite," Paris, 1877.

this, we will give a number of facts, to which many more might be added.

BIOGRAPHICAL FACTS SHOWING ECCENTRICITIES, NERVOUS DISEASES, AND SYMPTOMS OF INSANITY.

The difficulty of obtaining facts of an abnormal or pathological nature and otherwise unfavorable, is obvious. Authors have not only concealed such data, but have not deemed them important enough to record. It is due to the medical men, whose life brings them closest to abnormal reality, that such facts have been gathered. If it be said that the abnormal or exceptional must be taken with some caution, because it is natural for the mind to exaggerate striking characteristics, it must be remembered that such facts, when unfavorable to reputation, are concealed. In the study of any exceptional or abnormal individual, as the insane or genius, one finds much more concealed than is known.

Socrates had hallucinations from his familiar genius or demon. Pausanias, the Lacedæmonian, after killing a young slave, was tormented until his death by a *spirit*, which pursued him in all places, and which resembled his victim. Lucretius was attacked with intermittent mania. Bayle says this mania left him lucid intervals, during which he composed six books, "*De Rerum Natura*." He was forty-four years of age when he put an end to his life. Charles the Fifth had epileptic attacks during his youth; he stammered. He retreated to a monastery, where he had the singular fantasy of celebrating his own funeral rites in his own presence. His mother (Jane of Castile) was insane and deformed; his grandfather (Ferdinand of Arragon) died at the age of sixty-two, in a state of profound melancholia. Peter the Great, during infancy, was subject to nervous attacks, which degenerated into epilepsy. One of his sons had hallucinations, another convulsions. Cæsar was epileptic, of feeble constitution, with pallid skin, and subject to headaches. Linné, a precocious genius, had a cranium hydrocephalic in form. He suffered from a stroke of paralysis. At the end of one attack he had forgotten his name. He died in a state of senile dementia. Raphael experienced temptations to suicide.* Pascal,† from birth till death, suffered from ner-

* "Raphael," pages de la vingtième année.

† "L'Amulette de Pascal," 1846.

vous troubles. At one year of age he fell into a languor, during which he could not see water without manifesting great outbursts of passion ; and still more peculiar, he could not bear to see his father and mother near one another. In 1627 he had paralysis from his waist down, so that he could not walk without crutches ; this condition continued three months. During his last hours he was taken with terrible convulsions, in which he died. The autopsy showed peculiarities. His cranium appeared to have no suture, unless, perhaps, the lamboid or sagittal. A large quantity of the brain substance was very much condensed. Opposite the ventricles there were two impressions, as of a finger in wax. These cavities were full of clotted and decayed blood, and there was, it is said, a gangrenous condition of the dura mater. Walter Scott, during his infancy, had precarious health, and before the age of two was paralyzed in his right limb. He had a stroke of apoplexy. He had this vision on hearing of the death of Byron: Coming into the dining-room, he saw before him the image of his dead friend; on advancing toward it, he recognized that the vision was due to drapery extended over the screen.*

Voltaire, like Cicero, Demosthenes, Newton, and Walter Scott, was born under the saddest and most alarming conditions of health. His feebleness was such that he could not be taken to church to be christened. During his first years he manifested an extraordinary mind. In his old age he was like a bent shadow.† He had an attack of apoplexy at the age of eighty-three. His autopsy showed a slight thickness of the bony walls of the cranium. In spite of his advanced age, there was an enormous development of the encephalon.‡ Michael Angelo,§ while painting "The Last Judgment," fell from his scaffold and received a painful injury to the leg. He shut himself up and would not see any one. Bacio Rontini, a celebrated physician, came by accident to see him. He found all the doors closed. No one responding, he went into the cellar and came upstairs. He found Michael Angelo in his room, "resolved to let himself die." His friend, the physician, would not leave him. He brought him out of the peculiar frame of mind into which

* "Edinburg Medical and Surgical Journal," January, 1843.

† Ségur, "Mem.," t. I.

‡ R. Parise, "Philosophie et Hygiène."

§ "Histoire de la Linture en Italie" (Reveille-Parise).

he had fallen. The elder brother of Richelieu, the cardinal, was a singular man; he committed suicide because of a rebuke from his parents. The sister of Richelieu was insane. Richelieu himself had attacks of insanity; he would figure himself as a horse, but afterwards would have no recollection of it. Descartes, after a long retirement, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his investigations after the truth. Goethe was sure of having perceived the image of himself coming to meet him. Goethe's mother died of an apoplectic attack. Cromwell, when at school, had an hallucination in his room; suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic stature appeared to him, announcing his future greatness. In the days of his power he liked to recount this vision. Cromwell had violent attacks of melancholic humor; he spoke of his hypochondria. His entire moral life was moulded by a sickly and neuropathical constitution, which he had at birth.

Rousseau was a type of the melancholic temperament, assuming sometimes the symptoms of a veritable pathetic insanity. He sought to realize his phantoms in the least susceptible circumstances; he saw everywhere enemies and conspirators (frequent in the first stages of insanity). Once, coming to his sailing vessel in England, he interpreted the unfavorable winds as a conspiracy against him, then mounted an elevation, and began to harangue the people, although they did not understand a word he said. In addition to his fixed ideas and delirant convictions, Rousseau suffered from attacks of acute delirium; a sort of maniacal excitation. He died from an apoplectic attack.

As space forbids giving further details, we will mention some persons of great talent or genius who have shown symptoms of insanity: Saint Simon, Swedenborg, Haller, Comte, Loyola, Luther, Jeanne d'Arc, Mohammed, Molière, Lotze, Mozart, Condillac, Bossuet, Madame de Staël, Swift, Johnson, Cowper, Southey, Shelley, Byron, Goldsmith, Lamb, Poe, Carlyle, Keats, Coleridge, Burns, George Eliot, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, Wellington, Warren Hastings, Bach, Handel, Newton, Chateaubriand, Beethoven, Alexander the Great, and Napoleon.

Additional biographical data concerning the different types of genius might be added, and many will occur to any one who has read the lives of great men. In certain

instances the authority for some of the facts might be questioned, but the great majority will remain.

Precocity is a symptom of genius and insanity. Dante composed verses at nine; Tasso and Mirabeau at ten; Comte and Voltaire and Pascal were great thinkers at thirteen; Niebuhr at seven; Jonathan Edwards, Bossuet and Pope at twelve; Goethe before ten; Victor Hugo and Fénelon at fifteen. Handel and Beethoven composed at thirteen; Mozart gave concerts at six; Raphael was renowned at fourteen. Yet some great men were regarded as poor pupils; as, for example, Pestalozzi, Wellington, Balzac, Humboldt, Boccaccio, Linné, Newton, and Walter Scott.

Originality is very common, both to men of genius and the insane but in the latter case it is generally without purpose. Hagen makes irresistible impulse one of the characteristics of genius, as Schüle (see above) does of insanity.* Mozart avowed that his musical inventions came involuntarily, like dreams, showing an unconsciousness and spontaneity which are also frequent in insanity. Socrates says that poets create, not by reflection, but by natural instinct. Voltaire said, in a letter to Diderot, that all manifestations of genius are effects of instinct, and that all the philosophers of the world together could not have given "*Les Animaux Malades de la Peste*," which La Fontaine composed without knowing even what he did. According to Goethe, a certain cerebral irritation is necessary to poets. Klopstock declared that in dreams he had found many inspirations for his poems. Thus as the great thoughts of genius often come spontaneously, so it is with the ideas of the insane.

Geniuses are inclined to misinterpret the acts of others, and consider themselves persecuted. These are well-known tendencies of the insane. Boileau and Chateaubriand could not hear a person praised, even their shoemaker, without feeling a certain opposition. Schopenhauer became furious and refused to pay a bill in which his name was written with a double "p." Unhealthy vanity is also common in the ambitions of monomaniacs.

Alienists hold, in general, that a large proportion of mental diseases is the result of degeneracy; that is, they are the offspring of drunken, insane, syphilitic, and consumptive parents, and suffer from the action of heredity. The

* "*Klinische Psychiatrie*."

most frequent characteristics of mental diseases are : apathy, weakness or loss of moral sense, impulsiveness, propensity to doubt, verbosity or exaggerated acuteness, extreme vanity or eccentricity, excessive preoccupation with one's own personality, mystical interpretations of simple facts, hallucinations, abuse of symbols or special terms, sometimes suppressing every other form of expression, and a general psychical disproportion through an excessive development of certain faculties, or by absence of others. The reader is particularly requested to note these psychical symptoms of insanity; for almost all of them, as we shall see, are found in men of genius. If *X* were substituted for insanity, and *Y* for genius, so as to dispel preconceived notions, an impartial observer would be very liable to say that the characteristics of *X* and *Y* bring them under the same general category. Also some other physical characteristics of the insane are almost as frequent in geniuses. They are : a symmetry of face and head, irregularity in teeth, and rachitism. In the insane are frequently found abnormally large or small ears or mouth; hare-lips, hypertrophy of the under lip; gums wide or one-sided; bent nose; hands unequal in size; abnormal growth of hair over body; growth of beard on women and defective eyebrows, etc. Cerebral anæmia is frequent, and hyperæmia very frequent, in the insane. Wildermuth, from an investigation of one hundred and twenty-seven idiots, found sixty-nine normal craniums. Meynert* says that one hundred and fourteen out of one hundred and forty-two idiots show signs of degeneration.

In order that some of the results may be seen more in detail, we give some tables.†

TABLE I.

	Cranial Capacity in Cubic Centimeters.
<i>Men.</i>	
Average of 30 normal craniums	1,450
Average of 10 epileptic craniums	1,523
<i>Women.</i>	
Average of 30 normal craniums	1,300
Average of 14 epileptic craniums	1,346

* Meynert, "Klinische Vorlesungen über Psychiatrie," 1890.

† Welcher's Schiller's Schädel, etc.

Here in Table I. (as in the case of men of talent and genius in the following Table II.) we see that the abnormal exceed the normal in brain development; that is to say, in these cases the insane and genius both exceed the normal man in cranial capacity or weight of brain.

TABLE II.

MEN OF TALENT AND GENIUS.	Age.	Weight of Brain in Grammes.	Medium Weight of Average Brain at Same Age.	Cranial Capacity in Cubic Centimeters.	Horizontal Circumfer- ence in Millimeters.
Webster (statesman) . .	70	1,520	1,303	—	—
Thackeray (humorist) . .	52	1,660	1,368	—	—
Cuvier (scientist) . . .	63	1,829	1,340	—	—
Gauss (mathematician) .	78	1,492	1,246	—	—
Broca (anthropologist) .	65	1,485	1,331	—	—
Kant (philosopher) . . .	—	—	—	1,740	—
Napoleon I. (general) . .	—	—	—	—	564
Darwin (scientist) . . .	—	—	—	—	563
Wagner (musician) . . .	—	—	—	—	600
Dante	—	—	—	1,493	—
Schumann, Robert . . .	—	—	—	1,510	—
Schwann (scientist) . . .	—	—	—	—	565
Napoleon III.	—	1,500	—	—	—
Müller (scientist)	—	—	—	—	614
Liebig (chemist)	70	1,352	1,303	1,550	—
Whewell (philosopher) .	72	1,390	—	—	—
Average of 35 men of talent	65	1,474	1,319	—	—

Taking now five hundred and fifty-one millimeters as an average horizontal circumference of the head, it will be seen that Napoleon, Darwin, Wagner, Schwann, and Müller exceed the normal. The averages of brain weight for the different ages, given by Welcher, are not absolute, but sufficiently near the truth for comparison.

TABLE III.

	Weight of Brain.	Number of Brains.
Melancholia	1,490.33	9
Mania	1,488.46	15
Old cases	1,454	23
Transition forms	1,447.05	15
		62

If 1,350 grammes is taken as an average weight for a brain, Table III. gives 62 insane much above the normal; but this is 62 out of 579 brains weighed. If we take the totals of the 579, as given in Table IV., all are below the average except the maniacs among men. The extreme divergence from the average may be regarded as abnormal and in the light of anomalies. To show more clearly the anomalous nature of the brains of the insane, Table V. is given.

TABLE IV.

Total: Melancholia	Men . .	1,295.18
	Women .	1,210.37
“ Mania	Men . .	1,376.41
	Women .	1,221.09
“ Old cases	Men . .	1,319.22
	Women .	1,175.74
“ Paralytics	Men . .	1,214.82
	Women .	1,068.24
“ Transition forms	Men . .	1,336.03
	Women .	1,190.03

We see, therefore, from these tables that particular individuals, among the insane and people of genius, both show extremely large cerebral capacity; but that in general the insane are much below the normal, while the genius is above in brain capacity or brain weight.

TABLE V.

Melancholia	Men . .	53	1,052
	Women .	51	1,035.65
Mania	Men . .	39	—
	Women .	53	1,035
Old cases	Men . .	86	—
	Women .	31	1,057.40
Paralytics	Men . .	145	1,032.81
	Women .	29	1,048.88
Transition forms	Men . .	43	—
	Women .	49	1,055.06

Bischoff found some of the heaviest brains (weighing 1,650, 1,678, 1,770, and 1,925 grammes) among common and unknown laborers. But such cases are very rare; so much so, that the average is not affected. De Quatrefages says that the largest brain has been found in a lunatic, and the next largest in a genius. The main fact brought out by the tables is the large number of anomalies and deviations from the normal in both insanity and genius.

CONCLUSION.

The facts cited thus far would seem to indicate that genius is not only abnormal, but often passes into a pathological form. But it may be asked more particularly as to what is meant by pathological and abnormal.

The modern and *fundamental conception of disease is an excess of normality*. This statement can be supported by the highest medical authorities. Virchow* says that substratum upon which pathological manifestations play is a repetition or reproduction of the normal morphological stratum; its pathological character consists in this, that the stratum arises in an unfit way, or at the wrong place or time; or it may depend upon an abnormal increase of the tissue elements, resulting in deviation, which becomes degeneration. Thus in pathological relations, there is a preservation of specific normal characteristics; nothing new arises functionally. Pathology is *in potentia* in physiology.

According to Perl, pathological phenomena are distinguished from the normal by their unequal and little constancy. Cohnheim affirms that physiological laws hold their validity in diseased organisms; that abnormal means a considerable deviation from the type. †Ziegler says that disease is nothing else than a life whose manifestations deviate in part from the normal.

In saying that genius manifests the symptoms of a neurosis or psychosis, we mean an excessive nervous or cerebral action. Many forms of insanity are also manifestations of similar excessive action. Such action in one individual can give rise to most wonderful, original, and brilliant ideas, and we call it genius; in another individual it produces also wonderful and original thoughts, but highly absurd, and we call it insanity. But it appears that *the fundamental cause in both genius and insanity is the same: it is the excessive psychical or nervous energy*.

Some of the flights of genius are most brilliant and fascinating, yet they are none the less abnormal; and when this abnormality reaches a certain degree, it can become pathological. Thus Don Quixote has wonderful ideas; he is an ardent soul with brilliant thoughts superior to the opinions

* "Cellular Pathologie."

† "Allgemeine Path. Anatomie."

of his contemporaries. Yet he renders no account of real things; he is in the air; he takes his imaginations for realities; sees everything in his dream; he is without critical spirit, and has little balance. Edgar Poe is full of fantasy, invention, original creations, extreme notions, regardless of critical spirit. Poe was somewhat dipsomaniac. While his writings are remarkable, yet they have elements similar to the wanderings of the insane.

Some characteristics of genius are originality, egotism, vanity, indiscretion, and lack of common sense; precocity, sterility, irritability, impetuosity, melancholia, and susceptibility to visions and dreams. These characteristics belong also to the insane. If it be said that it is cruel to compare much that we consider highest in the world with insanity, the reply is, that we might as well object to classing man among the bipeds, because vultures are bipeds. Any analysis of genius that may show the closest relation to insanity cannot change genius itself. Faust and Hamlet remain Faust and Hamlet. The question is not a matter of sentiment, but of facts. Genius and great talent are those forms of abnormality most beneficial to society.

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THE LIBERAL CHURCHES AND SCEPTICISM.

BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D. D.

ADDISON, in relating a story of a sea voyage, says that there was an atheist on board, and that the sailors, when they heard of it, were curious to see what an atheist was like, "supposing him to be some strange sort of fish." The popular understanding of such terms as "sceptic" and "infidel" is correspondingly vague and unsatisfactory, and justifies a few preliminary definitions. The first Christians were called "atheists" by their pagan neighbors, because they denied Jupiter and Mars; and according to Max Müller, even to-day "Some of Christ's best disciples are among those whom so-called believers call unbelievers." Exact definition may also be a benefit to preacher as well as hearers. In one of Fielding's novels there is a chapter entitled, "An essay to prove that an author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject upon which he writes."

For these reasons, the writer begins his paper with a

DEFINITION OF SCEPTICISM.

The word "sceptic" comes from the Greek "*skeptikos*," thoughtful, reflective; the verb being "*skeptesthai*," to look carefully about, to view with caution, to consider well.

We get from it, therefore, according to Webster, "One who is yet undecided as to what is true; an inquirer after facts and reasons." Emerson, in his essay on Montaigne, thus describes the attitude of the sceptic: "I neither affirm nor deny. I stand here to try the case. I am here to consider, *skopein*, to consider how it is. I will try to keep the balance true." Scepticism of this sort, surely, we have no reason to prevent or discourage; no desire to do so. Rather would we see honest inquiry increased, and bid it God-speed! May sceptics of this class be multiplied, not only outside but within the churches, until traditional creeds give way to or justify themselves before the intelligence of the age.

There is another definition: "A person who doubts or disbelieves (that is, does not yet believe) the existence or

perfection of God, or the truth of revelation; one who disbelieves (or fails to believe, for disbelief is not unbelief) the divine origin of the Christian religion." The *doubt* element is the first mentioned in this definition, and is the principal one, as the *inquiry* element was in the other. In this case investigation shades off into more or less of uncertainty. An *infidel* denies outright, says, "This is not so; it cannot be; I will not believe it." A *sceptic* doubts, says, "I know not exactly what to believe; I cannot accept the old; I hesitate about the new." His condition is well described by a modern poet, who speaks for himself:—

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth, I wait forlorn.

The sceptic is the *doubter*. We must thus differentiate him from the atheist, infidel, and scoffer. He is none of these. He stands by himself. His case is to be considered upon its own merits.

I shall therefore confine this paper to scepticism proper—that uncertainty about religious things in general; that spirit of doubt which prevails so widely as to characterize this generation. What shall be the liberal preacher's attitude? Is there anything to be said or done by him that will—I do not say *remove*—but *reduce* the uncertainty of men? May we not be able to direct at least some persons who walk with faltering step over heaving ground, to more solid footing? This paper proceeds; it is almost needless to say, upon the assumption that the doubter is sincere. With him who is merely captious and fault finding, or who doubts because it is the fashion, we have nothing to do.

For certain reasons it seems to me that in the liberal churches this whole subject of scepticism can best be handled. A rigid orthodoxy has done much—I do not say everything—to drive men into their doubts. The deliverance, so far as it may be effected, must come from other sources. But of course there are other reasons for the questioning attitude. Recent revelations in science, the discovery of secondary causes, as well as of the processes by which nature carries on her operations, have also done much to create distrust of the First Great Cause; while the aspect of the world and many of life's experiences are held to contradict the thought of a

central goodness in the universe. These factors must not be overlooked in analyzing the scepticism of to-day.

To return to the first. "It must be confessed," says Theodore Christlieb, "that the church theology of the last century was chiefly to blame for the general apostasy which then began. For this spirit, we theologians have only ourselves to thank. We are now reaping what we ourselves have sown." A rigid orthodoxy has required too much of men; has "bound heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and laid them upon men's shoulders." One extreme inevitably breeds another. Irrational theories of inspiration, of depravity, of atonement, of future punishment, of the character of God, of the person and work of Jesus Christ, have driven thousands to question whether God himself exists, whether he has ever spoken, whether Jesus did anything for mankind, and whether there be another life when this is ended. Truth never dwells in extremes. "Extremes," says De la Bruyere, "are vicious and proceed from men. Compensation is just and proceeds from God."

The way in which doubts thus engendered have too often been treated has helped confirm them. Times without number have those who began to question traditional creeds been denounced; warned that doubt was "devil-born"; charged with framing excuses for looseness of life; or, as the extremest reach of Christian charity, been accounted insane. Immoral or crazy — this has been the alternative. When the pilgrims have gotten into Doubting Castle, there have not been wanting those who hastened to follow the example of the grim giant in the allegory: —

He getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them, as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor.

It has been assumed, if not directly affirmed, that no one could go to heaven unless he believed in hell, or be a servant of God without recognizing the devil; that one who hoped other men might not be damned was in deadly peril of being damned himself; that he who refused to believe that God was a monster was himself, as Falstaff would put it, "but little better than one of the wicked." Long ago Frederick Robertson sounded a solemn and impressive warning.

And it matters not in what form that claim to infallibility is made: whether in the clear, consistent way in which Rome asserts it, or whether in the inconsistent way in which churchmen make it for their church, or religious bodies for their favorite opinions — wherever penalties attach to a conscientious conviction, be they the penalties of the rack and flame, or the penalties of being suspected and avoided and slandered, and the slur of heresy affixed to the name, till all men count him dangerous lest they too should be put out of the synagogue; let any man who is engaged in persecuting any opinion ponder it — these two things must follow — you make fanatics and you make sceptics; believers you cannot make.

Moreover, the old theology has nothing to offer to-day to the doubter but the very things that helped bring him into his present condition. I gratefully acknowledge that many in the ancient folds have advanced; but the creeds, with certain recent modifications, are substantially the same, and the interpretations of them from the pulpit are, largely the same. Many of the laity, indeed, are beyond their instructors. They are generally the first to perceive that there is any new light in the world. The light is long in getting from the pew to the pulpit, longer still in reaching the denominational press, and when at last it penetrates to the theological seminary — ages have rolled away!

I say, therefore, that the world's doubts must be dealt with in the liberal churches. They can more easily adjust themselves to the intellectual needs of their time. They are not creed-bound. They are not obliged to turn to the catechism or confession, framed some hundreds of years ago, to see what must be done with ideas that were then unknown. I trust that no liberal minister has taken an oath: "So help me God, I will never have a new idea! My thought shall be the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!" God still speaks in the conscience, and is perpetually revealing himself in science and history. The liberal churches hold on, indeed, to the past, to all of value, of beauty, of truth, it contained; but they do not believe that wisdom died with the fathers; they do not believe it will expire with the sons!

In dealing with the subject of scepticism, it must be conceded that the utmost we can hope to accomplish is to reduce the perplexity and lessen the uncertainty that prevail among men. The time will probably never come when all doubt will be banished from the human mind. There are those whom we might almost call born sceptics, whose

pathetic prayer through life is, "Lord, help mine unbelief," who may never see with clear vision till they stand in the Ineffable Presence.

It must be also conceded that there are many problems, religious as well as scientific, which, here at least, we shall not be able to solve. We beat against them in vain, and fall back, baffled and defeated, to the earth. Even to the psalmist, "Clouds and darkness were round about Him," and the Almighty is himself represented as asking Job, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Before the mysteries of this universe, through which no ray of light pierces, daily must we humble ourselves in the dust. We feel with Cowper, "God never meant that man should scale the heavens by strides of human wisdom." The jaunty way in which so many clergymen dismiss these subjects, saying, "Oh, there is no trouble; it's only your own obstinacy and wilful blindness!" suggests that they themselves cannot have thought deeply or experienced profoundly. There is an anecdote related of the little daughter of President Finney, that will illustrate the nonchalance with which many people, much further advanced in years, dispose of the loftiest subjects of religious thought. It was a common thing for inquirers to call for religious conversation at the house of Finney. One such caller was met at the door by the bright six-year-old daughter of the preacher. To the inquiry whether her father was at home, she replied, "Papa's out, and mamma's out; but walk right in, poor dying sinner, and I'll talk to you. I know the whole plan of salvation!"

Let us further admit that the things of religion are in a sphere where mathematical certainty is impossible. We cannot prove the existence of God as we can prove that the sum of all the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. Not so do we prove the life to come; nor yet the record of the past as given in the Bible. God and Eternity cannot be written down in labelled propositions. Religion is something more than exercise in logic. Spiritual facts and forces set at naught the chalk and blackboard. They defy all methods of physical research. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard." They are not revealed through the telescope. The deep saith, They are not with me; and the sea saith, They are not with me.

There are times when doubt assails the faith of the

sturdiest believer. No one walks in entire panoply. There are joints in every harness through which scepticism sometimes slips its shafts. Experiences come to all, at times, that make them feel, either God is not, or he is not good. Even around the cross gathered a darkness that made the pure and exalted sufferer exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" The soul that goes on obedient to duty shall have the best assurance in the shadow; for "We know that we know him, if we keep his commandments." Let him go forward, as Edward Arnold's hero in the "Light of Asia."

Surely at last, far off, some time, somewhere
The veil would lift for his deep searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet;
That should be won, for which he lost the world.
And Death might find him conqueror of death.

BENEFITS OF SCEPTICISM.

While for these reasons we do not look for the day when questionings shall cease among men, there is *something to be said for doubt itself*. It is infinitely better than unthinking repose. Indeed, it has been the pioneer of the world's progress, blazing the original pathway through untraversed forests of thought and life. It has been well said, "Few discoveries have been made by chance; and when they are, it is the sceptic's brain which turns them to account." It is this same inquiring, reflective, doubting character of mind which has made all progress possible. The savage went, for no one knows how long, with only rude stone implements. Finally is produced a sceptic, who sees crude copper melted in the fire, or discovers that it can be beaten into shape: and straightway he doubts whether the stone hatchet of his ancestors be the best possible weapon, and with that scepticism comes a step upward for the tribe. We might look at the growth of our social institutions and find the same record of discontent with existing conditions: of scepticism of established limitations; of faith and hope toward something else and better. And Christianity itself was founded by the sceptic Jesus, who dared to say, "It was said by them of old time one way, but I say unto you another and a different thing," and who suffered death upon the cross for his scepticism—and his faith.

It is often a sign of growth in the individual, an intima-

tion that some cherished belief has done for you all it can, and that you must seek something else. Old influences do their work and drop off, as the plant casts its old buds and stems that its life may flow up higher into better developments. Men will, if they grow, cast many of their old ideas, beliefs, and associations; they do not deliberately reject them; they leave them, with sadness often, because they hold no more of value. We are walking through an orchard. The growths of many years are about us. Leaf and blossom are waving above us. There is a sighing among the boughs. The apple blossom is mourning because her beautifully twisted petals are falling one by one to the ground. She is losing the treasures of their fairness and fragrance. Foolish blossom! Do you not know you are losing these petals because you have already begun to develop into something better? Do you not know that these have been cast off by the forces already at work in your bosom — forces which are bringing you to your fruitage? You are on your way to autumn, and in its mellow light you will see that the loss of your dainty petals was your real gain. We lose old thoughts and beliefs and habits, that we may obtain something better, that our lives may be grander and richer in fruitage of thought and of deed.

Scepticism is also one of the means of our training and discipline. The poet Lessing said, "If God should hold out to me in one hand perfect infallible truth, and in the other the privilege of seeking for truth, I would reply, 'O, God! truth is for thee alone; give me the joy and the labor of seeking for it.'" When some one exclaimed within the hearing of Thomas Erskine, "Oh, if we only could have an infallible church, an unerring guide!" he replied: "Such a thing, if it could be, would destroy all God's real purpose with man, which is to educate him, and make him feel that he is being educated; to waken perception in the man himself, a growing perception of what is true and right, which is the very essence of all spiritual discipline. Any infallible authority would destroy this, and so take away the meaning of the church altogether."

This, too, must be said, that no one has a right to stifle his doubts. When they cease to be mere flitting shadows, and become more or less permanent, he must fight his way through them, to footing as solid as it may be possible to

obtain. He must do this without fear. Let him dismiss as unworthy of his manhood the thought that God will send him to perdition if he does not reach a certain result. "No inquirer," says James Martineau, "can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze towards truth who is casting side glances all the while on the prospects of his soul." Let him imitate the friend of whom Tennyson wrote :—

He fought his doubts and gathered strength;
He would not make his judgment blind,
But faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

TREATMENT OF SCEPTICISM.

In these struggles the minister may help if he is wise. He must be patient and sympathetic. The club of the giant in "Bunyan" is not for him. George Macdonald has well said, "A minister is not a moral policeman." Well for him if he has himself suffered being tempted, if his own heart has been crushed, and his own brain has reeled beneath the difficulties that weigh upon others. Let him be perfectly honest with men; let him not require them to believe any more than he believes himself. Let him avoid the appearance of partisanship. He must impress men that he is striving for truth, and not that he is merely battling for a party. Above all, let him preach what is positive and constructive, — seeking always rather to lay solid foundations upon which men may build new dwellings, than to tear down the crazy tenements they have themselves deserted.

Along two main lines must his work for the doubter — nay, for all — be conducted. He must simplify the things that are now complex, and direct attention to those things which are already certain.

Let us first mention the

THINGS TO BE SIMPLIFIED.

Along this line *we must distinguish between religion itself and its accidents or incidents.* Religion is an inner life of righteousness. "The church, the Bible, the creed, have been

confounded with religion," says Mr. Beecher. "Religion is the state of a man's soul; it is disposition and conduct. Neither church nor book nor theology is of value except as an educating instrument. They have no sacredness of their own. They are mere servants. Man alone as a son of God and heir of immortality has an inherent sanctity." Religion was in the hearts of men before it went into books. It was in Moses and the prophets, before it went into the Old Testament. It was in Jesus and his disciples, before it went into the New. These books record the experiences of men who were lifted into the presence of God; but human error and passion and prejudice stand side by side with the descriptions of heavenly vision. The Bible is not the foundation of religion. It is an outgrowth of religion. It contains directions for the religious life; but not in church or creed or Bible, nor in any specific views of them, does religion consist. These things help and educate, but the thing itself is *a good life*. These may furnish fuel for the sacrifice, but altar and offering and sacred fire are in the human heart. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." These are the two elements — a benevolent spirit and personal purity. Mr. Whittier makes the above text the motto of one of his most beautiful poems.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

* * * * *

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

The gospel itself must be reduced to the simple terms of Jesus.
If it had been left the plain, practical, unmysterious thing
he intended, it would never have encountered the doubts of

to-day. Jesus asked men to believe in love—love to God, love to men! He asked them to believe in his own life as exemplifying that love in both directions. To believe in Christ is to believe in the life of love he lived, so that we ourselves shall live it—not in him as a sort of mythological being who was offered up to an angry God, or as God himself.

In his “Creed of Christendom,” Mr. W. R. Greg justly writes:—

I have but one word more to say, and that is an expression of unfeigned amazement that out of anything so simple, so beautiful, so just, so loving, and so grand, could have grown up or been extracted anything so marvellously unlike its original as the current creeds of Christendom. Out of the teaching of perhaps the most sternly anti-sacerdotal prophet who ever inaugurated a new religion, has been built up about the most pretentious and oppressive priesthood that ever weighed down the enterprise and the energy of the human mind. Out of the life and words of a master whose every act and accent breathed love and mercy and confiding hope to the whole race of man, has been distilled a creed of general damnation and black despair.

Emerson says:—

We boast the triumph of Christianity over paganism, meaning the victory of the spirit over the senses; but paganism hides itself in the uniform of the church. Paganism has only taken the oath of allegiance, taken the cross, but is paganism still, outvotes the true men by millions of majority, carries the bag, spends the treasure, writes the tracts, elects the minister, sends missionaries to the heathen, and persecutes the true believer.

We can sympathize, therefore, with the little fellow who was attentively studying the map of the world. “What place are you looking for, Willie?” inquired the father. The small boy knit his brow and travelled a circuitous route with his forefinger before he answered, earnestly, “Tryin’ to find Christendom.” He is not the first person who has been puzzled in his search. Let us try to locate some of its real boundaries, for the benefit of the sceptic.

Another thing along the line of simplification is to give the world a rational theory of the Bible—a theory in harmony with the best results of modern scholarship—that shall substitute for the old mechanical and artificial view, one “reflecting the shadows and lights of history; showing life as it was actually lived by men at various stages of the

world's progress, under varying degrees of light, as recognizing different standards of morals and manners, and as subject to very varied formative conditions and forces."

For the doubts of a central goodness, that rise from the aspect of the world and the experiences of human life, *we may do much by substituting the recent theory of development for the old argument of design*; that is, design in its narrow sense. In this view the calamities of men, the misfortunes of the world, and the sufferings of the individual are seen to be, not inflictions from a divine hand, visited in wrath, but the necessary incidents of a state of ignorance and imperfection, whose trend is in the main towards light and beauty and goodness.

From the things to be simplified, we turn to the

THINGS THAT MAY NOW BE REGARDED AS CERTAIN.

The stability of nature; the regularity of her laws. Whatever may fail, "the sunrise never failed us yet." Whatever may be uncertain, the snowflakes will fly, and the spring will come, and seedtime and harvest return. From the clamor of tongues, from the conflicts of creeds, from the tossing of doubts, we may take refuge in the thought that the world is established and her order fixed. Even those things that seem to be most capricious are seen at length to be under law. The wandering comet has been yoked to the universal order. It will be so, at length, with earthquakes and tornadoes. Nothing in nature is haphazard or goes slipshod. We are in a system whose laws are ordained in wisdom and goodness. Nature makes no mistakes. There is no screw loose in the universe. The shower may be delayed when the fields are parched, but the delay will at length be justified. The sterner and severer operations effect a needed end. These adverse forces have also a disciplinary effect upon man: they bring out his resources, and make him strong and wise. They teach him his dependence upon law, and the necessity of obedience. He is under the care of providence, who is in harmony with the laws of nature. I should take the emphasis away from specific and sporadic miracles, and lay it upon the great miracle, the universal order.

The next thing certain is the *sovereignty of duty*. Whatever may have been in the past, whatever may be in the future, whatever may be in the mysteries that encompass

us, one thing is certain: We must do right! The moral laws of our being are imperative. In the deepest perplexity, they do not cease to assert themselves. Whatever the clamor about us, their voices pierce the din like the blast of the archangel's trumpet. Let us fly to the ends of the earth, they are with us. God or no God, we dare not do that which will smirch our honor or degrade our manhood. Heaven or no heaven, there is yet a kingdom on earth which is righteousness. Soul or no soul, our own conscience demands that we be just and loving and helpful to our fellow-men. I should say to the doubter, Be guided, O my brother, by the old, grand, simple landmarks of morality, and you will not go far astray! "The final solution," says one, "in which scepticism is lost, is the supremacy of the moral sentiment." Frederick Robertson was once reduced to the single certainty, "It must always be right to do right," and upon this principle he builded his new and better thought.

The next thing certain is that *duty is confined to the present moment*. Whatever our larger plans may be, our task is not to shape the entire future. The small fraction of life compressed into the moment that now flits past us — this is all. The duty that this instant presents itself is the thing to be done now. We may not be able to see beyond it. Do it faithfully, and the way will open. Remember we do not walk the journey of life by mighty strides, but by inches. We do not need to settle everything at once; settle that which concerns the work of to-day. The future can wait. He who takes care of the present is taking best care of the future. He who solves the problem of the moment at hand, solves the problem of eternity! Motley says of Old John Barneveldt, the Hollander: "He resolved to adopt a system of ignorance upon matters beyond the flaming walls of this world; to do the work before him manfully and faithfully, while he walked the earth, and trust that a benevolent Creator would devote neither him nor any other man to eternal hell-fire." The present moment is a point in a circle that sweeps far beyond the horizon. Duty, the duty of the moment, may seem a slender footing, but it is a solid rock — part of the framework of the universe. An editorial in the New York *Tribune* says of James Freeman Clark: —

His rule had always been to do the nearest duty with all heartiness and fidelity, and that rule will carry any man far.

The great things that are practical we know. Let us rest upon them until we can go further. We have enough knowledge coming to us from all sources to make our lives grand, our careers sublime. We have the light bearing upon the inner life of man that comes to us from all the prophets and great religious teachers of the world. Above all for our pattern — if we think of him as nothing else — there is that marvellous life of the Nazarene that shows us how divine humanity may become. The experience of the human race is behind us, demonstrating that the tendency of righteousness is towards power and perpetuity, while that of wickedness is towards defeat and disaster. We have the light of all the truth that has been reached by discoverers, inventors, and men of genius and science. We have the inspiration that comes from the world's poets, and artists, and masters of music. We have the light of our own ideals, the vision of what we ourselves ought to be, the hand that beckons us from height to height. Surely there is wisdom enough. Surely we need not make base, dishonored things of our lives, — even if there are unsolved mysteries that encircle us. Upon this practical basis let us strive to establish the doubter; and whatever conclusions men may reach, let us never forget that we still be brethren, that we are bound in the bundle of life together. Let us say, You shall reach no point in your doubt, O my brother, which shall alienate you from my heart.

I shall keep my fealty good
With the human brotherhood.

We shall still hold hands. We shall still love and labor on together, striving to lift men up, to lighten their burdens, to draw them away from the animal to the spiritual. These things are positive and certain. When it is necessary we will talk over the things we do not know, in the spirit of charity. Whatever may be beyond the dark curtain, it is well to do justly and love mercy here. Even if there be no awakening from the slumber that is coming, — if the eyes we close on earth should never open in a fairer realm, — it is still better that we now lighten the sorrows of the sad and burdened about us, and leave our deeds as a heritage and example to those who shall come after. If so it be that love dies in the dust, enthrone it now! But if we awake, as we hope and

believe,—as we cannot but hope and believe,—if life lives on beyond, the best preparation for it is the upbuilding of character and the cultivation of righteousness here. We can make no mistake about it. These things alone will be carried over. On the foundations we lay here, the eternal structures will rise!

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS: THEIR PAST, THEIR PRESENT, AND THEIR FUTURE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

V.

GENERAL CONDITIONS IN THE WESTERN STATES.

TURNING now to the West, and to the reports from Kansas and Wisconsin, we find a wage but slightly above that of New Jersey, the weekly average being \$5.27. Of the 50,000 women at work in 1889—the number having now nearly doubled—but 6,000 were engaged in manufacturing, the larger portion being in domestic service. Save in one or two of the larger towns and cities, there is no overcrowding, and few of the conditions that go with a denser population and sharper competition. Kansas gives large space to general conditions, and, while urging better pay, finds that her working women are, as a whole, honest, self-respecting, moral members of the community. Factory workers are few in proportion to those in other occupations, and this is true of most of the Western States, where general industries are found rather than manufactures.

The report from Colorado for 1889 includes in its own returns certain facts discovered on investigation in Ohio and Indiana, and matched by some of the same nature in Colorado. The methods of eastern competition had been adopted, and Commissioner Rice reports:—

In one of the large cities of Ohio, the labor commissioners of that state discovered that shirts were being made for 36 cents a dozen; and that the rules of one establishment paying such wages, employing a large number of females, required that the day's labor should commence and terminate with prayer and thanksgiving.

In Indiana matters appear even worse. By personal investigation, it was found that the following rates of wages were being paid in manufacturing establishments in Indianapolis: For making shirts, 30 to 60 cents a dozen; overalls,

40 to 60 cents a dozen pairs; pants, 50 cents to \$1.25 per dozen pairs. . . . "In our own state," writes the Commissioner, "owing to eastern competition on the starvation wage plan, are found women and girls working for mere subsistence, though the prices paid here are a shade higher. It is found that shirts are made at 80 cents a dozen, and summer dresses from 25 cents upward."

Prices are higher here than at almost any other portion of the United States, and thus the wage gives less return. In spite of the general impression that women fare well at this point, the report gives various details which seem to prove abuses of many orders. It made special investigation into the conditions of domestic service, that in hotels and large boarding-houses being found to be full of abuses, though conditions as a whole were favorable. In so new a state there are few manufacturing interests, and the factories investigated are many of them reported as showing an almost criminal disregard of the comfort and interests of the employees. Aside from this, the report indicates much the same general conditions as prevail in other states.

In Minnesota, with its average wage of \$6 per week, there are few factories, manufacturing being confined to clothing, boots and shoes, and a few other forms. Domestic service has the largest number of women employed, and stores and trades absorb the remainder. There is no overcrowding save here and there in the cities, as in St. Paul or Minneapolis, where girls often club together in rooming. While many of the workers are Scandinavian, many are native born, and for the latter there is often much thrift and a comfortable standard of living. The same complaints as to lowness of wage, resulting from much the same causes as those specified elsewhere, are heard; and in the clothing manufacture wages are kept at the lowest possible point. As a whole, the returns indicate more comfort than in Colorado, but leave full room for betterment. The chapter on "Domestic Service" shows many strong reasons why girls prefer factory or general work to this; and as the views of heads of employment agencies are also given, unusual opportunity is afforded for forming just judgment in the matter.

Next on the list comes the report from California for 1887 and 1888. The resources of the bureau were so limited that it was impossible to obtain returns for the whole state, and

the commissioner therefore limited his inquiry to a thorough investigation of the working women of San Francisco, in number about twenty thousand. The state has but one cotton mill, but there are silk, jute, woollen, corset, and shirt factories, with many minor industries. Home and general sanitary conditions were all investigated, the bureau following the general lines pursued by all.

Wages are considered at length; and Commissioner Tobin states that the rate paid to women in California "does not compare favorably with the rates paid to women in the Eastern States, as do the wages of men, for the reason that Chinese come more into competition with women than with men. This is especially the case among seamstresses, and in nearly all our factories . . . in other lines of labor the wages paid to females in this state are generally higher than elsewhere."

Rent, food, and clothing cost more in California than in the Eastern States. The wage tables show that the tendency is to limit a woman's wage to a dollar a day, even in the best paid trades, and as much below this as labor can be obtained.

In shirtmaking, Commissioner Tobin states that she is worse off than in any of the Eastern States. Clothing of all orders pays as little as possible, the best workwomen often making not over \$2.87 per week. Even at these starvation rates, girls prefer factory work to domestic service; and as this phase was also investigated, we have another chapter of most valuable and suggestive information. In spite of low wages and all the hardship resulting, working women and girls as a whole are found to be precisely what the reports state them to be, hard-working, honest, and moral members of the community. General conditions are much the same as those of Colorado, the summary for all the states from which reports have come being that the average wage is insufficient to allow of much more than mere subsistence.

The Labor Reports for the State of Missouri, for 1889 and 1890, do not deal directly with the question of women wage-earners; but indirectly much light is thrown by the investigation, in that for 1889, into the cost of living and the home conditions of many miners and workers in general trades, while that for 1890 covers a wider field and gives, with general conditions for all workers, detailed information as to many frauds practised upon them. The commissioner, Lee

Merriweather, is so identified with the interests of the worker, whether man or woman, that a formal report from him on women wage-earners would have had especial value.

Last on the list of state reports comes an admirable one from Michigan, prepared by Labor Commissioner Henry A. Robinson, issued in February, 1892, which devotes nearly 200 pages to women wage-earners, and gives careful statistics of 137 different trades and 378 occupations. Personal visits were made to 13,436 women and girls living in the most important manufacturing towns and cities of the state; and the blanks, which were prepared in the light of the experience gained by the work of other bureaus, contained 129 questions, classified as follows: social, 28; industrial, 12; hours of labor, 14; economic, 54; sanitary, 21; and seven other questions as to dress, societies, church attendance, with remarks and suggestions by the women workers. The result is a very minute knowledge of general conditions, the tables given being given in a series of tables admirably prepared. In those on the hours of labor, it is found that domestic service exacts the greatest number of hours; one class returning fourteen hours as the rule. In this lies a hint of the increasing objection to domestic service—longer hours and less freedom being the chief counts against it. The final summary gives the average wage for the state as \$4.86; the highest weekly average for women workers employed as teachers or in public positions being \$10.78.

The remarks and suggestions of the women themselves are extraordinarily helpful. Outside the cities, organization among them is unknown; but it is found that those trades which are organized furnish the best paid and most intelligent class of girls, who conceived at once the benefits of a labor bureau, and answered fully and promptly. The hours of work in all industries ranged from nine to ten, and the wage paid was found to be a little more than 50 per cent less than that of men engaged in the same work. A large proportion supported relatives, and general conditions as to living were of much the same order of comfort and discomfort as those given in other reports. The fact that this report is the latest on this subject, and more minute in detail than has before been possible, makes it invaluable to the student of social conditions; and it is entertaining reading, even for the average reader.

We come now to the final report, in some ways a summary of all — that of the United States Labor Department at Washington, and the work for 1889.

In the 22 cities investigated by the agents of this bureau, the average age at which girls began work was found to be 15 years and 4 months. Charleston, S. C., gives the highest average, it being there 18 years and 7 months, and Newark, N. J., the lowest, 14 years and 7 months. The average period in which all had been engaged in their present occupations is shown to be 4 years and 9 months; while of the total number interviewed, 9,540 were engaged in their first attempt to earn a living.

As against the opinion often expressed that foreign workers are in the majority, we find that of the whole number given, 14,120 were native born. Of the foreign born, Ireland is most largely represented, having 936; and Germany comes next, with 775. In the matter of parentage, 12,907 had foreign-born mothers. The number of single women included in the report is 15,387; 745 were married, and 2,038 widowed, from which it is evident that, as a rule, it is single women who are fighting the industrial fight alone. They are not only supporting themselves, but are giving their earnings largely to the support of others at home. More than half — 8,754 — do this; and 9,813, besides their occupation, help in the home housekeeping. Of the total number, 4,928 live at home, but only 701 of them receive aid or board from their families. The average number in these families is 5.25, and each contains 2.48 workers.

Concerning education, church attendance, home and shop conditions, 15,831 reported. Of these, 10,458 were educated in American public schools, and 5,375 in other schools; 5,854 attend Protestant churches; 7,769 the Catholic, and 367 the Hebrew. A very large percentage, comprehending 3,209, do not attend church at all.

In home conditions 12,120 report themselves as "comfortable," while 4,692 give home conditions as "poor." "Poor," to the ordinary observer, is to be interpreted as wretched, including overcrowding, and all the numberless evils of tenement-house life, which is the portion of many. A side light is thrown on personal characteristics of the workers, in the tables of earnings and lost time. Out of 12,822 who reported, 373 earn less than \$100 a year, and this class has an

average of 86.5 lost days for the year covered by the investigation. With the increase of earnings, the lost time decreases, the 2,147 who earn from \$200 to \$450, losing but 37.8; while 398, earning from \$350 to \$500 a year, lost but 18.3 days.

Deliberate cruelty and injustice on the part of the employer are encountered only now and then; but competition forces the working in as inexpensive a manner as possible, and thus often makes what must sum up as cruelty and injustice, necessary to the continued existence of the employer as an industrial factor. Home conditions are seldom beyond tolerable, and very often intolerable. Inspection, — the efficiency of which has greatly increased, — the demand by the organized charities at all points for women inspectors, and the gradual growth of popular interest are bringing about a few improvements, and will bring more, but the mass everywhere are as stated. Ignorance and the vices that accompany ignorance — want of thoroughness, unpunctuality, thriftlessness, and improvidence — are all in the count against the lowest order of worker; but the better class, and indeed the large proportion of the lower, are living honest, self-respecting, infinitely dreary lives.

It is a popular belief, already referred to elsewhere, that the working women form a large proportion of the numbers who fill houses of prostitution; and that "night-walkers" are made up chiefly from the same class. Nothing could be further from the truth, the testimony of the fifteenth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor being in the same line as that of all in which investigation of the subject has been made, and all confirming the opinion given. The investigation of the Massachusetts Bureau, in fourteen cities, showed clearly that a very small proportion among working women entered this life. The largest number classed by occupations came from the lowest order of worker, those employed in housework and hotels, and the next largest was found among seamstresses, employees of shirt factories, and cloakmakers, all of these industries in which under pay is proverbial. The great majority, receiving not more than \$5 a week, earn it by seldom less than ten hours a day of hard labor, and not only live on the sum, but assist friends, contribute to general household expenses, dress so as to appear fairly well, and have learned every art of doing without.

More than this, since the deepening interest in their lives, and the formation of working girls' clubs and societies of many orders, they contribute from this scanty sum enough to rent meeting-rooms, pay for instruction in many classes, and provide a relief fund for sick and disabled members.

This is the summary of conditions as a whole, and we pass now to the specific evils and abuses in trades and general industries.

SAVE THE AMERICAN HOME.

BY I. E. DEEN.

THE American Monetary Commission very truly said that "A shrinkage in the volume of currency has caused more misery than war, famine, or pestilence, and more injustice than all the bad laws ever enacted." Clay said, "Owing to the contraction of the currency, and reduction of prices and wages, over three fourths of the land owners of Great Britain lost their estates, the whole number of estates in the kingdom shrinking from 160,000 to 30,000 from 1820 to 1840."

In the United States the record from 1880 to 1900 will be as alarming as it was in England if it continues for the next ten years at the pace of the last ten years. According to the census report, the tenant farmers of Kansas increased 20.12 per cent from 1880 to 1890; Ohio, 12.14 per cent; while according to the same report, over two thirds of the home users, not farmers, in the United States are living in rented houses.

New York and the New England States will, I am afraid, make a still worse showing; for while the great bulk of the wealth produced in the last ten years went to New York and the New England States, it has not gone into the pockets of the farmers or laborers, but has aggregated in the coffers of the great combines and trusts.

Speaking of Massachusetts, R. P. Porter, superintendent of census says:—

The mortgage movement of the ten years, which has been an increasing one without interruption, began with an incurred debt of \$28,176,133 in 1880, and ended with \$75,626,344 in 1889, an increase of 168.05 per cent, while the population increased but 25.57 per cent in the same time.

Mr. Porter further says in the same bulletin, page 3:—

A debt of \$50.31 rests upon every mortgaged acre, and a debt of \$2,342 on each mortgaged lot in the state.

And further:—

. That the following amounts are drawing interest at the different rates named, from 10 to 144 per cent, and secured by real-estate mortgages.

At 10	per cent,	\$71,256	At 21	per cent,	\$200
" 12	" "	74,173	" 24	" "	3,325
" 12.5	" "	800	" 36	" "	2,221
" 15	" "	11,024	" 48	" "	107
" 20	" "	850	" 62	" "	1,100

In 1882 a mortgage was cancelled of \$2,500 in amount that drew 144 per cent interest; in 1885 another was cancelled drawing 81 per cent, and in 1888 one was cancelled drawing 84 per cent interest.

It is not possible to realize what this condition and these rates of interest mean. We need not go to Massachusetts to find plenty of these horrible and brutal examples of "man's inhumanity to man," for every city of 20,000 population or more has men (God forbid the name) who are growing rich, hardened, and heartless, charging from 2 to 10 per cent per month for indorsing notes for small loans with collateral security.

These inhuman vultures are the ones to tell you that there is plenty of money in the country if you have anything to get it with; yet one of them (while boasting that he had entered up 692 chattel mortgages in the last four months) told me that he never indorsed a note unless he had collateral up which would sell for double the amount under the sheriff's hammer.

How many people realize what compound interest means? (These men get compound interest all the time on everything, as they get their interest in advance.) The following table shows the astonishing rapidity with which interest is rolled up as the rate per cent is increased. It is a matter of which nine tenths of the industrial classes are fatally ignorant.

One dollar,	100 years at	1	per cent	.	.	.	\$2 75
"	"	"	2	"	.	.	7 25
"	"	"	2½	"	.	.	11 75
"	"	"	3	"	.	.	19 25
"	"	"	3½	"	.	.	31 25
"	"	"	4	"	.	.	50 50
"	"	"	4½	"	.	.	81 50
"	"	"	5	"	.	.	131 50
"	"	"	6	"	.	.	340 00
"	"	"	7	"	.	.	868 00
"	"	"	8	"	.	.	2,203 00
"	"	"	9	"	.	.	5,543 00
"	"	"	10	"	.	.	13,809 00
"	"	"	12	"	.	.	84,675 00
"	"	"	15	"	.	.	1,174,405 00
"	"	"	18	"	.	.	15,145,007 00
"	"	"	24	"	.	.	2,551,799,404 00

Our Saviour, if he had lived until to-day, would be over 1,893 years old; and if he had saved one dollar for every week day since he was found in the manger at Bethlehem, he would only have been worth on the first of January, 1893, the sum of \$582,569; while one of the financial brigands of our times, if he could have put *one dollar* at use shaving notes at 18 per cent, *one hundred years ago only*, would have had as the result the magnificent fortune of \$15,145,007. Few men realize that money accumulates 18 times as fast at 6 per cent as at 3, 316 times as fast at 8 per cent as at 2, when compounded annually for a hundred years; yet the average rate of interest throughout the United States is estimated at 8 per cent, and every dollar of interest paid in advance is equivalent to compound interest.

The shrinkage of the volume of currency since 1870 throughout the civilized world, has caused more business failures, more misery, more heartache, more suicides, more ruined homes, and made more drunkards, than all other causes combined.

It has filled our country with rented farms, our cities with tramps and millionnaires, both inimical to the best interests of the people.

The continual strain of trying to keep up under adverse circumstances has filled our insane asylums with bankrupts, our poor-houses with paupers, and our prisons with criminals.

Legislation for a quarter of a century has discriminated in favor of unemployed, idle capital, and against the wealth producer of our country.

The farmer who sold his farm 25 years ago, and buried his money in some dark vault, and has simply worked enough to make a bare living, can go and bring his money to the light of day and buy three just as good farms as he sold.

I have a friend, H. L. Case of Bristol Centre, N. Y., who bought his farm in 1872, when wheat was worth \$1.80 in the New York market. He agreed to pay \$15,000 for the 105 acres; he paid only \$500 down, yet figured that he could pay for the farm and be out of debt in eight years. The first year, after paying expenses, interest, and taxes, he was able to pay \$2,000 on the principal. The next year, 1873, (silver was demonetized) the panic struck him before he had sold his crops; he held them over until the spring of 1874, and when sold could only pay \$500 on the principal after paying other expenses.

He has paid something every year from that time to this, and yet finds that the value of the farm has shrunk as fast or faster than he has reduced the amount of the mortgage, until now the \$5,000 mortgage, which still remains unpaid, covers the entire value of the farm if sold under foreclosure to-day.

His books show that he has paid \$10,000 on the principal, and over \$15,000 in interest, and yet has poorer prospect of owning his farm than he had twenty-one years ago.

This certainly is not a case of poor farming or inattention to business, for there is no better farmer, or one who attends more closely to business, in the state; and he is one of those diversified farmers so necessary to successful farming of late years.

I have been over his farm, and through his 20-acre hop-yard; I have been among and enjoyed some of the fruit from his 2,000 peach trees; I have seen his 10-acre field of black-caps loaded to the ground with their richness of choicest fruit. In fact, H. L. Case prides himself on his average yield, and certainly no farmer keeps his soil in better and cleaner condition. He also has 105 swarms of honey bees, which he watches as closely as Shylock does his mortgage, taking off all the good honey they make and substituting melted sugar, which they must carry into their cells and make over (nights and mornings). This is the only real mean thing I ever knew my friend Case to do. It is a Shylock practice.

Now let us compare these two men's condition, under the practices of the last 25 years.

In 1872 they stood: Case, 22 years old, with \$500 cash, robust, healthy, and just married to a brave little woman, both determined to make a mark in the world.

A neighbor, 50 years old, has 105 acres, and knows what interest means; hence sells land to Case for \$15,000. Difference between their conditions is 105 acres of land less the \$500.

How does the account stand twenty-one years later? In 1893 I find that while Case and his family have earned and saved, above all expenses of living and taxes, etc., and paid to the mortgagee the sum of \$24,500—if the mortgage should be foreclosed to-day, he would have nothing left; while the mortgagee, who has only earned a bare living and *paid no taxes*, has a mortgage calling for the original farm of 105 acres with all its improvements, and money

enough (paid him by Case) to buy and pay for five more just as good farms, or 525 acres more.

My friend Case, who started in life 21 years ago, with heart light and buoyant with hope of home and wife, surrounded with happy, laughing, and loving children, is almost discouraged; wife dead, himself old beyond his years, and a life of tenant farming, or worse, staring his children in the face. I emphasize this instance to show the infamy of the policy of a shrinking volume of money. Truthfully did the United States Monetary Commission say: "A shrinkage in the volume of currency has caused more misery than war, famine, and pestilence, and more injustice than all the bad laws ever enacted." The experience of my friend Case is the sad, sad story of millions of hard-working and worthy men in the last 25 years, who have been trying to build up homes of their own in every part of the country.

No man has bought a home and incurred a debt who has not been compelled to pay in money more value than he contracted to pay. No merchant has bought without danger of selling for less than he pays. Manufacturers have sold their manufactured goods on a continually shrinking market, and to protect themselves against loss have formed combines and trusts to control prices by limiting production.

Laborers have repeatedly struck against reduction of wages, only to be locked out and turned on the road as tramps.

Our courts are fast becoming simply annexes of great corporations. Individual interests have no show of justice before legislatures or courts, when in conflict with combines or trusts.

This condition of things has attracted the attention of some grand men of this and other countries, and has resulted in developing others who are looming up in the great field of individual effort and unselfish devotion to the interests of humanity.

These men have called other men together for consultation; and as the result we have formed in this country great industrial organizations, all fast agreeing on certain demands which will result in reversing the downward tendency of prices, and setting the wheels in motion in the other direction.

This movement has inspired the farmer with new courage and the mechanic with renewed hope. Four millions of men are to-day members of organizations who are demanding some or all of the following laws:—

An increase of the volume of full legal-tender money to \$50 per capita.

The unlimited free coinage of silver.

The sub-treasury and farm-loan plan.

A graduated income tax.

Postal savings banks.

Ownership of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones by government.

The land for the people.

These men are fast getting together, and then we shall have prosperity for the producer. Over a million voted at the election of 1892 for these avowed objects; and were the election to be held again, to-day, four times that number would be recorded for these principles.

An increase in the volume of money, to \$50 per capita, and the enactment of the other demands, as laws, would safely double the prices of labor and all the products of labor.

Last fall, while delivering an address in a town in Cattaraugus County, I made the above expression, when a farmer in the audience took exception to the statement, and said that if the prices of labor, and all the products of labor advanced equally from the adoption of our demands, no one would be benefited.

I asked him if he would object to a practical illustration of the truth of my statement. He said, Most certainly not. (I had already been told that there was a mortgage of \$5,000 on his farm.) I asked him if he would tell me how many pounds of butter, wool, cheese, and other farm products he had sold from his farm, and the price received for same. I also asked him to mention in such statement the percentage of gross products which would be required to maintain and keep up the farm and buildings.

He stated that he had sold

6,000 pounds of butter at 20 cents per pound	\$1,200
30 fat calves at \$6 each	180
20 " pigs " 8 "	160
30 " lambs " 5 "	150
2,000 pounds of wool at 26 cents per pound	500
	\$2,190
	1,533
	\$657

He also said that it would require 70 per cent of gross receipts to maintain farm and pay expenses, leaving \$657 to pay the interest and apply on the principal.

When a boy I was considered an expert in mathematics, and I very soon figured that with \$657 to pay principal and interest it would require eleven years to pay off the mortgage, leaving him a balance in cash of \$344.90, while in this time he would have paid the sum of \$1,882.12 in interest. (See Note A.)

Now, my friend, we will double the price of every article sold from the farm, and double the cost of everything bought, and you will pay off the same mortgage in five years, and have left \$716.01; and instead of paying \$1,882.12 interest, you will have paid only \$1,653.99. If you continue to work and save for the full term of eleven years, and invest your savings at the end of each year so they will earn 6 per cent, you will not only own your farm free from debt, but will be worth \$10,224 besides, which you have saved as the result of the increase of the price of labor, and all the products of labor. (See Note A.)

My friend Case was getting higher prices than those recorded in the last table when he agreed to pay \$15,000 for his farm, and figured to pay off the mortgage in eight years.

But, my friend, since you can perceive that an increase in prices all around will really help you, let me see how you would be benefited by the adoption of the sub-treasury plan and farm-loan bill, reducing the rate of interest to 2 per cent.

In this case you would have paid off your mortgage in four years, have \$3.64 left, and would have paid but \$252.36 in interest; and could you still have invested your savings so as to pay you 6 per cent per annum, at the end of the eleven years you would own your farm and be worth \$11,697.87 besides. (See Note B.)

It is unnecessary to say that my Cattaraugus friend was astonished, and at once agreed that the changes demanded by the industrial organizations of the country should become the law. So that my friend Case may still have a hope of paying for the home that has already cost him so much.

How it would affect a day laborer.

A man working by the month buys a home for \$1000, and agrees that 30 per cent of his wages at the end of each

year shall apply first on the payment of the interest, and balance on the principal; his wages being \$30 per month or \$360 per annum.

Thirty per cent of \$360, or \$108, applied on the payment of interest and mortgage, as per agreement, will pay off the same in 14 years, and leave a balance of \$22.63 (see Note C), and he will have paid in interest \$498.37; while with double the wages, although his every expense was doubled, he would own his home free from debt at the end of 6 years and have a balance of \$86.98; and if he continues to work and save, and invests his savings at the end of each year so they will pay him 6 per cent profit, he will have, at the end of the 14 years that it took to pay for his home at the old scale, his home and \$2,273.84. Surely the laborers of the country are interested in these demands. (See Note C.)

But, says my banker friend, it is true that this change would benefit those in debt, but it would rob the creditor classes to just that extent. Supposing this statement was true, who should have the preference in legislation — the men who produce all the wealth of the universe, or the men who produce all the misery, bankruptcy, poverty, and cause two thirds of all the crime in the country? But this position is not true, as we demand a strictly honest money of fixed volume of \$50 per capita, supplemented by the "sub-treasury plan and farm loans," to give flexibility during the season of the year when extra money is required to move the crops.

Secretary Windom, in his famous speech made in New York, Jan. 31, 1890, said: —

The ideal financial system would be one that would furnish just enough absolutely sound currency to meet the legitimate wants of trade, and no more, and that should have enough elasticity of volume [flexibility] to adjust itself to the various necessities of these people. Could such a circulating medium [flexible] be secured, the gravest commercial disasters which threaten our future might be avoided. These disasters have always come when unusual activity in business has caused an abnormal demand for money, as in autumn, for the moving of our immense crops. There will always be great danger at those times under any cast-iron system of currency such as we now have.

Every legitimate business is benefited by the security and safety of every other business. In 1865 and 1866, when this country had the largest volume of money in circulation,

and we were enjoying the highest prices ever known, and every willing worker was fully and profitably employed, we had but 530 business failures in 1865, and but 632 in 1866, involving a loss of but \$64,958,000; while the failures for 1890 and 1891 were 10,673 and 12,394, and involved the enormous loss of \$348,210,836. This number does not include the tens of thousands of foreclosed mortgages or failures of farmers. Hume says:—

We find that in every kingdom, into which money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly, everything takes a new face; labor and industry gain life; the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention. A nation whose money decreases is actually at that time weaker and more miserable than another nation which possesses no more money, but is on the increasing hand.

Falling prices and misery and destruction are inseparable companions. The disasters of the Dark Ages were caused by decreasing money and falling prices. With the increase of money, labor and industry gain new life.

Pliny, the ancient historian, writes:—

The colossal fortunes which ruined Italy were due to the concentration of estates, through usury, brought about by lack of an abundant supply of money.

During the Napoleonic wars, England issued an unconvertible legal-tender paper money of \$250,000,000. Sir Archibald Allison, in "History of Europe," describing the condition of the people, said:—

Prosperity unheard of and unparalleled pervaded every department of the empire; the landed proprietors were in affluence; wealth to an unheard-of extent had been created among the farmers; our revenues were quadrupled; our colonial possessions encircled the earth. This period terminated in a flood of glory and a blaze of prosperity, such as had never descended upon any nation since the beginning of time.

In speaking of the discovery of gold in California and Australia, and the effect of the increase of the money volume of the world thereby, Hon. John P. Jones said in the United States Senate:—

In twenty-five years after the discovery of gold in California and Australia, the world made more advance than it had made in the previous two hundred years.

During that time the United States nearly quintupled in wealth, increasing from eight billions to nearly forty billions.

My banker friend has not entered his protest against the shrinkage in volume of money in the last twenty-five years, which has tripled the value of every dollar owed by the toiling millions.

The following table* shows how the increase in the value of dollars has affected the farmer and the laborer, who must raise products and sell to pay every expense of government, local, state, or national, and also illustrates how salaries of men with fixed incomes have been doubled and tripled by the demonetization of silver and contraction of the world's volume of money, when measured by the products named.

Products of the farm, and the amounts that Lincoln's salary would buy at average New York prices from 1864 to 1868, inclusive.	Harrison's salary would buy, at New York prices for 1892.	Increase in President's annual salary as measured by products of the farm.	Harrison's salary paid in products, 1892, and sold at Lincoln's prices, in New York.	Average prices in New York City from 1864 to 1868, inclusive. American Almanac.
Wheat, bushels	10,310	66,666	56,356	\$161,663 30
Corn, bushels	18,248	100,000	81,752	137,000 24
Tobacco, pounds	132,275	625,000	492,725	118,125 02
Cotton, pounds	38,051	555,555	517,504	365,000 13
Wool, pounds	48,356	166,666	118,310	85,166 27
Rice, tons	110	960	850	217,728 00
Butter, pounds	68,870	250,000	171,130	87,120 19
Sugar, raw, pounds	193,798	1,111,111	917,313	144,233 28
New Orleans molasses, gallons,	26,321	135,135	109,614	128 774 04
Hams, pounds	166,666	500,000	333,334	126,000 12
Mess beef, barrels	1,642	6,060	4,418	92,264 05
Mess pork, barrels	959	5,263	4,304	137,592 64
				26.160

This table, if carefully studied, will demonstrate the wonderful increase in the value of dollars, and how that increase has affected the farmer, who must produce all these different articles with which salaries and all other expenses are paid.

The third column shows how many more of the different products it took to pay the president's salary last year than it did to pay the immortal Lincoln's.

From these figures it will be seen that, had the president's salary been paid last year in these different articles, at the average prices in the New York market for '92, and had he sold them at the prices which Lincoln was compelled to pay, his salary would have amounted to, not \$50,000, but, if paid in cotton, to \$365,000.13; if paid in rice, to \$217,728; if in

* By act of March 3, 1873, the president's salary was doubled in dollars (being increased from \$25,000 to \$50,000 per annum); while by act of the same year, demonetizing silver and contracting the volume of currency, his salary and all fixed incomes have been multiplied as above.

wheat, to \$161,662.30; if in raw sugar, to \$144,233.28; and if paid in the much talked-of wool, it would have been the smallest salary he could have received; in other words, wool has depreciated less than any of the other twelve commodities.

This alarming illustration is not only true as to the president's salary, but holds equally true of that of every other government official, and the payment of every debt recorded against every home in the United States; and the time has come when the laborers and farmers must band themselves together to demand equal and exact justice for all before the law.

NOTE A.

At Prices in Statement.

Everything Doubled.

	Paid in Interest.	Paid on Principal.
1st year	\$300 00	\$357 00
2d "	278 58	378 42
3d "	255 08	401 12
4th "	231 81	425 19
5th "	206 30	450 70
6th "	179 25	477 76
7th "	150 59	506 41
8th "	120 20	536 81
9th "	89 90	569 01
10th "	53 36	603 14
11th "	17 66	294 44
	<u>\$1,882 75</u>	<u>\$5,000 00</u>
Balance left		344 90

	Paid in Interest.	Paid on Principal.
1st year	\$300 00	\$1,014 00
2d "	239 16	1,074 34
3d "	174 67	1,139 33
4th "	106 31	1,207 69
5th "	833 85	564 14
Total paid	<u>\$1,653 99</u>	<u>\$4,999 50</u>
		716 01
	Interest.	Savings.
6th year	\$42 96	\$2,072 97
7th "	124 37	1,314 00
8th "	210 68	1,314 00
9th "	302 16	1,314 00
10th "	399 13	1,314 00
11th "	501 91	1,314 00
	<u>\$1,581 21</u>	<u>\$8,642 97</u>
		1,581 21

Balance to credit of farmer with higher prices \$10,224.18

NOTE B.

At Prices in Statement at 2 Per Cent.

Everything Doubled.

	Paid in Interest.	Paid on Principal.
1st year	\$100 00	\$557 00
2d "	88 86	568 14
3d "	77 49	579 51
4th "	60 90	591 10
5th "	54 08	602 92
6th "	42 02	614 98
7th "	29 72	628 28
8th "	17 16	640 00
9th "	4 36	218 07
10th "	<u>\$474 59</u>	<u>\$5,000 00</u>
Balance of		434 57

	Paid in Interest.	Paid on Principal.
1st year	\$100 00	\$1,214 00
2d "	75 92	1,238 28
3d "	50 95	1,263 05
4th "	25 69	1,284 67
	<u>\$252 36</u>	<u>\$5,000 00</u>
Balance end 4th year		3 64
5th year	\$79 06	\$1,317 64
6th "	162 64	1,314 00
7th "	251 24	1,314 00
8th "	345 15	1,314 00
9th "	454 70	1,314 00
10th "	550 22	1,314 00
11th "	662 18	1,314 00
	<u>\$2,495 19</u>	<u>\$9,201 64</u>
		2,495 19

Savings from 4th to 11th year, as the result of increased prices and 2 per cent loans, and advance in prices of labor and products \$11,697 83

NOTE C.

*At \$30 per Month.**Everything Doubled.*

	Paid in Interest.	Paid on Principal.		Paid in Interest.	Paid on Principal.
1st year	\$60 00	\$48 00	1st year	\$60 00	\$156 00
2d "	57 12	50 88	2d "	50 64	165 36
3d "	54 06	53 94	3d "	41 71	174 29
4th "	50 83	57 17	4th "	30 26	185 74
5th "	47 40	60 60	5th "	19 11	196 89
6th "	43 76	64 24	6th "	7 30	121 72
7th "	39 91	68 09			
8th "	35 22	72 78		\$208 63	\$1,000 00
9th "	30 85	77 15	Credit end 6th year		86 98
10th "	26 22	81 78			
11th "	21 32	86 68	7th year	\$5 21	\$302 98
12th "	16 18	91 82	8th "	18 18	216 00
13th "	10 67	97 33	9th "	32 23	216 00
14th "	4 83	80 54	10th "	47 12	216 00
			11th "	62 91	216 00
	\$498 37	\$1,000 00	12th "	79 64	216 00
Balance end of 14th year . .		22 63	13th "	97 38	216 00
			14th "	116 19	216 00
Accumulated interest from 6th to 14th year				\$458 86	
Saved in principal from 6th to 14th year					\$1,814 98
Total savings from doubling price of labor and all products . .					\$2,273 84

ARSENIC VS. CHOLERA.

BY R. B. LEACH, M. D.

WHAT is America doing this season to ward off Asiatic cholera?

What are we doing for our fullest protection against the undoubted invasion of an enemy more potent, till now, than all laws, rules, and medicaments of legislators and the medical fraternity? Dr. Kemster, our special medical envoy to infected Europe, denounces their statistics as doubtful, and us as a nation hoodwinked by too much credulity in the possible untruth thus conveyed to the world.

Our past winters' diseases, according to older and more tried authorities, predict a most probable epidemic of cholera in the United States this spring, summer, and fall, and possibly next winter, accompanied by a financial depression such as our glorious country and people have never yet witnessed.

Its par is not in history, and as its only precedent might be named the Black Plague of 1662, when Charles and his barnacles of state hung together in feast and interchange of pleasantries, as empty of humane fellow feeling as — their probably empty pates.

Through their neglect and criminal omission of duty to country and citizen, the flower of many flocks joined the great silent throng beyond; whereas, could they have had the encouragement from medical science held out to-day, they would have lived despite such adversities.

What does a nation like ours, with its thinkers, reasoners, capitalists, and legislators, mean, by sitting idly and quietly behind a sieve, such as quarantine has always proven itself, to date, while through The Associated Press and many medical journals, ever since September last, have been reflected the rays of a safe, certain, and accessible prophylactic against the awfulest destroyer of men known to civilization? and thus far they have not, with some few exceptions, asserted their citizenship, and memorialized Congress, their executive, and

his cabinet to thoroughly test in Europe, while there was yet time, such assertions as our own United States Marine Hospital surgeons at Washington last September pronounced "incontrovertible, except by test which we will make, as soon as we acquire material in patients or suspects."

I am not proposing a novel method of resurrecting or embalming, but simply introducing to your notice a new plan of life insurance, a Republican measure, so to speak, of "Protection against foreign competition and pauper immigration" of the comma bacillus.

It were impertinent in me were I to propose a novel method of cure in the very face of that with which we can now cure ninety-six per cent of all cholera patients, a majority of cures such as few other statistics of disease can show.

Remember! *I propose a protective measure for the well*, as different from a curative measure as is hygiene from medicine, yet as allied in significance and utility.

I propose a prophylactic in the same line of thought as Jenner and Pasteur, and pronounced incontrovertible, as above, by many, and by Paul Gibier as "theoretically perfect."

In this position, at this writing, stands this, the only untried protective measure against cholera—a protection against disease in all its most awful awfulness; and the United States Senate Committee on Epidemic Diseases feels itself powerless to prove this a quarantine against Asiatic cholera, all the appropriations of Congress going to the more material-looking one in force.

For what is quarantine but a forty days' detention from our midst of supposedly infected men or merchandise from supposedly or known infected districts?—when arsenic to slight physiological effect, as prescribed in my *exposé*, arsenization, is a forty days' detention of the comma bacillus from our smaller intestines; thus a local, personal, and multiple quarantine of each and all, equal to Jenner's vaccine in present protection, and Pasteur's *rabies canina* in its curative properties, by its simultaneous exhibition with the advent of the cholera microbe in the same organism.

France supports the Academy of Paris, holding high the cross of honor to the successful scientific researcher; and Germany has already placed Koch under royal favor such as is not equalled outside Fatherland. And all this for his

studies, for the benefit of mankind in general; while the discoverer of telegraphy pleaded for ten years for the official ear of his government, that he might be assisted in the demonstration of a great truth, and receive the acknowledgment of a great discovery.

The discoverer of chloroform, for the relief of women in travail, the soldier in the field, the civilian in his domestic hospital, and the child in eclampsia, has never been honored by his own government, and hardly recognized as a scientist even worthy the poorer steel of such an adversary as one of our average legislators.

Keeley is known by his jealous colleagues as the "fool doctor" for his silence and acquisitiveness; but maybe, like the king's jester, he makes it pay well to "say nothing and saw wood," lining his capacious pockets with that metal which, in the eyes of most, surpasses copper and zinc in the making of that wondrous fluid which will suspend senile decay till another day.

In the promulgation of arsenization as a prophylactic against cholera, the writer simply stands at the door of public opinion, asking of all no more than he will give, that each may think for himself, and in time of danger, which fast approaches, allow him or his local exponent to lift that sword of Damocles, suspended as by a thread, which grows thinner and weaker with the advent of summer, whose heat and moisture will lay quick rot upon it, and release disease amongst us like the locust, the grasshopper, and the sparrow, leaving to the medical men, undertakers, life insurance companies, and friends the only occupations of the day.

What a commentary on our greatness, our fairness, and Yankee shrewdness! What a fool is man, essentially dependent upon the machinations of his enemies and the enervation of his friends!

Senator W. E. Chandler writes: "Senator Hale and I have talked over your proposition for a commission to go abroad, and there test the efficacy of your theory. We find we can do nothing direct to aid the cause, but recommend that you write Hon. John G. Carlisle as soon as he assumes the duties of the office of secretary of the treasury." He is now fully petitioned through Senator R. Q. Mills, and by the courtesy of my personal friend, ex-Senator General S. B. Maxey, *that the originator* of this theory for the protection of

the lives of American citizens particularly, and the world in general, *be placed at once in the midst of infection in Europe or Asia*, that there he may fully and satisfactorily demonstrate the belief that is in him, to wit:—

To take arsenic internally to produce slight physiological effect, as a protection against Asiatic cholera, is but to take it as now often prescribed in the treatment of chronic malarial poisoning and in skin diseases of germ origin.

By so taking arsenic, we fix the albumen to such an extent that cholera (which does the same) cannot take hold, and thus cause, along with the loss of the salts, the cramps of the disease.

By taking arsenic by mouth, hypodermically, or from ivory points, and repeating as necessary to produce the prescribed effect, we destroy the animal and vegetable germs extant, at the time of the exhibition of the remedy, and preserve the tissues from further and rapid carbonization in consequence thereof; and as it is a reconstructive as well as a tonic, we obtain immunity from the comma bacillus as long as forty days thereafter, making each person so arsenicized a non-infected and non-infectant medium daily growing stronger.

By taking arsenic we are actually occupying the space and place demanded by the cholera germ in which to fructify and develop; and thus we deprive the enemy of a vantage-ground upon which to plant its guns for cramping the adversary.

Under physiological effect of arsenic one cannot have cholera, because, as “No two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time,” so no two diseases, which must actually occupy the same space and place to become disease (that is, to demonstrate their presence, such as arsenic and cholera), can exist in the same body at the same time. (I defy the world to controvert this maxim.)

Capital has recognized the strength of my assertions, which all laymen should know, and will demonstrate the truth of the same this season, as the Lancaster County Vaccine Farms of Marietta, Penn., write to me thus, “We recognize sufficient honor accruing to our position, as assistants in the promulgation of so valuable a remedy.” And these people will soon place before our citizens “points” of arsenious acid (each containing one-thirtieth grain of the acid), with full directions from me for the testing of these

assertions, which will become imperative through the existing dangers and the futile efforts of quarantine; and will be made manifest by the demands of the people for a further protection than a quarantine on our coast and interstate lines, *when disease is actually in our midst*; else what of those germs buried with their victims last fall in New York?

Can we not, as a thinking nation, seeking more light, see that light when not hid under a bushel? (Why, even a bushel of money has not hid the light of redemption from inebriety, from a hundred thousand diseased men of all grades of social, educational, and financial equipoise.)

Is it to be repeated in America this and maybe next year, that our nation will not accept that which is by divine right our own, and protect our homes and little ones from the ravages of the fast-approaching invader, and from our infected neighbors, who seem separated from us only as by a back-yard fence, with but a barbed-wire of quarantine to climb, and possibly nothing worse than a pair of torn pants for the trouble? Will Americans wait for disease to show itself in all the awfulness of cholera, at their very doors, before they are aroused to their peril, or will they not now, and *en masse*, join in my petition that our executive, or his acting assistant, the secretary of the treasury, place before such palisades as quarantine, that prophylactic guard of arsenization in the immigrant, or even send into the very midst of this destruction the originator of this protection, that his utmost may be done to thin its ranks before it besieges our portals.

William Henry Porter, M. D., says in *Mercks' Medical Bulletin*, for January, 1893, that "The presence of these foreign, irritating and poisonous particles [referring to arsenic], *in small quantities*, stimulates the hepatic cells to increased secretory as well as excretory activity, *without positively damaging* the protoplasmic masses; and in this way more nutritive pabulum is taken up into the liver cells, and a more perfect nutritive interchange is established in the liver, which process secondarily *enhances the accumulation of tissue* throughout the whole animal economy. When this has been accomplished, diseased processes all through the system are in part or completely removed, and *more or less of a new normal or healthy* activity is brought to all parts of the body."

In this respect, arsenic and its compounds are truly prophylactic against cholera, they being alterative in their action, and cholera seeking to assume exactly the space and place thereby occupied in the demonstration of its effect. Is it not each American's privilege, and is it not his duty as well as pleasure, to petition those he has placed in authority, for all the legitimate measures of protection, whether it be new or old, tried or untried, whether it be against man or disease, that thereby he may proclaim his legitimate citizenship to our most glorious Union? and shall he not expect and get from those authorities that which is so freely given his neighbors in France or Germany?

We spend immense sums yearly in testing novelties in death dealers for our army and navy, only to learn the quickest and surest method of killing. *Shall we not now demand a small appropriation, that a life saver may be tested as well?*

Our foreign neighbors hoard immense sums for such a purpose; yet they also demonstrate in other ways the first law of nature, by placing the innovations of medical science in the exact and required field for their fullest demonstration.

DOES THE COUNTRY DEMAND FREE COINAGE OF SILVER? WHO ARE IN FAVOR, AND WHO OPPOSED, AND WHY?

BY A. C. FISK.

SHOULD the United States return to free bi-metallic coinage? This question is of paramount importance. Its magnitude has been fully appreciated for the last twenty years by one class—the rich with fixed incomes and annuities! But they have, by one device and another, during all these years relegated this question to the rear. The gold power well knew, when they demonetized silver in 1873, what would be the result, and they have, by controlling the metropolitan press of the country, subsidizing Congress, and nominating and electing presidents, been able to smother this question until they have doubled the value of their money and decreased the value of everything else one half. At home, more than three fourths of the members of Congress are for free coinage; but under the influence of the magic wand of the gold despots of the world, enough of them succeed in deceiving their constituents into the belief that they have made an honest effort to remonetize silver.

Both the old parties are under absolute control of the gold party. We have had in this country for twenty years three parties—the Republican, the Democratic, and the gold party. The gold party acts as a unit, and controls the policy of both the other great parties. When silver was demonetized, there were probably just two men in Congress who knew it—John Sherman, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and Mr. Hooper, chairman of the House Committee. Each was appointed respectively as chairman of the Conference Committee, on the bill regulating the management of the mints. This bill was drawn by Ernest Seyd, representing the gold trust of the world. It was nearly two years before the deception was discovered. This piece of legis-

lation was consummated wholly in the interests of the creditor classes.

Suppose a debt was contracted with a certain volume of money, and then one half of that volume was stricken down, that would double the value of the other half. That is exactly what has been done in this country and in Europe. The national debts of Europe had all been contracted in silver, and could have been properly liquidated in silver; but without a word of warning, every contract in Europe was violated by a closure of the mints to silver. Every commodity decreased, and within six months prices had fallen one half; distress was universal; there were more than thirty-five thousand foreclosures of mortgages in five years, and one sixth of the people were reduced to want. The effect in this country has been the same, but more gradual, for the reason that this country has greater resources. Still, it has reached a point where the resources cannot be developed except at a loss; therefore silver must be restored, or some other system adopted to give the people relief, or the producers and debtors in this country will occupy the same position as do the slaves, peons, and ryots of the gold-standard countries of Europe.

There has been no decline in silver, but gold has risen, so far as it affects the value of every commodity. When silver was demonetized, it was worth one dollar and thirty-one cents per ounce; wheat, one dollar and twenty-five cents per bushel; cotton, sixteen cents per pound, and all other commodities in proportion. If you will take the trouble to compare the prices of wheat, corn, cotton, and other commodities, with the prices of silver for the same period, you will find that they are in close sympathy.

The producers and debtors have discovered that wheat cannot be produced for 60 cents per bushel, nor cotton for 7 cents per pound. Were silver restored, the 600,000,000 bushels of wheat would be worth \$1.50 per bushel, instead of 60 cents, and would yield the farmer \$900,000,000, instead of \$360,000,000. And the 3,500,000,000 pounds of cotton would be worth 16 cents per pound, instead of 7 cents, and would yield the planter \$560,000,000, instead of \$250,000,000. The decline in price on corn, oats, and other farm products is fully \$400,000,000, making a total loss to the producers of \$1,250,000,000 annually. In other words, by

reason of the demonetization of silver, the farmer is unjustly taxed, in the interest of the creditor classes, more than fifty per cent of everything he produces. This tax was imposed secretly and surreptitiously, by the use of foreign gold.

It seems almost beyond belief that the trusted representatives of the people in Congress should conspire and confederate with the creditor classes to tax the farmers and debtors of this country the entire profits of their toil. Yet it seems to have been a preconceived plan. As early as 1862 a circular was sent out, by an agent of the bankers of England and Germany, which stated in substance that the great debt which would grow out of the war would be used as a measure to control the volume of money; that to accomplish this, bonds would be used as a banking basis; that money issued directly by the government could not be controlled, but that they could control the bonds, and through them the bank issues; that they were in favor of the abolition of slavery, as the owning of labor carried with it care for the laborer, while the plan they proposed was the control of labor by controlling the money volume, thereby controlling wages, which, in the end, would result in this country — as it has in England, Germany, and Ireland — in sweeping the farms and homes from the present owners, and forcing the farmers of this country to the same condition as those in the gold-standard countries of the Old World. The gold trust has never yet fastened its fangs upon any country that it has not finally enslaved the producers; and that is the inevitable result in this country, unless we get immediate relief. The silver question must be settled now. If we are not to have the free and unlimited coinage of silver, we must have some other money. We can have no prosperity on a per capita basis of two dollars, which is all that a gold standard would give us.

Most of the legislation for the past twenty years has been vicious class legislation. The creditor classes have had their money doubled in value, the manufacturing interests have been protected by an unjust tariff, while the wheat and cotton grower and silver miner have been taxed fifty per cent of all their earnings.

There is no other question that is so little understood. A few members of Congress and prominent bankers in the interests of the gold lords are constantly giving the public

misleading statements, which they, and those whom they represent, know to be untrue ; still these statements are given the widest possible publicity, while a contradiction of them, from a representative of the people in Congress or elsewhere, will not receive notice in the metropolitan journals. The false statements of the gold trust are heralded through the Associated Press despatches, commented upon, and lauded as "sound finance" by the great metropolitan journals of the country. With the exception of the *New York Sun*, *Chicago Times*, and *St. Louis Republic*, there are no prominent daily journals in the country that are not owned and controlled absolutely by the gold trust. This same gold power controls the fiscal power of Germany, Austria, Great Britain, and, in fact, all Europe. It controls the press of Europe, and wields the sceptre, no matter who wears the crown. It is the same power that controls the press and executive branches of this government, and enough of the members in Congress to prevent any legislation in the interests of the people.

A distinguished editor, at a banquet given to the members of the press, gave utterance to the following:—

There is no such thing in America as an independent press, unless it is in the country towns. We are all slaves. There is not one of you who dares express an honest opinion. I am paid a hundred and fifty dollars per week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. The man who would be foolish enough to write an honest opinion would be on the streets hunting for a job. The business of a New York journalist is to distort the truth, to pervert and vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. We are the tools and vassals of the rich men behind the scenes; they pull the string, and we dance. We are intellectual prostitutes.

If such a thing as justice ever entered the mind of the modern Shylock, would it not be well for him to consider whether it would not be better to use some of the many millions which are now expended monthly to corrupt the metropolitan press of the country, Congress, and our chief executives, in restoring some degree of prosperity to the people? The bankers and creditor classes in the money centres of the East confederated with the Shylocks across the water to force down the price of silver, and thereby the price of all farm products.

The interest that the East has in the matter is that it

doubles the value of money, and reduces the value of what is consumed fifty per cent. The East consumes hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of corn, wheat, and other Western and Southern products every year. For this unjust advantage Eastern speculators are willing that the plutocracy of the Old World shall pillage the West and South of double the amount of gain which goes to them. If any one will take the pains to study the bulletins which are issued by the government, he will find that Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, or any other money loaning or manufacturing centre, has gained in wealth the past ten years, over any Western or Southern state, more than fifteen to one.

One of the falsehoods put out by the subsidized press and orators in Congress, and other agents of the gold lords, is that it is the silver miner who desires protection. The silver miners and mine owners in this country pay an unjust tax yearly to the government of twenty-five million dollars; while the same law which discredits silver compels the farmers to contribute unjustly about four hundred and fifty million dollars to the Eastern States, and about eight hundred million dollars to the gold despots of Europe.

Suppose a law had been enacted openly taxing the farmer and cotton planter forty or fifty per cent of his products, by means of foreign gold, the same as the present law was enacted, in the interests of the crowned heads in Europe and their confederates in this country. Could the tax have been collected? And would there not have been open revolt? And would not the tax gatherer have been driven from the country had he attempted to enforce its collection? And would not Congress have been given to understand that the law must be speedily repealed? Undoubtedly all these things would have happened; and yet this insidious, unseen tax is just as effective and just as infamous and iniquitous as though the law had specified that one half of all their earnings should be given to the gold lords of the Old World and their confederates in this country. The present law is undoubtedly unconstitutional, and would be so held could a decision be had in the courts. There has been no man who occupied a seat in Congress when silver was demonetized, except John Sherman, of the Senate, and Hooper, of the House, who has admitted that he was aware that an act had been passed demonetizing silver. There was no sug-

gestion of anything of the kind on the face of the bill, simply an act to regulate coinage, and the word "Silver" was omitted from the bill. Is there any one bold enough to say that this was not fraudulent legislation? And fraud vitiates everything.

It is said, in reference to the history of Florence, "The people perished, but the brigands throve." The tax which the farmer and cotton planter, debtor, and laborer pays is illegal, and those who reap the benefits know it. The law is a crime, and those who take advantage of it are *particeps criminis*. But they seek to legalize and succeed in legalizing the robbery by having some friend act as the agent, and loan those who have been defrauded their own money, inducing the borrower to legalize the robbery by executing his note and securing it by a mortgage. What would be thought by the civilized nations of the world of any country, where a condition of affairs like this should exist? Suppose, at the close of each year, the farmer or planter who had gathered his crop, marketed it, and received the proceeds for it, was met, on his return home, by a brigand who ordered him to throw up his hands, rifled his pockets, and took from him fifty per cent of the money thus received for a year's labor. Suppose, soon after, an agent of the brigand should offer to loan this stolen money to him who had been defrauded, exacting of him a note and mortgage, requiring ten per cent interest and ten per cent commission for making the loan. The necessities of the victims compel them to accept the offer, and in this way the farms and homes of the producers of wealth are swept from them, a moneyed aristocracy built up, and the producers reduced to practical slavery. A country that would recognize such a system would expect and deserve to be condemned by the civilized world. Who can truthfully say that the United States has not inaugurated substantially such a system?

But we are reminded that much of this money belongs to widows and estates. I answer that it was accumulated unjustly by reason of an increase in the purchasing power of money, and also by reason of purchasing the products of this country at one half their value. There is no equity in the present system, and the people should demand some legislation that would adjust the grievances of the debtors.

The march of evictions has begun. Forty thousand

Western and Southern homes were foreclosed in 1892, and the number is being greatly augmented. The people who pioneered this Western country, made the desert blossom as the rose, produced the wealth that paid the debts of this country, built up an aristocracy in the East, and enriched the plutocracy of the Old World, are now told to move on, and find another Columbus to discover for them a new world, unless they choose to remain as slaves of the brigands.

Is it not possible for the people of this country to learn a lesson from the "Unspeakable Turk"? Twelve years ago, in consequence of successive failures in the olive crop and a fall in the price of oil, great distress prevailed in Crete. While the cultivators were unable to pay their interest instalments to the money lenders, according to the law of the Moslem power the debtors might not be evicted; only their chattels could be seized and sold. Matters as between debtor and creditor being thus at a deadlock, and cultivation arrested, the Porte intervened by compromise between the two parties. The interest payments for many years had been made, not in cash, but in products, and the Imperial Edict required that the money lenders' accounts should be audited, and that the produce payments, having been reckoned at the prices ruling at the time the money was borrowed, were to be deducted from the principal sum, interest at a statutory rate only being allowed. In the general accounting that took place, more than one half of the insolvents were found to be free from debt.

What position would the farmers and cotton planters of the West and the South be in, if a demand for an accounting were made — such as was that of Crete — on the ground that by the crime of 1873 money was advanced in value; and by reason thereof, wheat, cotton, and all products were decreased in value to such an extent that all their mortgages, both interest and principal, would be wiped out? Congress undoubtedly has the power to give some such relief; but as that body has been under the control of the gold trust for twenty years, there does not seem to be much hope from it; therefore would it not be wise for the producing sections, which have so long been pillaged and robbed, to consider whether it would not be just for the states themselves to remedy this evil so far as possible? The state legislatures would certainly have the power to pass a stay law, prohibit-

ing the collection of either interest or principal, until the brigands would consent to the restoration of the money of the people.

Rothschild stated at the recent Brussels conference:—

If this conference were to break up without arriving at any definite result, there would be a depreciation in the value of silver which would be frightful to contemplate, and out of which a monetary panic would ensue with far-spreading effects of which it would be impossible to foretell.

Mr. Allard, in his address before the conference, stated:—

England is the creditor nation of the world; and if the whole world pays her in gold, it is none the less true that there are many nations which do not pay her at all. Is it no longer true that the worth of a debtor consists in his power of paying? Is it not the true interest of a creditor so to arrange matters that his debtor shall be able to pay, rather than drive him into a corner, and make him insolvent, as so many nations have already become?

Why should this country borrow money from England? We are at present in the same condition towards England that Ireland is. All the earnings, not only of the people of Ireland but of this country, go to England and never return. The more our debt is held in England, the better for England and the worse for us. This country has seventy-five billion dollars of wealth, with five hundred million dollars of gold and six hundred million dollars of silver, while England has less than four hundred million dollars of both.

When we borrow, we do not get gold, but they manage to have their payments made in gold, which, under the present system, is constantly increasing in value. In England, as in this country, the single standard benefits only the creditor classes, and the cry for free coinage that comes up from the manufacturers and farmers in that country is almost as great as it is from the farmers and debtors of this country. The manufacturers of this country have not yet learned that free coinage would benefit them. Up to this time they have been content to become members of a ring to influence Congress to give them special legislation which protects their manufactured article and furnishes them with Western breadstuffs at one half their value.

During a recent debate in Parliament, some of the strongest pleas that have yet been made anywhere for the white metal were presented, and the question before Parliament would have been adopted were it not for the personal

influence which Gladstone exerted to its fullest over the Irish members, who, desiring to retain Gladstone's interest in the home rule for Ireland, voted to forge still further the chains of slavery on the limbs of their constituents. Gladstone's speech struck the key-note of the situation when he said:—

But if there are these two billion pounds of money which we have got abroad, it is a very serious matter as between this country and other countries. We have nothing to pay to them. We are not their debtors. We should get no comfort, no consolation, out of the substitution of a cheaper money which we could obtain for less, and part with for more. We should get no consolation, but the consolation throughout the world would be great. This splendid spirit of philanthropy, which we cannot too highly praise, because I have no doubt all this is foreseen, would result in our making a present of fifty or one hundred million pounds to the world. It would be thankfully accepted, but I think that the gratitude for your benevolence would be mixed with grave misgivings as to your wisdom.

The Monetary Conference of 1878 declared: "It is necessary to maintain in the world the monetary functions of silver as well as those of gold." The years that have since passed have fully emphasized the truth of this statement.

When silver was demonetized in 1873, India received an increased flow, and the prosperity which formerly pervaded this country was transferred to the fields and factories of India. Prior to that time, India was not a factor in the wheat or cotton trade; but the decline in silver was the decline of all prices in the United States, and with it all farm prosperity, and the rise of the wheat, cotton, and corn industries in India.

Had not silver been demonetized, Europe would now be purchasing our farm products direct instead of buying our silver at its bullion value and buying these products from India at its money value. In 1873 India exported very little cotton, wheat, or manufactured articles, but that country now supplies more than one hundred million dollars' worth of cotton annually, nearly the same amount in wheat, and her exports of manufactured articles are seventy-five million dollars. The breadstuffs exported from the United States in 1892 amounted to one hundred and twenty-eight million dollars. Were it not for the depreciation in silver, the same amount would have yielded nearly two hundred million dollars. This is also true as to cotton and other products. Not

only has the price been reduced, but the quantity, and had silver not been debased, Europe would have been compelled to purchase farm products of us in sufficient amounts to more than pay all our debts. This is just what they are trying to prevent.

The metropolitan journals of the East are teeming with interviews from bankers and other representatives of the gold trust. Their utterances are insincere, and are simply those of European bankers, given out through their agents in this country, and published in their journals.

George G. Williams, president of the Chemical National Bank, recently stated in the columns of the *New York World*:—

The Sherman act should be repealed or modified so there would be no question of the ability of the government to maintain the parity of silver and gold. The great trouble with the government is a lack of a sufficient reserve fund. If they had two hundred million dollars reserve instead of one hundred million dollars, nothing would be heard of this problem.

We should suppose that a man of Mr. Williams' position would be above such demagoguery. Any one who will reflect a moment will see that the repeal of the Sherman law would still further reduce the volume of money in this country, cripple every industry, and unsettle every value, even that of the silver certificates. The hoarding of two hundred million dollars in the treasury would put just that much more out of circulation, and make money scarcer to that extent. This is what the European bankers desire, but it is not what the producers and debtors of this country wish for.

What we want is higher prices for our farm products. It would give us as much of both gold and silver as we would require were the farm products in this country increased, as they would be with free coinage, from one billion to one and a half billions of dollars, and it would be very difficult for the European financiers to get gold enough to leave this country with which to buy these products. Our concern would not then be that gold would leave the country, but it would be to find a way for it to go.

The free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one in this country would put silver above par, and therefore our silver would probably go abroad; but no coined silver would come to this country for recoinage. The ratio in Europe is

fifteen and one-half; India, fifteen. Europe has one billion one hundred million dollars coined silver, which if recoined at our ratio would show a loss of thirty-three million dollars. India has nine hundred million dollars coined silver. Her loss would be sixty million dollars were she to recoin at our ratio. Much of the uncoined silver of the world undoubtedly would come to this country for coinage were we to throw open our mints to free coinage of silver; yet that is exactly what the country needs. The silver product of the world, were it all dumped into the United States, would not give us a sufficient per capita for the increase of our population and the demands for our trade expansion. We should be the gainers by every dollar that did come.

The Mexican dollar is worth only its bullion value; and, in fact, the silver dollar of Central America is received in England, France, and Germany for about eighty cents. This is done to secure the trade of those countries. Suppose we were to open our mints to free coinage, the silver from those countries would undoubtedly come to the United States; and the stamp of this government, with the taxing power of sixty-five million people, would make three hundred and seventy-one grains of pure silver a dollar, that would pass anywhere in the world for one hundred cents; and with that money the United States could secure the trade of all those countries. That fact alone would force all Europe to adopt free bi-metallic coinage, or lose a large amount of the trade it now enjoys.

When Germany, elated by her victory over France, in order to further cripple her fallen foe, from whom she had exacted one billion in gold, demonetized silver, she inflicted upon her people, by the fall of prices consequent on the increase in the value of money, more misery than all her armies had inflicted on France. France, on the contrary, by giving a sufficient volume of money in circulation to maintain prices, emerged in a few years from the greatest disaster in her history, conscious of a greater triumph than Germany had achieved in war. The ransom exacted of France was received back by her, almost as soon as paid, in exchange for the products of her industry.

There are those who affect to believe that a parity could not be maintained were silver restored to its immemorial use. What gives an ounce of gold the value of twenty dollars, or

three hundred and seventy-one grains of pure silver the value of one dollar, and what keeps at par the five hundred million dollars of uncovered notes? It is the stamp of this government, its farms, lands, mines, and the taxing power of sixty-five millions of people. Did not France maintain a parity from 1803 to 1873 with a population ranging at less than one half of the population of the United States? And during this period the fluctuation between the product of the two metals had perhaps a wider range than will be known again in a hundred years. From 1803 to 1820 the production was four of silver to one of gold; from 1821 to 1840, two of silver to one of gold; from 1841 to 1850, about equal; from 1851 to 1860, four of gold to one of silver; from 1861 to 1865, three of gold to one of silver; from 1866 to 1870, two of gold to one of silver. During all this time France maintained by statute a ratio of fifteen and one half to one, not for that country alone, but for the whole world. If that period does not offer sufficient proof of the power of law under varying conditions of supply, and tie the metals together, and keep them so, then what proof will be required?

Were silver restored in this country to its full use as money, the farmers and wage-earners would have at least one billion two hundred and fifty million dollars more money from the increase of the products of their labor to spend than they now have. The farmer is now restricted to absolute necessities. If the value of his crops were doubled, he would spend more than twice as much as he now does. This vast sum, augmented by the entire trade which would certainly come here from Mexico, South America, and Central America, by reason of the fact that three hundred and seventy-one grains of their silver would purchase in this country one hundred cents' worth of goods, while in any gold-standard country it would only purchase its bullion value — these vast sums of money would stimulate trade in every part of the United States; besides, it would develop our farms, lands, mines, mills, and factories. Our wholesale merchants are constantly restricting their trade for the reason that the country merchants can no longer depend on the trade of the farming sections. But with the price of crops increased, and the money that would flow in from our sister republics to the South, every branch of industry in this country would thrive, and merchants could then extend credit with some certainty

that the payments would be promptly met. Farm products are about the only thing in this country with which to pay debts; and with the profits of farming extinguished, every industry and trade must languish.

The United States need have no concern whether the other countries adopt free coinage or not; but were silver restored in this country, Europe would be compelled to do likewise, or lose much of the trade she now enjoys. As a temporary measure, until Congress adopts a free-coinage law, if the secretary of the Treasury would open the mints to their full capacity, coin and pay out silver to redeem the certificates, as contemplated by law, that would greatly relieve the present money market. Of course no real relief can be had without free coinage.

FREEDOM IN DRESS FOR WOMAN.

BY FRANCES E. RUSSELL.

MANY a good thing "cometh without observation." If there is "no money in it," — as there is in advertising, — no fair chance for ridicule, no opportunity to "scoop" one another, the newspapers mercifully let it alone. So a work which looks toward the self-release of women from the oppression of fashion has been allowed to proceed with quiet dignity till within sight of a reasonable degree of success.

Fashion, blinded by that madness which precedes destruction, has unwittingly helped our cause by her insane effort to put women into hoop-skirts.

Great indignation is expressed over the threatened abomination, but it will avail little, nor can new laws upon our statute-books prevail against "the fashion." Some suggest that the "Committee on Dress" of the National Council of Women do a sufficiently good work by preventing any considerable number of women from putting on hoops. Only a short time ago we were advised to concentrate our efforts to induce women not to wear trained gowns in the street, and there was talk of petitioning for a prohibitory law against them. We might go on protesting forever, so far as fashion is concerned; if it is not one monstrosity it is another with which women are disfigured.

Men who admire women more than clothes have never taken kindly to dehumanizing fashions, like high-humped sleeves, bustles, and hoops, though admiring trains under some circumstances. But however they may protest, as one deformity threatens to succeed another, anything that women will persistently wear as "the correct thing" soon comes to be so associated with womanhood in men's minds as to seem the "womanly" dress. A philosopher in most matters feels troubled if his wife or daughter mingles with other women, the only one without a bustle.

Most men have now been brought, by the most persistent of all deforming fashions, to actually admire the false lines

of the corset-made figure ; to consider "womanly" the deep hollows with their corresponding protuberances, over which the fashionable ladies' tailors and dressmakers shape their combinations of costly fabrics. If men would legislate against any criminality in dress, they should begin with the corset, upon which hang, quite literally, all the follies in skirts which they oppose.

But it would be of little use so long as the ideal of a taper waist is retained. I never saw a corset till I was twenty years old—never heard of one except as belonging to the barbarisms of the past ; but the first dress I made for myself, at the age of sixteen, was so tight (like the gowns of the belles I admired) that it was pain to wear it. When I ran out to meet my father, a physician, his admiring look as he exclaimed, "What a little thing you are ! You are nothing but a spirit !" was sufficient recompense for all I suffered. Yet he would have opposed "tight lacing"—so easily are men deceived !

Bless the hoop-skirt !—the hideous thing ! It comes in so opportunely now to point a moral. Women have said, and men have believed, that hoops never could be fashionable again ; meaning, of course, the all-around, pyramidal hoops worn in the fifties and sixties ; for during much of the time since that era, women's forms have been built out behind with more or less steel spring and whalebone scaffolding, to support their extravagant use of skirt drapery.

Yesterday I looked through two large volumes of fashion history. One, written just previous to the last hoop-skirt era, pitilessly exposed the absurdity of the immense hooped panniers of the time of George III. and spoke of hoops as "banished forever." But they came back again in later years, and the lovely Empress Eugénie wore them, and the Queen of England found them so comfortable that she does not object to their reappearance. The other volume, written a quarter of a century later, seemed to regard with artistic triumph the closely sheathing gowns (in some of which women could neither dance nor sit down), and the sleeves worn so tight that sometimes the wearers could not lift their hands to the tops of their heads. The author complacently remarked, "No one can now recall the gowns with leg-of-mutton sleeves without laughing."

The next turn of the whirligig of fashion showed women

with hoop-skirts strapped on their backs, instead of encircling the body; the straps around the legs, which secured the rear scaffolding in place, acting as hindrances to locomotion. Who laughs at the leg-of-mutton sleeves now? It is interesting to see how, like Kilkenny cats, the dogmas of fashion devour one another. Only the young and inexperienced regard the latest dictum as an absolute law of taste. One who has completed the circle a few times has learned to accept each inevitable change with discreet silence.

Legislation against hoop-skirts is well meant, no doubt; but, gentlemen, truth obliges me to say that this thing which you abominate, and with good cause, is the only one of the nuisances and monstrosities which are intermittently imposed upon women — by that same power which makes you discontented with a wide hat band when other men wear narrow ones — the hoop-skirt is the only one of these uglinesses which brings some actual relief from the fetters with which woman is bound. For this reason hoops remained a part of the dress of the “sensible woman” (who differs from the prevailing fashion just enough to seem “dowdy,” and to distress her young relatives) long after they had gone out of fashion.

In the fifties hoop-skirts came to lighten the load of petticoats worn by women. Now they come to loosen the clinging skirts — in both cases to increase woman’s freedom of locomotion. Men paid little attention, as skirts increased in amplitude more than forty years ago, and women accepted the increasing load of petticoats with meekness. A gray-haired man tells me it was no uncommon sight then, in Pittsburg streets, to see colored women and boys carrying to their customers freshly laundered, starched skirts, piled high without folding, on their outstretched arms. Women wore from four to ten of these skirts at one time, in order to attain proper “womanly” amplitude of figure. Dickens must have had this style of dress in his mind’s eye when he wrote that “Mr. Merdle took down to dinner a countess, who was secluded somewhere in the core of an immense dress, to which she was in the proportion of the heart to an overgrown cabbage.” But Mrs. Browning probably thought of hoops when she made Romney Leigh speak of leaving Aurora “room to sweep” her “ample skirts of womanhood.”

There was need of room. Those distended hoops were known to sweep over a stand of valuable plants, to sweep men into the gutters if two women walked abreast, to sweep a little child off from a pier into the ocean at a fashionable watering-place. Oh, yes! They swept, though they had no trains, long after they ceased to be "new brooms."

And men came to admire them! to regard them as an essential part of dressed-up women — as trains were regarded a dozen years later. Men would have been ashamed of their wives and daughters without them. A woman accidentally caught without hoops modestly slunk out of sight till her "womanly" appearance was restored. Yet they were acknowledged to be ridiculous, and were constantly ridiculed. A woman in the village where I was at school, had her skeleton skirt suddenly inverted over her head in the street on a windy day; and I see yet in memory, as I saw in reality, twenty-five years ago, the neat, embroidered underclothing to the waist of a well-known and well-dressed woman, as she stepped into a buggy from our doorstep and turned to arrange her parcels, so that her skirt was tilted without her knowledge. About the same time I received a letter from a young lady who had been an invalid for years, and who was trying to economize her returning strength. She wrote in praise of the skeleton skirt which lightened her burdens, as she wore only her lined dress skirt over the lightest of skeletons, and dressed herself underneath warm or cool, according to the weather. Men begged women to wear smaller skeletons, but these tripped us up. The smallest ones would not allow us to step across a gutter, and they stuck out painfully in front when sitting. This was the paradox of their day — that to be modest and beautiful, woman must wear long skirts; but to walk comfortably and not reveal her shape, she must wear ugly and immodest hoops.

At the present stage of human progress, Ward McAllister has spoken. It is his opinion that women should adopt hoops for the sake of modesty! — to conceal the fact of bipedity. He speaks as the self-elected and not-repudiated high priest of "society," as he has found it, — such society as Adam Badeau doubtless had in mind when he wrote in a newspaper-syndicate article, a few years ago, that however intelligent and pleasant women may be, unless they wear low-necked dresses "it is not society."

Our fashions, "and the manners that go with the fashions" (to quote from a late fashion article), come from Paris, as every one knows. Can any woman—or any man either—give a good reason why American women, the descendants of those who refused to submit to foreign dictation in government, should submit to the dictates of *Frenchmen* in dress?—why the daughters of Puritan ancestors should imitate the example and cultivate the arts of the fashionable courtesan class in the wicked city of Paris?

A quarter of a century ago, M. Dupin, a member of the French Senate, in a speech before that body, told his compeers, who acknowledged his truth with murmurs of assent on all sides, that the fashions in France were led by a class of women who could not be admitted into good society in any country,— "women whose sole and only hold on life is personal attractiveness, and with whom to keep this up at any cost is a desperate necessity." Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, reporting and commenting upon this in the *Atlantic Monthly*, continued:—

No moral quality, no association of purity, truth, modesty, self-denial, or family love comes in to hallow the atmosphere about them, and create a sphere of loveliness which brightens, as mere physical beauty fades. The ravages of time and dissipation must be made up by an unceasing study of the arts of the toilet. Artists of all sorts, moving in their train, rack all the stores of ancient and modern art for the picturesque, the dazzling, the grotesque; and so, lest these Circes of society should carry all before them, and enchant every husband, brother, and lover, the staid and lawful Penelopes leave the hearth and home to follow in their triumphal march, and imitate their arts.

Though in a quarter of a century times have changed somewhat, though Worth and Doucet have come to be regarded as the arbiters of fashion, it is easy to guess who are their principal, most paying patrons in a country like France and a city like Paris. A widely published fashion letter from Paris, under date of Jan. 15, 1893, begins thus:—

In Paris women of the highest social position are simple and plain in their street dress. Curious novelties and the sensational they leave to those who have no claim to notice except through dress.

Yet it is probable that the woman who wrote that paragraph cannot send from Paris anything for which our newspapers will pay so freely as for descriptions and pictures of the "curious novelties and sensational" styles, worn by

“those who have no claim to notice except through dress.” Thus is the public taste in America constantly corrupted by placing before it pictures of deformed bodies, dressed in senseless costumes.

A few men in Paris, powerfully aided by our newspapers, may almost be said to hold in their hands the destiny of this republic. Not only do they largely determine the prosperity of various industries and commercial enterprises (and they may believe who can, that these affluent Parisian managers are wholly disinterested artists in dress), but their influence affects seriously the health and character of our whole nation.

Not a citizen of this republic is born whose physical constitution and cast of mind do not bear the impression of his mother's previous health and character.

If you do not know that fashions of dress affect both physical and mental health, imagine the situation reversed for a single generation — the girls brought up with the bodily freedom of boys, and the boys dressed from infancy in girls' clothing; their bodies formed to an unnatural shape, and their minds imbued with the doctrine that beauty of appearance should be the chief aim of life. Let the little boy's hair grow long, and do it up in curl papers or hard braids every night so that, night or day, he cannot have one moment of unconsciousness of the importance of artificial appearances. Budget his legs with skirts so that he can have no freedom in running or climbing, and must kick out ungracefully, sideways, to get his feet around his skirts if he tries to go upstairs with his hands full. His form can be trained to “graceful lines” of hour-glass shape if you begin tight lacing early enough so that the floating ribs can be gradually brought together, if not overlapped. Long skirts worn on all occasions would restrict his exercise and tax his strength and mental capacity. Would not all this affect the boy's health both physically and mentally? Not a father would consent to see his boy's future imperilled by such clothing. In some heathen countries they kill the girl babies. In America they put them through French fashions.

What will American women do about this? More than a thousand excellent women — authors, artists, philanthropists, journalists, physicians, and college teachers and students have consented, over their signatures, with many cheering words and wishes, to give their “influence in favor of an im-

provement in woman's dress which will give her the free use of the organs of her body when working or taking exercise." Many of the names signed to this paper were published in THE ARENA for October, 1892. As a specimen score of those since signed, we give the following: Josephine Shaw Lovell, Susan N. Carter, Rev. Anna Shaw, "Sophie May," "Jennie June," Emily Huntington Miller, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Hester Poole, E. Louise Demorest, Marietta Holley, Mary E. Wilkins, Candace Wheeler, Jeannette Gilder, Mary Mapes Dodge, Frances M. Steele, Helen Gilbert Ecob, Ellen Battelle Dietrick, Sarah B. Cooper, Mary Wood Allen, M. D., Jennie M. Lozier, M. D.

This enrolment has been made under the auspices of the National Council of Women, by whom the Symposium on Dress was presented in THE ARENA. The council has since unanimously adopted the report of its "committee on dress" as to an every-day business dress for women. The report is brief, and deals only with essentials, giving three styles of dress to serve simply as a basis, from which individual taste is expected to vary according to circumstances. These are the Syrian, the gymnasium suit, and the American costume. Exact patterns are not necessary. The Syrian has a divided skirt, gathered around each leg, and allowed to bag over. The English divide the skirt just above the knees, and insert a narrow gore in the inside seam of each division, the wide ends of the gores uppermost, and joined together. Butterick's pattern for the divided part of the gymnasium suit is quite as good, if not better. These trousers, made much narrower than the pattern, with extra high shoes, are suitable to wear with the American costume, instead of the buttoned leggings like the dress. Any pretty gown pattern shortened will do for this — especially a princess, or a short skirt, a shirt-waist, and a removable jacket.

In adopting the report of its committee on dress, the National Council recommends women to avail themselves of the comfort of one of these styles of dress (modified according to individual judgment) when visiting the World's Fair. Surely it is an occasion when a short, loose, light "walking dress" will be needed, as it is estimated that to walk through all the aisles of the many buildings, without stopping to look at anything, would require seven days, walking twenty miles a day. Probably no one has counted all the outside steps

and inside stairs of the many buildings, and no one can inform us how often or how urgently a "rainy-day dress" may be needed.

A distinct feature of this movement is concerted action. No one has been asked to come out alone in a reformed dress, for it is understood that oddity is often a greater tax upon the nerves than can be counterbalanced by muscular freedom. A woman who has been trying to wear a dress six inches from the ground during the past winter, writes me that it is almost more than she can bear — the expression of women's faces, as though they are thinking, "I wouldn't do that for anything!" It would be far easier for her to wear the skirt to her knees with the majority of women dressed the same, than to be alone in a gown six inches from the floor. It is all a matter of custom, and it can only be changed by the *united* efforts of those who see the necessity.

To take the practical step requires courage. Nearly every woman of the thoughtful, intelligent class enrolled in favor of the movement, would prefer to wait until the new dress becomes common before adopting it. Well, it will be fashionable at the Columbian meeting, when dress is the especial subject. Fortunately, this meeting is near the very beginning of the season, and may be regarded as our formal opening. Women are planning to wear it at summer resorts and in colleges. The chivalry and intelligent patriotism of men will then be put to the test. Will they approve and encourage the heroic effort of American women to achieve their own freedom, and to make better conditions for the generations yet to come?

UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

B. O. FLOWER.

I.

EXPERIENCE has proved to me that the relation of an editor to his great family of readers is very similar to that of a clergyman to his congregation. I think it would be no exaggeration to say that during the past three years I have received over a thousand letters from readers of *THE ARENA* asking for personal advice, suggestions, and counsel upon points which vitally concerned their individual well being. That which impressed me most in this correspondence was the heart hunger for nobler attainments evinced by hundreds of young men and women throughout the land, especially in villages, towns, and small cities, and the inestimable waste to humanity of vital and uplifting energy through a lack of concerted action. From hundreds of different channels have come voices of love, the outgushing of souls swelling with a holy enthusiasm for justice, liberty, and fraternity; men and women who long to help onward the altruistic current of the hour, but who are chafing under limitations, or who find their work resulting in little because they are not seconded by others in their efforts. Within and without the church, in every town in this land, are many refined and highly spiritual souls who yearn to assist the suffering and further human happiness; who long to develop their own characters, and to come into a broader expanse of truth than that afforded by the little world which has heretofore encompassed them. Perhaps this thought may be made somewhat plainer by giving the substance of some typical letters which I have received lately. One young lady writes:—

I am a member of —— church, but my heart often aches when I see the zeal which characterizes the warfare waged by many of our members against the other churches, especially during revival meetings, when each church seeks to proselyte from those considered heretical. Indeed [she continues] the clanging of the church bells jangles defiantly, and is to me harsh and unmelodious, speaking as they do of sect and schism. Now, what I want to say is, can you not suggest some way in which all who so love one another that they are instinctively drawn to the succor of the weak, the unfortunate, and the suffering, may unite, regardless of creed, in a harmonious band, to lessen want, misery, and suffering?

Another friend writes in substance as follows:—

There are several persons in our town who ought to be brought together; who ought to have the ethical and spiritual, as well as the

intellectual, side of their nature developed; who ought to be given hints which would lead them to think broadly; something which would take hold of life more than a literary club or society, and yet which would repress instead of foster a spirit of intolerance, bigotry, or hate.

In another letter, a correspondent observes that he "is appalled at the waste of resources in our great cities due to a division of forces, and a lack of a broad, comprehensive system which looks beyond a mouthful of bread for the hour." These are in substance extracts from typical letters which express a *civilization-wide heart hunger*. It is the story of the prodigal son coming to himself. The husks of abstract theory, of creedal theology and dogmatic faith, do not satisfy the finest natures within and without the church, especially while these sensitive souls behold the waves of want, vice, and misery rising higher and higher.

These letters are by no means the only voices which speak of the ethical and spiritual unrest of the hour. On every hand are signs of the early approach of a new movement, which I believe will ultimately become world-wide. Permit me to note some typical illustrations.

About a year ago a very significant event took place within the ranks of orthodox Christianity, and, while incurring hostility from creed-bound and dogma-darkened souls, has secured the support of many leaders among the evangelical thinkers of America. I refer to the organization by Mr. T. F. Seward of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity.* The members of this association adopt the following pledge as a basis for united action:—

I hereby agree to accept the creed promulgated by the founder of Christianity—love to God and love to man—as the rule of my life. I also agree to recognize as fellow-Christians and members of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity all who accept this creed and Jesus Christ as their leader.

I join this brotherhood with the hope that such a voluntary association and fellowship with Christians of every faith will deepen my spiritual life and bring me into more helpful relations with my fellow-men.

Promising to accept Jesus Christ as my leader means that I intend to study his character with a desire to be imbued with his spirit, to imitate his example, and to be guided by his precepts.

The name of this association is, I think, unfortunate, as it appeals to class prejudice where it should be world-embracing. To me it suggests the ancient Jewish exclusive spirit rather than the high altruistic impulses of our time. Nevertheless, this movement, coming from the ranks of orthodoxy, is a splendid step in the right direction, and affords an additional illustration of the demand, on the part of the thinking millions, for a life made luminous by love, for a religion of deeds in place of perfunctory professions of creed or the zealous defence of theological dogmas.

* A description of this organization was given by Mr. Seward in ARENA, May, 1893.

Another fact worthy of our attention, in this connection, is the recent formation, by clergymen of ability, of independent congregations on broader platforms than any creed-bound church approves. One of the latest illustrations of this character is found in Los Angeles, Cal., where Professor W. C. Bowman, formerly a Methodist clergyman, has organized the "Church of the New Era." Its aims are thus set forth by the local press:—

Its design is to meet the social, industrial, intellectual, moral, and spiritual demands of such liberal and progressive minds as do not find these demands sufficiently met in any of the existing organizations to satisfy the requirements of the present and the approaching era. It will have no creed, but will be devoted to the advancement of truth and promotion of every human interest, social, moral, civil and religious, for humanity's sake. Help will be given to the unfortunate, not as charity to a pauper, but as justice to a child of the human family.

A movement along this same general line has been already advocated by the talented Kentucky writer and worker, Mary Cecil Cantrill, who aims to organize, in every county in her state, societies to be known as the Sons and Daughters of Columbia, each member of which will be pledged to aid every needy soul within the compass of his or her power, to further educational work in every feasible way, and as far as possible seek to develop all that is best in the human soul.

Of still greater significance as a further illustration of the unmistakable trend toward concentration of the most vital thought on the broadest basis, is the substantial work already accomplished by the ethical movement in New York under the able direction of Professor Felix Adler. In spite of the bitter hostility which it encountered from dogmatic and conservative thought in its early days, this noble work has been pushed steadily forward; and in the positive success attained, as well as in the far-reaching beneficent influence which is now being generally appreciated, we see a practical illustration of the good which may be accomplished by concerted action of earnest, humanity-loving people.

The effective work already accomplished in this country and in England, by the Neighborhood Guilds, due largely to the wise direction of Professor Stanton Coit, affords still another illustration of the altruistic sentiment of the hour no less than the practicability of a nation-wide movement which shall combine practical and helpful philanthropy with development of character, and shall be absolutely divorced from dogmatic theories or religion in the old conventional sense; a movement broad enough to include every man, woman, and child who hungers for justice and love, and is haunted by a desire to aid others and develop self. Believing that the time is ripe for such a movement, and that it is not only feasible, but that its inauguration will be of incal-

culable benefit to society in the present transition stage of social, economic, and religious thought, I propose to give some views, merely as suggestions of what it seems to me might readily be attained, and of a movement which, when once thoroughly inaugurated, I believe will awaken an exalted enthusiasm among thousands of our young men and women, calling forth in time scores of splendid, God-inspired men and women who will prove Luthers in moral courage, Wesleys in irresistible enthusiasm, Channings in clear, exalted spirituality, Parkers in intellectual intrepidity, and Whittiers in high, religious fervor. No thoughts expressed or suggestions offered in the following lines, however, are intended to be dogmatic. They are merely thrown out as hints in the hope that they may be helpful in inaugurating a union which I believe may be made a great moral and spiritual lever.*

II.

The platform, as well as the name, of such an organization should be broad as human need. Its purpose should be to help mankind now and here to rise to nobler heights, to a broad and just conception of life and individual responsibility, to develop the character of all who come within its influence, and increase the measure of human happiness. It should be absolutely free from any theological bias, but in no way antagonize the religious convictions of any one. On the other hand, it should welcome into its fellowship all persons who desire to increase the reign of justice and love, without the slightest regard to religious belief or non-belief. The great ethical principle underlying the movement should be the supremacy of love and justice; an every-day religion of love, exemplified in a perpetual service to our fellow-men.

The ethical purpose or underlying thought governing such a movement as we are contemplating has been presented with great power and clearness by Mr. Louis Ehrich in his admirable paper "A Religion for All Time," the main thought being found in the following extract from that thoughtful paper †:—

* Since writing this paper I have read with great interest, in the English edition of the *Review of Reviews* for March, Mr. Stead's account of a movement along these general lines which is already gaining a strong foothold in England. I refer to the establishment of Civic Centres in the various cities. These are organizations which are formed to aid the best and discourage the worst in city life. The progress being made in England is glorious, and confirms my impression that the heart hunger of the age calls for a new crusade—a great world union for the betterment of men.

† It may be well to observe just here that the word "religion" is in this paper employed apart from any theological significance. It is used in precisely the same sense that we frequently use the term when we refer to a life which is made luminous by a noble cause. As for example, we might say that the white ribbon work so nobly carried on by Miss Frances Willard is to her a religion; or that the red cross is a religion to Clara Barton; while in no sense would we convey the idea that these noble workers for humanity were antagonistic to the special theological faiths which are sacred to them.

The religion which will yet prevail among men will demand that man shall love his neighbor *more than himself*; and the single tenet of the all-embracing, world-sufficing religion will be, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." And "neighbor" will mean not only the nigh-dweller, but everything that breathes and blossoms in the universe. If you consecrate yourself to the love and service of your neighbor, your whole life becomes a love song to the Eternal. You love Him in the only way He can be loved, — by loving His children and His creatures. Love to man includes love to God, — just as the brotherhood of man establishes God's fatherhood.

Just as the highest point in evolution on this planet is and forever will be Man, so the highest in the religion of the race is and forever will be the love of man for man.

Such a love for mankind can not only co-exist with the highest sanity in human affairs, — affairs of business and affairs of state, — it is the highest sanity. It brings man into right relation with the world-all. Such a simple religion of love will be a religion for all time. The highest developed man which this planet may produce will need no higher ideal. The measure of love will grow with the measure of the man.

The ardent believer in such a religion of race love and race service is fortified and dignified. His sympathies are world embracing. His emotions are multiplied a million-fold. He joys with every joy of the race, he sorrows with every tear that falls. He feels himself in unison with the great heart of the universe. Every human being who in sincerity tried to serve his brethren since the world began, is his own soul-brother. He grows indifferent to public opinion. He looks his ego squarely in the face, and realizes that all the world's praise or blame cannot add or subtract one atom from the sum of his real soul-self. He thinks himself higher than no man, lower than no man, except the man who loves man more.

The faith and trust of the poor and weak is sweeter to him than the praise and favor of the great and powerful. Rage and anger against the evil and foolish give place to profound pity. The sorrowing message to him from every fallen man and every fallen woman is, "This would not be if thy generation and former generations had done their whole duty."

Such a faith will revolutionize education, because success in life will have a different meaning. Not how much you have amassed, but how much, in proportion to your opportunities, you have wisely given away, will be the new test. The lower animals are trained for the struggle of existence. Man, as representing the divine spirit, will be trained for the struggle of self-renunciation. Education will strive to unfold harmoniously all the latent powers of the child; but the highest effort, to which all others must be subservient, will be to unfold and develop the spirit of love and benevolence. The first lesson at home and at school will be, "Try to make somebody happier." No rules will be held so important as the rules offered for the Arithmetic of Life: to add to the happiness, subtract from the pains, multiply the joys, and divide the sorrows of as many human souls as thou canst reach.

* * * * *

The saint of the future will be man-intoxicated. He will gladly burn at the stake, if the expiring embers will light up the race to some higher, nobler conception.

Such a religion will give a simple standard by which all men, the king and the scavenger, can be truly measured. How much love for man is there in him? That will be the crucial test. That most con-

temptible question of our times, "How much is he worth?" will come to mean, "How much of worth has he," — that is, how much of human love and of human service burns in his soul. Wealth, position, ancestry, mean nothing by this standard. Jesus can be no greater if proven the Son of God. He would not be less great if proven the son of the thief crucified at his side. Rather more great. It is his infinite love which has made him divine.

In this work we would encourage all sincere lovers of humanity, without reference to their church affiliations, their creeds, or beliefs, to unite with us. The Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Unitarian, Catholic, Episcopalian, Agnostic, Hebrew, Spiritualist, Mohammedan, Buddhist, and the follower of Confucius — all would be welcome who felt touched by the world's hunger and pain and misery sufficiently to desire to practically aid in uplifting man and increasing the happiness of heart and home.

Surely this work would make no true Christian any less a Christian; nay, it would necessarily fill him with the holiest love, and make his work far more vital; and while it would not appeal to the conventional churchman *who puts on his religion once a week for a few hours*, it would answer the heart hunger of thousands of truly religious natures who fervently desire to do some practical good in the world, but who, for lack of organization and a directing brain, find the days flitting by with nothing accomplished, and the soul's desire unsatisfied.

III.

The Name. — As before indicated, the name, like the pledge, of such an organization should be so broad that it could not be a stumbling-block to any one who wished to help his fellow-men. This is a serious objection to a name like the "Brotherhood of Christian Unity." I know that Mr. Seward, in arguing for the name "Christian," says:—

It is a question to be most seriously considered whether, taken in its true sense, such a society can by any possibility be other than Christian. Would it not be far better to work under a Christian name, inasmuch as the evils and falsities of the past are now being so rapidly eliminated from the Christian faith?

But the difficulty with Mr. Seward's name lies in what it *does mean to millions of people*, and not what an *ideal Christianity might mean*. There have been millions of people whose lives have been made more terrible than death through the deeds of those who not only claimed to be Christians, but who committed their crimes in the name of Christ and for the glory of his religion as they understood it. Take, for example, the Hebrews, who for

centuries were robbed, persecuted, racked, and tortured by Christian Europe, and who to-day are to a greater or less extent ostracized. With the bitter history of centuries of gloom, and the social ostracism of the present ever in their thought, we could not expect them to enter an organization bearing a name so repulsive to them as the church has made the word "Christian." Again, in every town in America there are brave, clean, and upright men, who, because they have dared to read and think, have become sceptics or agnostics, and for this loyalty to their best convictions have been socially ostracized by the Christian communities. In many instances, they have seen their business fall away, until they have gone into bankruptcy, all because they were true to their reason and refused to be hypocrites. The same is true of honest believers in various faiths deemed heretical by conservatism. The recent persecution of the Seventh Adventists in Tennessee, by those who are loudest in their professions of Christianity, is only one of many illustrations which might be cited, as rendering the employment of the term "Christian" unfortunate in the name of a society formed for the purpose of uniting in a labor of love *all people who are desirous to further the best interests of humanity*. In every community will be found Hebrews, agnostics, and others, who, through inherited prejudice, growing out of the savage brutality of the past and the more refined, but none the less cruel, persecutions countenanced by the present, have come to look with bitterness on the word "Christian" through what it has been made to mean; and any movement of this character should be *world-wide in spirit, application, and name*. It should have a banner under whose folds *every true and aspiring soul among every sect and faith, as well as those who, after patient searching, have failed to find God*, could unite in the battle for a higher, purer, and truer civilization.

Mr. Ehrich suggests the name "Order of Servants of Humanity"; that is broad, comprehensive, and in many respects excellent. The criticism that I should make is that the name is rather cumbersome.

Mrs. Mary Cecil Cantrill prefers the name "Sons and Daughters of Columbia." Both these names are good, although I think Mr. Ehrich's preferable, as it embodies the spirit of the new movement far better than the other appellation. I would suggest the name "League of Love," as expressing the thought in a short, terse, and easily pronounced phrase; perhaps some would prefer the name "Federation of Justice." It matters little, however, what the name be, provided it is broad and impersonal enough to carry the great central idea of the union.

IV.

The platform for the league should be simple yet comprehensive. Perhaps a pledge something like the following would answer :—

Believing that the progress and the happiness of the race depend on the supremacy of that lofty love which comprehends the highest expression of Justice, and stands for soul-developing freedom, I hereby agree, in so far as lies within my power, to express by my every thought, word, and action a deep, pure, and abiding love for every child of humanity ; especially will I seek to brighten the lives and strengthen and develop the characters of those who, through unfortunate environment, through weakness or adversity, most need my assistance.

I promise at all times to demand the same ample and impartial justice for the most unfortunate of my fellow-men, as under similar circumstances I should demand for myself. I promise to demand that each individual be accorded the same fair and candid consideration in the expression of his honest convictions which I should demand for myself.

Furthermore, appreciating the value of a broad or comprehensive education in developing an ideal manhood or womanhood, I promise to improve every opportunity to cultivate all that is best and noblest in my own life, while seeking incessantly to stimulate the intellect and develop the character of all coming within the scope of my influence who may need my aid.

Something like this might be adopted as a general pledge, while associations could organize and adopt such by-laws as might seem most desirable.

The character and scope of work comprehended in a movement of this nature would include a character-building education, coupled with a systematic and far-reaching system of practical philanthropy. Its mission would be the elevation of manhood, the development of a world-wide sentiment of fraternity, and the kindling of an undying passion for justice in the hearts of men. Its method of work would be threefold: First, self-development, or true character building ; second, the education of others upon broad lines, special emphasis being given to ethical culture ; third, fostering virtue, probity, and happiness by the intelligent administration of practical measures of philanthropy.

In a suggestive paper it is impossible to do more than throw out hints. The lines followed for self-development would vary largely, but in general they would include systematic courses of reading, conferences, expositions, and the general interchange of knowledge, conducted in such a way as to call out the best in each character, while greatly widening the scope of intellectual knowledge. Of course the readings and discussions would include a full examination of ethics, which should be thoroughly studied and fearlessly discussed, special emphasis being given to the rights of man, woman, and child ; the duties of the individual and those of society. But it is not my purpose to dwell

on this feature of the work at this time. The great object would be to mature, round out, and develop in each member a broad, justice-revering, and loving character. The educational work, as it related to others, would necessarily be carried on chiefly among the children of an unkind fate — those who through birth, environment, or other causes have been placed at a disadvantage in the struggle of life. In every community are children and young people who hunger for intellectual and soul culture, but who have few opportunities to satisfy the cravings of their higher natures; they also lack what to this class of persons is all-important — a guiding brain and an encouraging word.

In every village and hamlet, as well as in towns and cities, may be found poor little starvelings, whose brains and souls are shrivelling and becoming hardened, so that the finer and more exalting influences which may come into their lives are daily making less and less impression. To seek and to save these little ones would be an important work of this league, order, or association; to call out all that is finest and best in these natures; to show them that sin, crime, and degradation are to be avoided as a loathsome contagion, and to give them what, in the nature of things, they have never before enjoyed — correct ideas and a new point of view.

One way to proceed would be to organize them into clubs, with some members of the league as elder brothers and sisters in the organization, whose duty would be to guide and direct the young into paths of rectitude and create a hunger for knowledge. Besides being guiding influences for these little ones, they would ere long silently work themselves into the hearts and homes of the unfortunates, becoming a wonderful factor in many lives. Another method would be to select some members of the association to teach these young people to sing. We all know that the character of a child is largely moulded by the thoughts which crowd upon its brain during the early years of life. Now by filling the young minds with songs, emphasizing the highest, purest, and noblest sentiments, the life of each child would insensibly be lifted into a purer atmosphere, and in a certain sense his own home would feel the elevating influence; thus, patriotism, love, and admiration for that which is fine, high, and worthy of emulation would be given to them through the subtle spell of music. Let this be supplemented by a story which should embody some ethical sentiments, told at each meeting by members appointed by the officers of the association. For example, on one or two evenings each week let the little wayfarers be taught singing by members of the league who possess some knowledge of music; then after the singing let some one tell the children the story of a noble life, emphasizing some of the great lessons prominent in the

character discussed. Five or six stories of this character might be given in order to impress lofty, patriotic sentiments, and illustrate the genius of free government. One night the story of the life of Washington; another that of Franklin, then Jefferson, Hamilton, etc. These stories should abound in incidents and anecdotes which would make them interesting to the children, and would at once place in their minds high ideals and a sentiment of pure patriotism. Such a series might be followed by a course of lessons emphasizing, in exactly the same manner, fidelity to truth, justice, love, moral courage, unselfishness, and other virtues. Children are fond of stories; histories and biographies are full of thrilling and instructive passages which can be used to impress the noblest ideals upon the plastic mind of youth; and in this way, without appearing to do more than interest and amuse, the child's brain will be filled with lofty ideals. Older children could be taught economics by first reading to them stories dealing with social problems, and later by simple expositions, accompanied by homely illustrations which they could understand and appreciate. In all this work, the children should be encouraged to question and to communicate their own views. Once a month the members might give a picnic supper to these young people, their parents, and others—not as a charitable feast, but for the purpose of social intercourse; and at these suppers it would be the duty of members to come in touch with the fathers and mothers as friends, brothers or sisters. How does the saloon-keeper and ward politician to-day exercise such a potent influence in governing our land? By simply coming in touch with these poor people. Now, through orders or leagues such as we are discussing, the members would be brought into *rapprochement* with these unfortunates, while the various beneficent measures inaugurated would have a tendency to divorce them from the worst influences in our social life, as a part of the regular work would be to provide concerts and various forms of healthful amusement, and establish circulating libraries, coffee houses, reading rooms, free lectures, kindergarten and sewing schools for Saturday afternoons. This method of work would enable the league to study individual cases, the weakness and need of various members of the community, carefully, without the unfortunate ones being embarrassed by feeling that they were under the scrutiny of others; while through the knowledge thus gained, help of the most enduring and beneficent character could be rendered. In connection with this broad system of ethical and constructive work, the league would be qualified to carry out successfully a practical philanthropic work which would look toward making men and women independent and self-supporting. Of course, these are only the

meagre suggestions which would apply to work in hamlet or village, as well as in towns and cities.

This labor of love — this practical, every-day religion — would require far less time than at first thought would be imagined. It would, however, involve the hearty co-operation of all the members; but this co-operation could be expected, as the movement would appeal only to those who were fired with a real love and enthusiasm for humanity. It would call to its service picked souls — three or four from one church, four or five from another, six or seven from without the church, seven or eight from some other religious faith — and thus by united action each community would soon be aflame with that *love-fire which alone can in any real sense bring about the brotherhood of man*; to use the apt expression of the author of "Ai," "A levelling up and a levelling down would be carried on," while all hearts would be happier, all brains broadened, all souls made more God-like, and all minds more capable of appreciating that great fundamental principle upon which any enduring civilization must rest — *justice*. At first the work would be modest, growing only in proportion as the interest increased. In cities the scope of labor would be much greater than in smaller places; and though at first comparatively little might be accomplished, in a reasonably short time, through systematic agitation and earnest work, help and sufficient money could be raised to establish free reading-rooms, courses of free lectures and concerts, kindergarten and industrial schools, reading circles, circulating libraries, and other agencies for the diffusion of light and the elevation of life; while the league could also collect data, facts, and statistics of the most vital character for pushing forward a great social reform work.

V.

Is it Practical? — This brings in the question which has probably ere this occurred to the reader. Does it possess the element of practical utility? I answer that not only is it eminently practical, but its inauguration should be of the highest concern to every true patriot and lover of humanity. To prove that it is feasible, I need only cite some facts already accomplished along precisely the same lines, in face of the opposition of conservatism, and by individuals working almost single handed. In the work wrought by Professor Stanton Coit in the establishment of Neighborhood Guilds, we catch a glimpse of what might be done by a nation-wide movement. Here one man, practically alone, organized, two years ago, with eight members, in London a Neighborhood Guild, having for its object briefly the following work: —

To carry out, or to induce others to carry out, all the reforms — domestic, industrial, educational, provident, or recreative — which the

social ideal demands, along lines which comprehend an expansion of the family idea of co-operation.

Every club, to be a healthy centre of social development, must also interest itself in the outside world and its needs. Industrial and political movements must claim its attention, at the same time that it pays due regard to the physical and mental culture of its members.

In its social reform work, the Neighborhood Guild does not even limit its efforts — as is becoming the fashion of the hour — to the rescue of those who have already fallen into vice, crime, or pauperism. Equally would it touch and draw to itself the whole class of self-supporting wage-earners, not only with the object of preventing them from falling into these worst evils, but also of bringing within their reach the thousand higher advantages which their limited means do not at present allow them individually to attain.*

Mr. Coit, two years after the inauguration of his first London club, had succeeded in founding five fine, well-organized clubs with a combined membership of two hundred and thirty members. These clubs have provided, among other things, a circulating library, Sunday afternoon concerts, Sunday evening lectures, a Saturday night dance for the members, a choral society, and from fifteen to twenty classes in various branches of technical and literary education. They have also impressed the members with a desire to plant new guilds and to push forward practical reforms of general interest.

A movement, which has accomplished still greater results, is being carried on by Professor Felix Adler and his Society for Ethical Culture, in New York. When Professor Adler opened his work, and called on all friends of society to aid in his broad humanitarian labors, enunciating as a rallying cry, "Diversity of Creeds, but Unity of Deeds," he encountered the same bitter opposition from narrow-visioned creed-worshippers and easy-going conventionalists that the contemplated movement is sure to call forth from the same elements. He was charged with attempting to destroy religion. Dr. Adler, however, pursued his high and noble calling, unmindful of misrepresentations and unjust criticisms, ever seeking to aid his fellow-men in a real and practical way. And if he lacked the over-mastering enthusiasm of an intense and fervid nature, he brought to his work cool judgment and a high measure of practical common sense, wedded to ripe scholarship. It is not my purpose to go at length into Dr. Adler's work; but as illustrating what has been accomplished by a society in a single city, in spite of bitter and unreasoning opposition, where even now comparatively few people fully appreciate its real object or its nature, and the scope of its work, I cite a few of the many practical and beneficent results which have already been realized: (1) An Ethical Platform, or Forum, has been established, for the impartial presentation of the great ethical,

* "Neighborhood Guild," by Professor Stanton Coit.

social, and economic problems of the day, and the fair discussion of all the great questions which vitally affect society. (2) Educational Work. This society established one of the first kindergarten schools in the United States; and at once, through efficient management, it became a Mecca for those interested in this noble work. It has now an elementary school, which educates children up to the fourteenth year. In these schools are between three hundred fifty and four hundred children, who are forming strong, moral characters by intelligent and systematic ethical culture. Industrial education, as well as moral culture, forms a part of the curriculum, while there is also in the school an *atelier*, in which freehand drawing and modelling are taught. This institute is a centre of the new education, where a systematic effort is being made to develop full-orbed manhood and womanhood. (3) Practical Philanthropy is also a great feature of Dr. Adler's work. Through the instrumentality of his society, a model tenement house has been erected in the heart of the worst tenement region of New York, where, under wonderfully improved conditions, about one hundred families *enjoy life* who before only *existed*. The income from this home yields four per cent on the investment. The establishment of this model house has compelled other landlords to improve their houses greatly, and in various ways this social experiment has been beneficial. This society has a guild for visiting and teaching crippled and invalid children of the poor who are unable to leave their homes. Many other plans of a practical character are in successful operation.

This brief outline of Dr. Coit's success in establishing Neighborhood Guilds, and of Professor Adler's society, demonstrates the feasibility of a nation-wide movement, which would in no way antagonize the work of the church, but which, while in no sense sectarian or theologic in character, would necessarily make every true Christian more deeply religious, and would give every lover of humanity an opportunity to work for his fellow-men, securing the far-reaching good to society which can only come through organization. Such a union, too, would doubtless greatly arouse and stimulate Christians to battle for humanity rather than wrangle for forms, rites, dogmas, and creeds which have largely paralyzed the altruistic spirit of civilization; and it would have a wonderful influence in bringing about an ideal brotherhood, regardless of race, color, creed, or belief.

VI.

As the landscape broadens when the traveller ascends the mountain, so would the vision and scope of work increase as this league or order pressed from the accomplishment of one noble work to the

realization of other dreams of love and justice. Then, again, what a leverage for the highest good would come through this voluntary co-operation of brains illumined by the spirit of altruism. The chosen souls of America, from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf, would be united in a threefold battle for practical progress — self-development, the development of others, and wisely directed philanthropy. A new educational impulse would thrill through the republic. People who have struggled with the same great longings and desires, but who have felt almost alone, would feel the wonderful stimulus born of union of thought and deed expressed in one great brotherhood acting in unity, and representing, as Professor Adler puts it, “A Diversity of Creeds but a Unity of Deeds.” The “levelling” system would go on rapidly, as from ocean to ocean faithful bands would be working for a common purpose — the supremacy of Justice, Wisdom, and Love.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER: A SYMPOSIUM ADVOCATING THE CLAIMS OF THE MAIZE.

BY J. M. COULTER, CHAS. J. O'MALLEY, MARGARET SIDNEY, ELLEN
A. RICHARDSON, MARY NEWBURY ADAMS, M. K. CRAIG,
WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

I. THE MAIZE.

I HAVE given the "national flower" but little thought, and have not had its necessity seriously impressed upon my mind. So far as the appropriateness of any flower is concerned, from the sentimental or artistic standpoint, I must leave that to the poets and artists. As to the botanical appropriateness of it, I feel free to speak. It surely should be a native of America, and not a transplanted alien.

Maize, or "Indian corn," appears to be a native of South America, but it has the great advantage of being distinctly occidental. Botanically, it would satisfy the conditions; artistically, it surely can be made effective; while from an economic point of view, it could not well be excelled. Whether it has developed any association strong enough to make it endure in national sentiment, I do not know. However, as probably the best known distinctly American plant, I am inclined to favor the subject of this symposium.

JOHN M. COULTER.

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II. A PLEA FOR MAIZE.

Those who believe in the theory of predestination, as applied to nations and individuals, find much in the history and appearance of maize to encourage them in their efforts to secure its adoption as the emblem of our country. It is, first, distinctly American. It was here when Columbus came. It was here when the Pilgrim Fathers landed, when ill-fated Raleigh established his colony, when Lord Baltimore set foot on Maryland. It became the food of the infant colonies; and before their arrival it had nourished tribes and races, every vestige of which is now lost in the dusk of myth and tradition. Archæologists not a few now admit that it was known and used by the Mound Builders; yet who shall tell us more of that strange people? They lived, they loved; they rose as nations rise, they fell as nations fall.

All the rest is surmise—only, they knew maize. It was their food, and became that of their conquerors. In like manner it became ours. We succeeded to it, as to an inheritance preserved for us by Time himself; and to-day, with all its unknown past, its legends, its myths, it feeds the mouths of our hungry, as through centuries it gave sustenance to peoples of lesser intelligence and duskier hue. Empires have fallen, but this simple plant remains — “the survival of the fittest,” for the fittest, and surely for some purpose other than utility.

It has been observed that, in some mysterious manner, the symbol of a nation bears some resemblance to the nation itself. Viewed in this light, the maize seems providentially designed as a type of our nationhood. It is tall, stalwart, and firm-rooted in the parent earth. Like our nation, too, it is armed at all points with sword-like blades for the protection of what it possesses of truth and good. The ear is one composed of many, each in its place, rank after rank, and all united, drawing strength from, and giving life to, one common stock—the cob, or constitution—that unites all, yet leaves all free. Again, like our nation, its culture has overspread the continent. From Columbia to Cape Cod, from Lake Superior to Florida reefs, its blades flash in the morning sunshine. On ten thousand hills, in ten thousand valleys, it quivers and shudders through the deep, death-still noons of August; bringing forth bread for the nation, for the little mouths to be filled, for all the old and for all the young, and for the young and old of other lands beside. Yet, again, it is our own, and associated with our greatness in the past. It has nourished the greatest minds of our great century. It murmured in the ears of Webster in New Hampshire, it whispered eloquence to Clay, Calhoun, and Garfield. Around the hill where Abraham Lincoln first drew breath, tall corn rustled its banners in the evening wind. These ate of it “and became like gods,” rugged, strong, unyielding—men with thews of steel, letting fall thoughts that dropped like blocks of granite. It was with Washington in storm and peril, and fed his hungry at Valley Forge, in the snows of winter, the heats of summer; and it is no picture of the fancy that leads us to contemplate the Father of his Country, in the evening of his life, sitting on the porches of Mount Vernon, soothed by the murmur and the fragrance of the cornfields round about him. We love to so think of Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, of the great and good of all sections—patriots, statesmen, heroes—to whom it has given strength. Let what may be urged against it, surely it deserves honor as one of the “makers of America.”

In point of beauty it is not deficient. Erect and firm as our natural honor, its slender, stately form unites strength with grace,

as did the Greek sculptors in their works of old. Without coquetry, it is yet attractive; modest, it is still a creature of love and warmth. Beautiful with a clear-cut, classic beauty, and useful with sweet, womanly thrift, it resembles the mothers of those patriots whom it fed. Unlike the golden-rod, of which we lately hear so much, it does not type a people ruled by a rod of gold — ideals of glitter and tawdriness. Such a peculiarly suggestive emblem is unsuited to us as a whole. We desire something symbolic of our strength, hope, courage, truth, beauty, and unity; something typically American, selected as well for its inner beauty as for outward show; something endeared to us through years of struggle, and in some sense identified with and instrumental in our national and intellectual progress. In what else than maize can we find symbol more fit? Poets — those priests of the beautiful — have rendered homage to its beauty; poets north and south, poets east and west. All the world is familiar with Longfellow's tribute to it in his "Song of Hiawatha," telling how Hiawatha saw a youth

Coming through the purple twilight,
Dressed in garments green and yellow.
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

The late Sidney Lanier dedicated to it one of his noblest poems, under the simple title, "Corn." The gentle Georgian found it full

Of inward dignities
And large benignities and insights wise,
Graces and modest majesties,

and it is to humble maize that he thus speaks in this ripest of his musings: —

As poets should,
Thou hast built up thy hardihood
With universal food
Drawn in select proportion fair
From honest mould and vagabond air;
Yea, into cool, solacing green hast spun
White radiance hot from out the sun.
So dost thou mutually leaven
Strength of earth with grace of heaven;
So dost thou marry new and old
Into a one of higher mould,
So dost thou reconcile the hot and cold,
The dark and bright
And many a heart-perplexing opposite.

Little has been said, hitherto, of the fragrance of the blossoming maize, and little can be said here; only if it be true, as an old poet tells us, that "The odors of moist flowers are their souls," then the lowly maize has a fragrant soul indeed. It is the most

delicate, yet most refreshing, of wayside odors. Any one who has ever loitered among green lanes at twilight, with heavy dews hanging thick round about upon blade and tassel and silky floss, will bear witness to this. It is an uplifting fragrance, an aroma that is a benediction. What emblem yet suggested possesses aught like it?

Finally, a country's emblem should be typical of the country itself. It should possess qualities of tendency to inspire the Washingtons, Websters, Clays, and Lincolns yet to come. It should be something endeared to the mass of the people through intimate association, either through struggle or triumph, or both; something they know already; something they respect already. Mere gaudy masses of color, devoid of fragrance, association, or utility, would never provoke inspiration in souls inured to the practical. To the great majority they would remain as did the yellow primrose to Peter Bell. The American mind loves truth and grace when wedded to the tangible, the real. Strength it loves, and beauty, but it demands that they shall exist to some purpose. Our people are worshippers of purpose. It may be a weakness that prompts us to desire the beautiful mated to the practical — yet that the typical American is so intellectually constructed, few will deny; and those whose difficult duty it is to select a national flower emblem for Brother Jonathan should bear this in mind.

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III. OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM. THE HISTORIC AND DECORATIVE QUALITIES OF THE MAIZE.

"The strength of a chain is in its weakest link." The weakest link in the chain of reasons for the adoption of maize as our national emblem is that too much can be said in favor of it! People like to argue hard against something.

But let us have the reasons why — first, historically, and second, for decorative purposes — we should choose the maize for our national emblem. To be sure, authorities differ (when do they not?) as to the rightful claim, put forth by every nation on the face of the earth, to the place of nativity of the corn. Let us look at some of them. The array of names hospitable to the idea that corn was of eastern origin is a good one: M. Bonafaus, of Sardinia, in his labored treatise published in Paris, in 1836, declares it was of Chinese origin; Bock, a botanist, in 1532, is equally positive that it came from Arabia, and he calls it the "wheat of Asia"; Ruellius also asserts that it came from Arabia; Crawford, in his "History of the Indian Archipelago," says that "Maize was known there under the name of *Djagoung* long before Columbus discovered America"; while as to the

Chinese enthusiast, Li-Chi-Tchin, he thinks that he has the strongest case of all for believing the maize to have originated in China; Fuchsius sets it down as coming from Asia and Greece, thence travelling to Germany and Turkey, where it was called the "Wheat of Turkey" because the "Turks controlled all Asia at that time"; Regmir and Gregory bring out fresh arguments for its eastern origin, one being that *Blé-de-Turquie* varieties were brought from France or China. ("As well," ejaculates Moreau de Jonnés, "say that the name of the English horse bean proves that plant to have originated in Britain"—this utterance was in that memorable address before the Academy of Science at Paris.)

De Jonnés thoroughly believes in its American origin; so do Roulin, Humboldt, Bonpland, and a long list of others equally entitled to a hearing. The point that M. Rifaud, in his "*Voyage en Egypte, 1805-1807*," made in finding specimens of maize in a subterranean cave, and, by this, proving that it was undoubtedly of early Egyptian origin, is entirely set aside by M. Virey in his "*Journal de Pharmacie*." "It was," to quote him, "Indian millet (*Sorghum vulgare*) which Rifaud mistook for maize." This grain is, according to Delile, a native of Egypt.

If one is still inclined to follow the trail of the learned authorities who have from time to time hunted the corn down, we can add Vasco Nuñez, who discovered it in Guiana; Amadas and Barlow, who found it in Florida; and Gonçalves Ximenes, who claims to have seen it growing in New Granada.

Let us look a little closer into the European names—*Blé d'Indie* and *Trigo des Indiens*. It is more than a conjecture, it is a fact, that they were so called because the grain was brought by Columbus from America—then called "Indies." It is known beyond a doubt that Columbus found waving fields of corn awaiting him at Cuba and other points which his caravels touched on his first voyage to America; the corn being described as "growing on stalks of the size of canes, bearing very large and weighty spikes or ears, each generally yielding seven hundred grains a bushel, and which when planted in warm and moist land frequently produce three-hundred fold."

The earliest historians of both North and South America give the strongest testimony that corn originated in America. No one who has studied into the subject at all can fail to find records proving the aborigines to have depended on it for food from a remote time. Inca Garcillasso de Vega gave long accounts of the methods by which these early Indians reduced this grain to their needs. He called it "mayz"; and tells "how the women ground it, and then made it into a dish called '*api*'" (which is our hasty pudding), a culinary feat that evidently awakens his highest admiration! He says, "It was esteemed high feeding,

but not common at every meal." How we wish that the New England boy, with his inevitable daily mush and molasses, could have heard good Inca!

And then, all sorts of foods and drinks were made, while it was the only known "*materia medica*" at that time — plasters, poultices, and pills being concocted from this very useful maize. Undoubtedly the whole gamut of their human necessities was reached and sounded in the magic word "Corn." Even the stalk, at a certain time, when the maize was ripe, made a sort of honey; those of the Indians who were not satisfied with a saccharine beverage, brewing a decoction in its effects not unlike the "fire-water" of modern days.

And so on, through a long list of worthy defenders of the American origin of the maize, bravely supporting their theory. Schoolcraft, in his report, says very truly that "the maize was not known in Europe before the discovery of America, and that the Indians taught us how to cultivate it." One proof of the American origin of the corn must strike any thoughtful person; it is indigenous all over the broad sweep of America, from the Rocky Mountains in North America to the forests of Paraguay in South America, up the Pacific coast to Oregon, and from Canada down the broad stretch of the Atlantic to the mouth of the Colorado River — its growth only bounded by the shores of the two Americas.

Quite a singular fact is unnoticed by those who would force the claim of the East as a birthplace of the corn — that Nearchus, commander of the fleet, does not speak of it during the expedition of Alexander the Great; neither have other historians remarked on its presence in India; nor is there any trace of it in ancient sarcophagus or pyramid, or the wonderful works of art with which those eastern countries teemed at that and subsequent times. They give no indication of corn as an object familiar to the eyes of the poet, painter, or sculptor. It remained for America to discover the decorative and picturesque qualities of its plume-like leaves, the fine outline of the stalk with its accentuated fibre, the nodding tassels, and the bursting wealth of ripening ears. All these were faithfully imitated in the "palace gardens" of the Incas in Peru.

There were many beautiful ceremonies, in which the corn played a prominent part, that these Incas observed in their ancient rites. One of them was to cast a portion of the maize, when they harvested it, into the "granaries of the public and the Sun and the king," believing they should receive a blessing for it, and as a token of gratitude; and then each plucked out a few grains to mix with his individual store, under the belief that he should not want for bread foreverafter. It may be from this custom that

our New England habit obtains, of giving each person, at the bountiful Thanksgiving board, five or six grains of corn to eat as a preliminary course. It is a beautiful idea, and we thank the Incas for it. They had their harvest festivals and feasts, when the young men and maidens would come home, singing and chanting, from the fields, burdened with the overflowing store, and imploring their gods for its future growth. What a subject for a painter's brush! The glowing imagery of mythological environment; the emotional fervor of the self-taught savage; the wealth of nature's gift in its matchless beauty of stalk and leaf, of tassel and pendent ear, in its varied colorings. Could more be desired? We have looked long, hoping that some artist of our day would set his pencil toward this splendid theme. Perhaps one will even yet, in the near future, arise to this work. Fortunate will he be who first grasps fame in this way!

It would be the best impetus to the work of securing the American voice in unanimity for the maize as the national emblem, for artists to introduce it into their work; painting, sculpturing, and drawing its component parts with growing love for its beauty and picturesqueness. It lends itself so wonderfully to the decorative in art. It is grace itself—strong, clean, and incisive of outline, as a mountain lioness silhouettes against the sky.

A pretty legend is told of the Ojibways. "A young man went fasting into a forest. He sought," so the legend runs, "a gift from the Master of Life. After watching and waiting, a spirit came in the guise of a beautiful youth, attired in brilliant green, with waving plumes of emerald sheen on his head, who bade the other to wrestle with him. So the trial of strength was made that very day, and every day until the sixth. 'Tomorrow,' said the beautiful spirit, 'is the last time we will try our powers. You will conquer me. Bury me then in the soft, fresh earth. There I will lie obedient to the will of the Great Father. Then watch for me.' The young Indian promised to do as he was bidden; and before another moon, he saw the tender, green, plume-like leaves appear, thrusting their way upwards from the dark earth; and in due time the graceful tassels and yellow fruit. 'Behold,' they cried who came to see this wonderful thing, 'it is the spirit's grain!' and so they gathered and ate and made a feast. And this is the origin of the Indian corn."

Due credit should be given to that zealous New Englander, William Cobbett, for his efforts to bring the Indian corn before the public. "Corn-mad Cobbett" (as he was called) introduced the maize in England in 1828. Being such a devotee to it, a contemporary says that "he wrote Indian corn, planted Indian

corn, raised Indian corn, ate Indian corn, made paper of Indian corn husks, and printed a book on Indian corn paper."

More interesting yet is the experience of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, quaintly told by himself.

I have just got out "An Olive Leaf from the Housewives of America to the Housewives of Great Britain and Ireland, or Recipes for making Various Articles of Food of Indian Corn Meal," containing all the recipes I received before leaving home from our kind female friends in all different parts of the Union—Heaven bless them! I have had two thousand of these "Olive Leaves" struck off, and intended, in the first place, to send a copy to every newspaper in the realm. I shall have a thousand, all of which I shall put into the hands of those I meet on the road. I have resolved to make it a condition upon which I only consent to be any man's guest, that his wife shall serve up a johnny-cake for breakfast, or an Indian pudding for dinner. I was invited yesterday to a tea party which comes off to-night, where about thirty persons are to be present. I accepted the invitation, with the johnny-cake clause, which was readily agreed to by all parties. So to-night the virtues of corn meal will be tested by some of the best livers in Birmingham.

Coming up to our time (as we count time from 1620, when the Mayflower touched the bleak and barren coast of Massachusetts), we find there awaiting the Pilgrims a possibility of food that nature had given to the early settlers who preceded them. The maize, or Indian corn as we know it, was the only thing that stood, for a long while, between them and utter extinction of the feeble little colony. They drew for weary months their very existence from it; it even sheltered their ever-thinning ranks from the ravages of the Indians, when fields of it, planted over Plymouth Hill, deceived the wary eyes of the watching savages, who from a distance were watching graves of the settlers who died in rapid succession. It was faithful to the colonies even in death. The Indian corn should be more to us, for this one reason alone, than any flower or other emblem could possibly be. It demonstrated the possibility of obtaining a foothold in the country, and establishing that little colony of loyal adherents to that true faith, whose love for it drove them from other shores to find a refuge in the New World. The Indian corn for our national emblem, the Mayflower for the state flower of Massachusetts, for each state should have its emblem.

Another powerful reason why the maize should be bound to our flag in our hearts—it is the most wealth-producing staple of our whole land. The following extract from a recent journal is so good that, despite its length, we quote:—

The Indian corn proper grows in every state in the Union with little cultivation, but it is cultivated in six states to a marvellous extent. Quoting from a recent article written by a thoughtful man, who was trying by every means in his power to introduce the Indian corn into Germany for the army, I give this remarkable statement: "We then have something like two billion bushels of corn every year, and we have six

states which produce over one billion bushels. Have you any idea what this means? Forty bushels of shelled corn is a good load for a team of horses; and if you would load that crop upon wagons, putting the noses of the horses' heads to the tail-boards of the wagons in front of them, the line of wagons would reach away in a straight line for more than one hundred fifty thousand miles. If it could cross the oceans it would go six times around the earth, and have nearly five thousand miles of wagons to spare. A single year's crop of American corn would make a road of wagons forty-four abreast from New York to San Francisco; and if this amount were loaded in five-hundred-bushel lots in freight cars, the train would reach from the West to New York, across the Atlantic Ocean, across Europe, and nearly to the Pacific shores of Asia before the last car was on the track. These cars would form four continuous freight trains from New York to San Francisco, and they would block up all the trunk lines of the country. And the most of this corn comes from only six states, though corn can be raised in nearly every state of the Union. Out of every thousand acres of arable land in the country, only forty-one are devoted to corn. If the price is raised by this European demand, we will have millions upon millions of acres of new cornfields. Suppose we increase our areas only one tenth, this will add fifty million dollars to our corn receipts, and the money received from corn by us is enormous. We get more out of our cornfields every year than we do out of our gold, silver, and lead mines. Our corn receipts are greater than all the dividends of our railroad stocks, and they are more than all the dividends of our national banks. As it is now, if we can get an increase of five cents a bushel on corn, we will add one hundred million dollars to our receipts of this year; and if you could divide this increase up among the families of the United States, it would give more than six dollars a family. Our corn crop in 1889 was worth more than seven hundred million dollars, and I expect it to run into billions when these people here [in Germany] are eating corn bread."

America alone produces the corn in such vigor, beauty, and perfect wealth that it shows it is "to the manor born." It clings to our fair country with all the love of nativity; while it shows progressive ideas, virility of action, and love of change, that enable it to encircle the globe with its wealth-producing results; while its adaptation to the different soils and climates proves it to be, without reserve, a friend to all humanity.

Not only is the Indian corn to be put before the eyes of the American people as the most desirable emblem that the nation can select, on account of its history and its wealth-producing power, but because it is beautiful to the eye as an object. It is purely decorative, in a dignified way, and appeals to every human sense. Look at the broad, waving, plume-like leaves, always graceful, and easily lending themselves to the delicate, undulating movements that the artist likes to portray. Look at the tassels, either beautiful in the freshness of the early summer-tide, or stiff with the cold of crisp autumn when the corn-stalks are gathered into bundles by the farmer! Look at the ears, delicate with their green coverings, when the kernels are swelling out into rich, luscious food, or when these same protecting husks have burst, to show the splendid, rich red or golden ears in full

fruition! In whatever light you view the cornfield, either on a gloomy day, when the clouds hang low, or in the bright sunshine, it is beautiful. It is poetic. It is picturesque.

It is due to the late Mr. Daniel Lothrop, the publisher, to state that the use of corn in a decorative way, was tried by him, many years ago, with fine results. He arranged it in his dining-room in festoons of the long red and golden ears hanging in the corners and by the fireplace; tassels were put over pictures, and the long, spathe-like leaves were draped above windows, drooping over the curtains, where the light and shade gave out new tints to add to the glory of the corn. It was an innovation in an unpopular direction, for people then thought little of corn except to eat it; but after the decided refusal on the part of the innovator to see any better decoration, the beauty began to dawn upon those who came within the precincts of the room, and after admiration had been allowed to grow slowly, came the positive love for the beautiful emblem.

In early boyhood Mr. Lothrop had insisted that "the corn was the greatest thing [to use his boyish phrase] that the United States ever grew," and he, as a small child, would pluck the ears, bringing in the most beautiful ones of all shades from the farm, to hang them around the rooms of his family home, selecting, in like manner, tassels and the sheaves, to put them up amid the derision of his little playmates, who didn't believe in bringing in such a common thing as corn. Years but increased his love and admiration for the Indian corn. In every way he publicly stated this whenever an opportunity offered, always insisting that the Indian corn, or maize, should be our national emblem, and the Mayflower, the flower selected for Massachusetts. He patiently studied into its history, and was intending to write a monograph on it. This, with many other things planned but not perfected in his busy life, was broken off by his sudden passing on to his heavenly home. And he believed the union of the Indian corn with the flag of our country, when a decorative effect for special occasion was to be aimed at, resulted in as perfect an emblem of peace, prosperity, and hope as any loyal American could desire. He again demonstrated this when "Wayside" grounds—the old home of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne—were thrown open for a garden party in honor of Mrs. General Logan, then visiting the Lothrops at "Wayside," Old Concord. Along the broad piazza hung a flag forty feet long, raised to its height to show the glorious stars; festooned with numerous stalks of corn, sheath, tassel, golden and red ear in all their beauty. Sheaves of same in different varieties were at either end of the veranda, under whose roof occurred the literary exercises of the day. The effect was startling, as many had never seen the conjunction of corn with the

flag. It was voiced by all: "It is our emblem. Long wave the corn, as our flag has waved and ever shall!"

Mrs. Harrison, the woman beloved by all, not because of her exalted position, but for the true American principles she inculcated and adorned, who passed away at the White House last year, was at "Wayside," visiting, the autumn previous. When she saw the old dining-room, Hawthorne's beloved southwestern room of which he spoke so tenderly in his preface to "The Tanglewood Tales,"—"The sunshine lingers here lovingly the better part of a winter's day,"—she was astonished and delighted at the beauty of the corn decorations. She was searching for perfect ears of corn to sketch from for artistic effects at the White House; for she was an enthusiast on the subject, and a most ardent adherent to the cause of the maize.

Let our authors, our artists, our poets, and our people, one and all, take thoughtfully to heart this duty a loyal American owes to the Indian corn; and let us choose it for our national emblem, that, as long as the American flag shall wave, shall be ours forever—a symbol and ensign of what our country means to every soul within her borders.

The day has passed in which we could say, "We do not need a national flower." We are to have one. Let us see that we choose aright, the only one that has entire claim upon our regard—the glorious, golden maize!

Hail to thee, corn!
 For wide as the sea,
 Are the waves of thy fields
 O'er the land of the free.
 With blessing benignant
 Thou crownest our days.
 We choose thee our emblem,
 O, glorious maize!

MARGARET SIDNEY.

Boston, Mass.

IV. AN ARTIST'S PLEA.

The selection of a national flower calls for research into the depths of sentiment, and serious consideration, when we note that its adoption into the architecture and art products of this passing age will evermore repeat the history of our formation period.

At present we have no such record; our buildings are perishable, and our productions are without a central thought of design,—a central thought which would be to the diffusion of art design what the heart is to the human body, a centre of vitality, a source of circulation of the life-blood of the individual.

Necessarily we have been so far a practical country, absorbed in utilitarian pursuits, when things have been built and judged

by a standard of usefulness, rather than sentiment. But sentiment is not dead; it has its roots in the desire to create the beautiful, and to preserve the landmarks.

To arouse it into action, let an Old South Meeting-house or a Boston Common be demanded for utilitarian purposes.

Sentiment is at the very beginning of this selection; if the subject were only for the occupation of idle fingers, and useful only as the means of gratification of curiosity, then it would be unworthy of our examination; but the reason of this symposium is because we regard the subject as of great importance to the human mind. First, Why should we want art at all? then, What do we want it for? are questions at the foundation of the further query, What kind of art will meet the demand?

When we consider how general sentiment has been, in all ages and among all people, it can only be explained that art, through which sentiment has expressed itself, has always been a necessity to human happiness.

Its resources in the form of architecture or pottery have at all times, especially in great epochs, been seized upon to express the conditions of the races. The vessels which have been used by different peoples, and have been preserved to us, are the clearest manifestation of the condition of domestic industrial art among them.

History as recorded through art is a thermometer of national development; and therefore it is most fitting, as we are now marking a milestone in the progress of our nation, and sentiment has been stirred by different centennial celebrations, from that held at Philadelphia seventeen years ago to the present Columbian, that we should consider some sign of our past prosperity which shall embody and perpetuate a truth concerning the struggles and triumphs of the first settlers of our country.

Our architecture and our pottery declare us to be beggars beating about for cast-off raiment, getting that which does not fit us exactly — for we have taken anything to hide the art nakedness of our sterile age, while we *grow* an art idea.

Is not the condition of society and our art education such that a central idea *may* now be adopted, with benefit both to our future productions and to our history?

The gradation of ornament suitable to enrichment, as given by an eminent art teacher, is in the order of vegetable forms, as foliage and flowers, being first, animal forms second, and, if at all, human figures third. Human heads and human figures ought to be considered too important to be used for ornament. The use of heads alone, with no regard for proportion to other parts of a building, and often as a substitute for all other ornament, is savage ignorance. Terra cotta columns, decoratively treated from the

stalk of Indian corn, the "staff of life," are more fitting, with the symmetrical ears conventionalized in the capitals, than human figures bearing the weights, suggesting pain from enforced employment. There are resources enough in foliage to satisfy a considerable love of decoration; and I know of no plant or flower which lends itself more fully to analysis of form or color than does the Indian corn, indigenous to our soil, and identified with its very life.

The existence of symbolism in design is an element of interest always; in coats of arms, in mottoes or seals, it lingers among us. We have a national symbol in our flag, upon which a star is placed for each state in the Union. Now we are called upon to select a natural product of the soil which shall express a thought, and form, in harmony with the blood of our people, not merely a passing sentiment that with increasing art education will cease to express our feelings, but a native style which shall display in its details the governing influence of the period in which we live.

Considering the imperishability of ceramic tiles, and the permanent record which may be made in forms and colors upon their surface, I am interested to have public sentiment adopt, not only honest, permanent material, but also that emblem from our natural productions which shall be the best reflex of our social life, and which lends itself most perfectly to every phase of decoration. The progress of art at home and abroad, like many branches of the natural sciences, *has* reached a point where it should boldly take a stand, investigate, discover, and speculate, until the central sentiment is recognized in some natural production, which shall aid us in design to stand side by side with the most eminent of European contemporaries.

The prosperity of Egypt was associated with the overflowing of the Nile, which brought fruitfulness to the soil and food for the people. As a recognition of this, we find the prevailing form in ornamentation is the lotus or water-lily — symbol of plenty and prosperity.

The winged globe was carved over the doorway of every Egyptian temple — the globe meaning the earth, and the eagle's wings, spread on either side, meaning dominion.

In Roman art the chief characteristic was the predominance of military trophies; and so every people that has had a history will be found to be possessed of symbolism, for that is but the expression of history.

There is no end to the history contained in the crests and arms of the principal families in every European state, but it is all expressed symbolically. The rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland, are symbols of the three countries.

So long ago as 1855, one of our most eloquent statesmen dwelt lovingly and often upon a product of our agriculture which to him seemed at once a central idea of our present existence and the purest symbol of our eternal destiny. I refer to Edward Everett's speeches, and to a special one made in response to a complimentary toast at a dinner of the United States Agricultural Society, which seemed a fulfilling prophecy to our nation. He said, referring to our Indian corn:—

Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold, into the ground, and lo! a mystery; it softens, it swells, it shoots upward; it is a living thing . . . it arrays itself more glorious than Solomon in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes . . . it spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels; and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons (ears of Indian corn), each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvellous reproductive powers.

Is not this a wonderful central thought, embodied so truly in our Indian corn that we could wish no grander emblem to incarnate into our works of art?

Then see the similitude by which his eloquence would convey to our poor minds some not inadequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the resurrection:—

To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve, beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, ah! sometimes overtoiling, brain. Last June it sucked from the cold breast of earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap vessels, and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh, quivers and thrills with the fivefold mystery of sense, purveys and ministers to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye; till we learn at least to realize that the slender stalk which we have seen shaken by the summer breeze, bending in the cornfield under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "*staff of life*," which since our nation's earliest history has supported the toiling and struggling masses on the pilgrimage of existence.

ELLEN A. RICHARDSON

Boston, Mass.

V. THE MAIZE IN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION, AND ITS SYMBOLIC SIGNIFICANCE.

Woman's symbolic plant should bear a message to teach our descendants what we have learned to-day. To be typical, it must be truthful.

Sappho's voice is winged from her distant isle. She says:—

There danger dwells where dwells not Truth.
Nor gold, nor gems, nor rosy youth
Shall friendly be when Truth hath fled.
The soul that knows her not is dead.

We can see that the soul which is quickened by the truth is more alive and enthusiastic, with a vitality coming from sympathy with nature and the long history of one's kind. Symbols are inspirations to our art, which is but the permanent form of our collected knowledge, radiant with gleams of thought from all time.

The symbolic plant for woman is maize, and the emblematic flower clover, because typical of her work in evolving civilization; and they are more potent than battles gained over enemies.

The power of England rose when Sir Richard Weston's wife brought the Phrygian women's red clover from Bohemia, in 1645. With it came, hid in its spherical blossom, their liberty cap for industrial citizens, men and women. That noblest of cereals, the prolific maize plant, was the kind providence that met the Europeans, adventurers and settlers in America. Massachusetts' queen had it in perfection.

Every race dates its rise from savagery to barbarism by woman's discontent in bruteness, and her desire for humanhood, to be independent of others' will, and, by inventive tact and skill, to revolve on the axis of her thought and will. Her power in society sways up or down, by man's knowledge of the laws of the sphere, for these laws are her laws. Speaking in the language of hieroglyphics, her first child is a son to till the soil, gotten by the help of Almighty power, a thought its father. The matriarchal power sought to cultivate in men submission of individual will to the good of the hive, for co-operation in planting and gathering the harvests at the time the stars and moon decreed.

Securing safety and food for their young has been the motive-moving instinct awakening to minds of mothers, in neurotic ecstasy, ways and means that would not be thought of in a cooler and less sensitive head. Ability for variation and to differentiate from the beaten track are those very traits which quickened curiosity into activity, which was the beginning of reason or comparison.

"Sweet is the genesis of things,
Of tendency through endless ages."

Uncertainty of food supply from hunting and fishing, the union of the often helpless and ill mothers, through sympathy for one another—in fact, their hindrance from following pleasure as they might be attracted—were the very circumstances that gave them time to reflect, and to avail themselves of a food supply that should be the result of their industry, foresight, and economy. With the grain-eating mothers and children, with milk and honey, came a decrease of the fighting propensity of the meat-eating races. So the mother's boys became helpful to her, and they did not call labor a slavery or a fall of mankind. They saw that those were the rulers who gave the food supply. So the

agricultural class was formed, and mankind rose from savagery to self-directing progress. The leaders of the flocks and herds, proud of their exemption from labor and dependence on the earth's seasons, and the careful detail of planting and economy, were without a woman's patience, a woman's industry and care in preserving seed, and in the making of pots and bags. The chief of the priest of the Druids, with cross and shepherd crooks, symbols of authority of one over many, of the imperial reign of man over flocks, elated with his collection of secret knowledge, kept from the vulgar herd of men; drove down his flocks upon the despised women's fields, and those men who labored and sacrificed to their god with harvest offerings, the result of their thought and work. Druids had contempt for those who sought salvation through works of their own, and by human sympathy, or by delight in creation and co-operation. The unending battle for the salvation of mankind began. The World's Exposition is the last great expression and triumph of the matriarchal ideal. Humanity has entered into the inheritance of the earth.

These United States are the legitimate outcome of the characteristic traits and tastes developed and evolved through long centuries, nurtured by the matriarchal ideals of industry, submission to general good, selection by knowledge and reason, and having love, generosity, hospitality, and help for all human beings, as children of one world-family.

It was through the cultivation of maize that man was domesticated and curbed license. The same is true to-day. A Dakota squaw appealed to missionary women for protection, not ten years ago, from the roving Indian men, who fed their cattle on her grain, and sneered at her sons and upbraided them for submitting to be made as oxen to serve, by labor—"Take pony, ride away and be free, be no squaw-man to work." It took long ages of martyrdom, of courage, suffering, and faith in their religion, which was that the moon (measurer of time), stars (watch fires), and sun (for heat) would direct, and earth give blessing, if they were faithful laborers. They did not have the full proof that a laborer is a co-worker with laws of the universe, but inborn instinct gave firm faith. They compared precarious supply of blood food with the good, sure harvests they could gather, and aspired and yearned to make the good prevail; their faith

"New born, new blessed with larger trust
That heaven *was near* and God *was just*."

Providence is not discerned in the details of human endeavor, but is revealed by the continuity of events. The maize fields tended by women in India, Egypt, Mexico, and Peru, the clover meadows everywhere civilization goes, did not seem important

factors; yet they were, in showing the advantages of the womanly traits brought out in their cultivation, and that mankind could control their food supply if they had knowledge. This the matriarchal women through ages worked out by foresight and labor for those who followed. Man's strength destroyed enemies, repelled the domination of tyrants on land and water, and sought new scenes for plunder; while woman grew her grain in little fertile nooks uplifted high among her mountains, where she went for summer work, and with sweet scented fields of clover lured the milch cow from the herd and gently trained her from wild ways to serve the woman's nursery of little ones.

This summer resort, with wide sea-view and sky about the Mediterranean shores, gave the study of the calendar of the skies for her direction. She reckoned time by the dim crescent which measured her year and divided it with ever the same regularity. As days grew short, she sought with safety the stony ledge and rock-protected sea-beach where Poseidon supplied fish and protected her bountiful isle of plenty. Her caves, her granaries, the baskets and pottery, the cotton, flax, and bark, willow and maize leaves — all these she utilized, and by her labor and desire for the beautiful and good awakened the divine spark of thought and aspiration; and civilization to-day rests upon the traits of character and habits the great mothers cultivated. Maize was woman's first help. The beauty in the home and art gallery, the ability to be hospitable and to see the world, still rest upon plentiful corn crops. Without the tall, graceful, prolific plant, so responsive to good care and right conditions, typical of woman, the Republic could not have been hostess to the world this year.

For centuries before their descendants had the brain to organize a system of astronomy and have symbols for abstract facts, these mothers of the grain field, with their little patch of maize put here and there, where soil was deepest, best, with sun in plenty, were awakened into wonder, love, and reverence by the kingdom of heaven. They, too, tried to work on earth as they were aided from above:—

“ Stars help us by their mystery,
Which we can never spell.”

Disciples of Ceres and Xilonên, cultivators of maize and other grains, established permanent settlements, and grew portable food, that could be kept from decay, a nerve-making food.

Lift high their symbol, grain. Put it in the Woman's Building at the Exposition, and remember them in reverence when we say, “ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.” If this is true, then why not study the beginning? Why not cultivate our curiosity for knowledge, our reason-giving

ability to compare good with evil, and aspire, too, to such ideals as we are capable of and longing for?

We can never outgrow the emblem of grain as representative of woman's thought and work, and the symbols of crescent and star and sun that aided. Through all time they shine for cosmic knowledge, true in all places and with all races, while cross and crooks and crowns symbolize points in history and are used by the imperial rulers of mankind.

MARY NEWBURY ADAMS.

Chairman Historical Committee, Woman's World's Congress Auxiliary.

VI. OUR GREAT REPUBLIC'S EMBLEM.

Let the rose, queen of flowers, bloom for England; let Ireland honor the shamrock, Scotland her thistle bold; let the lily unfold her pure white petals, sprinkled with the gold of her anthers, for the joy of France; but let the shield of our great republic bear the stalk of bounteous, golden corn.

Born of America's soil, from Superior's shore to Chili's border land, from Atlantic coast to the broad Pacific's edge, interwoven with memories of Mound Builder, Pueblo, Inca, and Montezuma—our own peculiar plant, the corn, so rich and fair, is Columbia's fit emblem.

The sunflower bears its regal head only in favored climes, and is limited to narrow use; but the sheaves and grain of the golden maize bring joy, plenty, and comfort to north, south, east, and west, to man and beast.

The regal helianthus, rearing its head to the sun, answers the purpose of art; but is not the necessity that corn is for poor and rich, the solace in hovel and palace.

Our maize, too, with its graceful banners of green and tassels of gold, a poem without a tongue, a model for artist's hand, answers the full requisition of art—beauty, combined with utility—yet is a harbinger of summer's feast and comfort in winter's cold, of cheer and rest, a value unmeasured by the elegant sunflower.

The Heaven-sent maize was an emblem of peace from Powhatan, an offering of love from Pocahontas to Smith, in the dark days of Virginia. The prosperity of Plymouth was assured by the harvest of golden corn, and the sacred meal was an offering in Peru's holy temple.

America's land could spare from thoughts of the past and needs of the present, the royal sunflower; but the rarest boon of the republic we love is the plenteous, golden corn.

No clime nor soil finds its like in our prolific maize, a thing of beauty in spring, a dish for summer's festal board; and when autumn comes with reaper's song, the golden sheaves and bounteous grain are garnered for winter's cheer.

Other climes may dispute with us the parentage of golden-rod and helianthus; but no land can claim America's child, the beautiful maize.

Let each state, if she chooses, select her own emblem, — the laurel to crown the lofty heads of Maryland's mountains, the arbutus to gladden the North, the jasmine to twine the magnolias of the South, — but let our wide republic's emblem be the plant that knows no north, no south, no east, no west.

Since the people of the United States are known abroad as Americans distinctly, let our shield herald the children of our great republic as Americans, by bearing on its face, side by side with the victorious eagle, the noble corn that strews the plains, gladdens the hearts, and cheers the boards of America's homes, from the Canada of the North to the Argentine Republic of the South. Let us honor the cornfields, as broad as our continent's breast, with a history as old and mysterious as that of the people of our own western world, interwoven with our daily life, with the history of our past, with the needs of the present and the hopes of future prosperity.

M. K. CRAIG.

Dallas, Texas.

VII. A VOICE FROM TENNESSEE.

"O land of crag and cedar brake,
And low, sweet valleys lush with corn;
O land of violet and lake,
Where plenty tips her blooming horn.

"Where men are loyal, women sweet,
And life moves with reluctant feet.
Sweet land, I lift my voice for thee,
My own beloved Tennessee."

We grow sentimental when the subject of a national flower is introduced, and fail to look *beyond* sentiment, indeed, when casting our vote for an emblem worthy our glorious country.

Utile cum dulci. Ours is a country where the ideal and the real are strangely and strongly blended. Born of a great agony, rocked in the cradle of adversity, nourished at the breast of despair, she has indeed been perfected unto her present position step by step, blow by blow, until now, sitting serenely among her quiet victories, her gates wide open to the world of commerce, her foot upon the seas, her head among the stars, the whole round world points to her as an example, *looks* to her as a model of prosperity and of beauty. *Utile cum dulci.*

In honoring her present and in selecting an emblem that shall mark her future, it is meet that we remember her past.

The emblem should be commemorative of her struggles, no less than her successes; her hardships, as well as her victories; that

within her which is useful, no less than that which is ornamental. That which sustained her poor little life at the outset, and which became at last the ladder upon which she mounted to perfection, would surely represent her more truly and more becomingly than any flower that blooms in hedge or hollow. The golden-rod and the arbutus, the lily and the rose, all lifted their pretty heads to cheer and comfort her struggling infancy. But it was the *maize*, the strong, the beautiful, the God-given, that furnished life to her starving pioneers — maize, coming from nobody knows where, claimed by one for tropical America; by another, unearthed in the tombs of Peru; by another, given to Asia; by another still, to Spain; in the hands of the Arabs in the thirteenth century; and by another declared to have originated solely in America.

Be that as it may, it is ours to-day, at all events — ours, like the old negress' cabin, by right of possession. The old woman had been ordered to vacate the cabin — a rented one — because of failure to pay her rent.

When called upon to get out, she met the officer in the doorway, planted her arms akimbo, and replied: —

"Lor', honey, I cyan't gib up dis here place; 'tain't no use a-talkin'. I done lib here so long I spec' it *b'long* to me."

So with maize: we have claimed it so long, I spec' it belongs to us.

Thus we have the tea of China, the rice of India, the coffee of Brazil, and the maize of America.

But I must not forget that my territory is Tennessee, and that I am asked to speak for *her*. I am always ready to speak for Tennessee. God made her, loved her, gazed upon her hills, and lo! they hid their faces in his clouds; smiled upon her vales, and, warmed beneath the gentle radiance, they burst forth into green and gold, fanned by soft winds that whisper of perpetual summer, and nourished by bright streams forever rippling with the ecstasy that smile of His beget. Who would not speak for Tennessee? Who could be silent when a voice is wanted? Relegating "*Hiawatha*" and the encyclopædia to the background, I shall speak alone for her, advocating her claims, and promising her approval.

Tennessee, like "*all Gaul*," is "*divided into three parts*." Each part is as distinct from a political, a salubrious, and an agricultural standpoint as from a geographical. Yet with all her variety of soil, climate, and people, there is not a county within her borders where maize is not extensively cultivated, and where it would fail to find a strong endorsement as a national flower.

No emblem could be more appropriate. The Cumberland and the Tennessee, hurrying down from the mountains to the Ohio,

seldom lose track of the cornfields crowding the coves, climbing the heights, and following the trend of the waters from the moment they start upon their journey to the point at which they leave us.

The old Tennessee, sweeping past the cabin in the hills, echoes the call of the ploughman in the cornfield; winding about the base of old Lookout, she rushes again into the maize fields, and only leaves them for a peep into Alabama; returning, however, full soon to find the fields of our western border; refusing to be tempted by the big Mississippi, inviting her to mingle waters and hie to the Gulf through the slumberous swamps of Louisiana.

Beautiful, indeed, are the cornfields of Tennessee. Beautiful! beautiful! from the green shoot to the golden fodder, where, at sunset, the song of the laborer floats down the river, and the call of the wagoner echoes along the bluffs that shut in the "*Big Bottom*," the great cornfield of Tennessee.

Utile cum dulci.

I was in the mountains of Tennessee, stopping for a day's rest in the cabin of an old man who had, to all appearances, selected the most barren spot in all that world of barren heights and beautiful visions upon which to build his hut.

The mountaineer is a dreamer of dreams, a believer in destiny, and a letter of "well enough alone."

While we sat for a moment under the low porch, drooped beneath a burden of jack-bean and morning-glory, the old man nodding over his pipe, the old woman (looking like a lost witch from Endor) "knocking us up a bite to eat," one barefoot, brown boy, half grown, sleeping in the sunshine on the doorstep, a young girl turning her spinning wheel at one end of the porch, and half a dozen children, with as many dogs, less one, playing about the door—the thought came to me, vaguely at first, but becoming more distinct as I dwelt upon it: Could that old man's life, as it awoke between the pauses of his pipe, and *my* life, so full of change, unrest, and tireless endeavor, would they, *could* they, ever possess one thought, one pulse-beat, in common?

"How do you live, away up here in the hills?" I asked him, later. He tapped the palm of his hand with the bowl of his pipe as he replied:—

"On corn."

"On corn," said I, "only corn?"

"Jest corn, stranger," he insisted. "I've got a plumb pretty field of it in the cove at the foot o' the Ridge. It ud do yer good ter see hit. I sot my house up here a purpose, so's I could overlook that thar crap growin' in the cove. Hit's pritty; hit's pritty in the shoot an' in the blade, an' hit's pritty in the silk an' taysle. An' in the *year* hit's pritty, too, an' in the fodder. An'

hit's good: we-uns lives on it up here. We grind it inter bread, an' we grind it inter liquor, an' we feed it ter the hogs fur bacon. Hit's bread an' meat fur we-uns, that cornfiel' air."

Aye, thought I, and drink. And again the old pharisaical pity arose in my heart, as I wondered what common touch could unite in one thought the soul of the old mountaineer among his hills, and that of his countryman in the crowded marts of the valley.

But as I rode down the mountain, overlooking the warm little cove where the green blades and golden plumes were nodding a gentle good by from the tips of the tall, green corn-stalks, I involuntarily drew rein.

The national emblem! The old man in the hut, nodding over his pipe, and the woman in the valley, fretting over her desk, might have "a thought in common" after all—a thought that, leaping like the lightning along the charged wires of the mind, could unite all grades and callings in one common emblem.

The banker and the day laborer, the belle of the city and the beauty of the hills; the minister in his pulpit, the broker in his office; poverty and plenty, use and beauty, mind and muscle, hill and valley—all would have a representative in maize; each find in it its own distinct and appropriate emblem. Maize, our staple and our strength, which, spurning no soil, claiming no climate, hampered by no surroundings, offers itself alike to all, a sustainer of life, and a joy forever.

Utile cum dulci: Tennessee asks no nobler emblem than her own best product.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

VIII. — THE SONG OF THE CORN.

I am Beauty's priest in the summer days,
When lily and rose are born;
And the fair world yet is fairer,
For the springing of the corn.

Oh, tall and strong and beautiful
I stand in my serried shades;
And the poet dreams, as the sunlight gleams
On the green of my waving blades.

And the painter flings his brushes by;
For what can his colors do
With the lights and shades on my leafy maize,
When the breeze goes wimpling through?

The hand of sculptor never made
A shaft more straight and fine
Than my tasselled stem, where the gold silk hangs,
And the morning-glories twine.

And never a strain from the strings of harp,
Or the throat of a bird at morn,

Holds more of music's very soul
Than the wind on a field of corn.

But the realm of Art is a little part
In the world of man's endeavor;
And above the song of wind and bird
A murmur soundeth ever.

And I see, through the glory of summer skies,
Men's faces gaunt and wild;
And mournful clear, I seem to hear
The wail of a hungry child.

And oh! for a voice to sound above
The wind and the wild bees' humming,
To answer the cry of God's famishing ones,
"Be patient, for I am coming!"

Then I thrill with the joy of giving,
And I welcome the autumn's cold,
That ripens the ear in my folded husks,
And turns my green to gold.

Servant of God and servant of man!
I smile at the reaper's knife,
And give my part with a willing heart —
My life for humanity's life.

Oh! better than summer's rapture
The joy that winter yields,
When December's moon shines coldly
On the sad, deserted fields,

Where bereft, alone, I proudly stand,
A soldier that will not swerve —
A mailed knight in armor bright,
Whose motto is, "*I serve.*"

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

ISLAM: PAST AND PRESENT.

BY FREDERIC W. SANDERS, A. M.

IN following the interesting discussion of Islam's future, which has been carried on in *THE ARENA*, it has seemed to the writer that the first requisite for an intelligent judgment as to what it will do for humanity, is a candid consideration of what Islam really means, and how it has served mankind in the past. The Christian world has long misunderstood the teaching and the spirit of the Koran, and has therefore been unable to interpret aright Islam's successes as a missionary faith. As long as this misunderstanding continues, our forecasts as to Islam's part in the future development of religion must necessarily be wide of the mark. It is the purpose of this article to give, as briefly as may be, a general view of Islam's teaching, and, by an impartial comparison of Mohammedanism with Judaism and Christianity, to learn, if possible, the secret of the Koran's past triumphs over the Bible.

The Koran's author was of an eminently practical turn of mind. Such a question as that of necessitarianism or free will *he* did not undertake to discuss. And, indeed, I know of no philosopher or Christian devotee who has been able to express satisfactorily the truth with regard to it. The position of the majority of Christians, as of the majority of the books of the Bible, is apparently inconsistent as to this matter. So was the Koran, but less so, it seems to me, than our own Bible. The author of the Koran appreciated the difficulty, and showed his practical wisdom by dismissing the question. "Sit not with a disputer about fate," says he, "nor begin a conversation with him." He seemed to think it was not necessary to settle the question, since it had pleased God to reveal His will through the prophet, and to save those who should obey his law. What need had the faithful Moslem to determine whether his acceptance of Islam would have been impossible without God's predestination, since if he *did* accept it, that was sufficient evidence that God had determined him to; and if he did not backslide, that was evidence that God's intention was to show him favor to the last and to save his soul. The Koran has no philosophical system connecting religion and morals. Its supreme truth is that *there is one God*, omniscient

and omnipotent, who blesses and curses at His awful pleasure. It is not for man to inquire into His inscrutable ways, or to argue about His justice. He may open hearts or close them to His truths as He wills. But this Supreme Being is merciful and compassionate. He has sent His prophet to proclaim His existence and announce the moral law. He is at liberty to damn you at pleasure, but of His wondrous good will He has given you a simple law, by obeying which — and thereby elevating your lives — you shall attain everlasting felicity. *God* stands for the eternal principle; the *prophet* for the definite moral law. What connection there is between these is found in the mercifulness of Allah.

Mohammed showed his practical sense, not alone in avoiding controversy as to predestination and free will, but also in the organization of his church. The observance of the sacred month and of pilgrimages was an adaptation of existing customs. These he could readily turn to the higher use of keeping the Moslems in touch with each other and with the new faith. The old *forms* reconciled them to the new *content* of religion. So simple is the faith of Islam that without the simple ritual, prayers, and fasting, the volatile and irreligious Arab might soon forget and neglect so transcendental a religion; but while these serve to keep his religion continually before him, the pilgrimages keep up the fellowship between the various tribes, and maintain it a *catholic* religion. Yet necessary to the organized religion as these instrumentalities are, it was only by transforming *existing* institutions that the reformer could hope to effect his purpose with the independent son of the desert, impatient as he is of any sort of restraint. By adapting the old forms, the prophet avoided the necessity of imposing new restraints; and his practical wisdom shows itself still further in the fact that these regulations are not hard and fast lines that may not at any time or under any circumstances be set aside. But, instead, provision is made for those who are unable to follow the regulations without injury, and they are expressly released from the obligation or allowed to substitute a more suitable for the prescribed time.

But great as is the care to make the creed and ritual simple and acceptable, the emphasis is not upon them. The Koran nowhere indicates that a man can be saved by ceremonies or by correct belief, *without good deeds*. On the contrary, justice, kindness, morality, are the conditions of salvation. It is essentially a *moral* religion. While moral conduct is sometimes held up as the means of salvation without mentioning right religious *belief*, I do not recall a passage in which right belief is so mentioned independently of right conduct.

The charges commonly made against the Koran are: sensuality; that it teaches the propagation of religion by force; that it

degrades woman, and does not regard her as worthy of immortality; and that it is hostile to learning and education.

As to the last charge, all that can be said about it is that there is *no* truth in it. I do not recall a passage in the whole book that has a word to say against secular learning; and the history of the caliphates Bagdad and Cordova — under which science, art, and literature flourished at a time when Christian Europe was sunk in ignorance — indicates the falsity of the charge. Probably the untrue story, which lived so long in our histories, that the caliph Omar ordered the library at Alexander to be destroyed because its contents were useless, if in agreement with the Koran, and pernicious if not, has done much to perpetuate this incorrect view of the teaching and influence of the Koran. But the story is now generally acknowledged to be untrue; and the chief destroyers of the library are believed to have been, not Moslem warriors, but Christian monks. But even if the story about *Omar* were true, that would not prove that the teaching of the *Koran* was hostile to education. We should remember that the Christian church, *as such*, was hostile to the learning of Greece and Rome for a considerable period, and yet it would not be easy to prove that the Christian *Bible* was adverse to education.

As regards the status of woman, polygamy and other degrading conditions prevailed when the Koran was put forth. By limiting and regulating these conditions the Koran did much to improve her position, although it could not do away, at a stroke, with all the circumstances that were hostile to her development; and the fact that the Koran is regarded as a final revelation has doubtless had an unfortunate influence, by discouraging further advance than that made by itself. There is *no* foundation for the very serious charge that the Koran does not regard woman as an immortal being. On the contrary, there are positive statements in the Koran that women are admitted to paradise upon the same conditions as men.

In reference to sensuality, it must be said that in practice this is a somewhat relative term. Unquestionably, the religion of the Koran is not as spiritual as that which Jesus taught, yet those who denounce the Koran for sensuality seem to me to do so inconsiderately. Were the same line of reasoning applied to the Old Testament, it would fare no better, and even the teaching of Jesus could be made to bear a false meaning.

It is said, for instance, that the heaven of the Koran is a heaven of the senses, and reference is made to the houries, and gardens, and fine raiment in substantiation of the charge. But if we turn to one of these passages, as xcvi. 51, it seems to me that the *significant order* in which the elements of the heavenly life are mentioned quite disproves the assumption of a purely mate-

rial conception of heaven. After naming the natural, or physical, and the social features of the heavenly state, the climax is reached in "*Grace from thy Lord, that is the grand bliss!*"

But aside from this, if the mere mention of sensual enjoyments in the future state is enough to condemn it as a sensual paradise, then the Heaven of the New Testament must fall under like condemnation; for in the gospel according to Mark xv. 25, we read that Jesus said: "I will no more drink of the *fruit of the vine*, until that day when *I drink it new in the kingdom of God.*"

As regards the Old Testament, the prize held forth as that for which the Jews should strive was rather more than less material than that of the Koran. It is true that piety, justice, and mercy are inculcated by the later prophets — just as they are by the Koran — as the *condition* of the favor of God; but the *reward* of this virtuous conduct, the Messianic kingdom, is not only a state of sensual enjoyment, but the picture is frequently stained by the representation of the chosen people as waging war upon their neighbors, and glorying in their humiliation! This is certainly inferior to the Moslem paradise, which is for the faithful of *all* races, and is a condition of *peace and concord*, not defiled by war and bloodshed. But, after all, the language in which the condition of the blessed is described is not of the first importance. Language so used must necessarily be inadequate, — it is merely suggestive, not dogmatic, — and it seems childish to insist upon the literal sense of the words used. It was natural that to the independent and sensuous Arab, whose chief suffering came from heat and drought, an individual reward should be pictured in which cool gardens and running water should play a prominent part; while to the proud and patriotic Jew, whose keenest suffering came from the subjection of his race to heathen masters, the reward offered just as naturally took the form of the triumph of Israel over her foes.

We should carefully distinguish between the *ideal of conduct* held before men, and the *reward* promised therefor. In our own day, it is true, the ideal is *itself* the reward; but with the Jews and Moslems, whose souls were not yet high enough to crave primarily the delight of doing good, the ideal was rather to be found in the *present earthly conduct* demanded of them than in the reward offered them therefor. Heaven was rather the *means* of exciting them to high endeavor than the *end* to be attained. They were induced to undertake a higher life by the offer of something within the reach of their present comprehension. The *practical* ethical value of the Koran, as of the Old Testament, was in the high morality it inculcated as the *condition* of salvation.

As to the charge that the Koran teaches the propagation of religion by violence, — despite the fact that this has been so long assumed, and the assumption has for the most part passed unchallenged, — I believe that a careful, unprejudiced reading of the Koran, in the light of contemporary history, will not sustain the charge. It is true that there are passages in which the faithful are commanded to kill infidels, but it is also true (although this patent fact is ignored) that there are passages in which *it is distinctly stated that there shall be no compulsion as to religion*, and that *moral suasion alone* is to be used *with the infidel, unless he be the aggressor*. Further than this, a careful examination of the passages which seem to support the charge that the Koran teaches that infidels are to be forced to embrace Islam or buy immunity, shows either that these passages *expressly state that this course* is to be pursued *toward such infidels as have aggressed* upon the faithful, or else they occur in some special revelation given to direct the conduct of the faithful in some particular war with their enemies, *who*, according to the prophet, *have first wronged the faithful*. Their infidelity is not the cause of attacking them; it is not that which puts them in the category of enemies, but it is a reason for special severity toward them, since they are not only enemies of faithful men, but also hostile to God himself. *SUCH enemies* are to be killed mercilessly unless they save themselves by embracing Islam, or contribute to the true faith by a money payment to the prophet and his church.

It must be remembered that we are considering the teaching of the *Koran*, not the *practice* of the Moslem world, or even of Mohammed himself. I believe that the verdict of history is that some, at least, of the wars waged in the lifetime of the prophet were unjust. But he always seems to have *professed* to have a reasonable *casus belli*, and not to have relied upon the mere fact that his adversaries were infidels. The actual practice of the Moslems can count for little in this connection. By the same argument the forcible conversion of northern Europe, and the torturing and burning of heretics, would be proof of the teaching of such conduct by Christ.

I think it must be evident, from what has preceded, that there is in Christendom a widespread misconception as to the ethics of the Koran. The first reason for this is not far to seek. It is simply ignorance, both of the Koran and of Mohammedanism. Another reason, applicable in the case of these who do know a little of the Koran, is that it is treated as a systematic code; and so some single expression is taken, without regard to the circumstances under which it was uttered, — and often without regard even to the immediate context, — as representing the doctrine of the Koran. Such a method of procedure would play havoc with

the religious teaching of most Bibles, and certainly it would grossly misrepresent the New Testament. The third and last reason to which I shall refer is the confusion of the practice of Mohammedan peoples with the teaching of the Mohammedan Bible. (Certainly we should be sorry to have the teaching of Jesus determined in this manner.) The most frequent and disastrous form which this error takes is that of assuming that customs which have their origin in ethics or local peculiarities are the results of religion. Instances of this we shall have occasion to consider further on.

With all that can be said for Islam, even a prohibitionist would doubtless admit that, on the whole, it is inferior to Christianity as we know it. And in view of this fact we cannot but ask what justification there was for its existence, and how it came to be the power that it was and is. To answer this question it will be necessary to make a little more elaborate comparison than we have so far made between Islam, Judaism, and Christianity. When we have made this examination, and considered the condition of Arabia and the neighboring lands at the time of the birth of Islam, I think we shall find a very satisfactory *raison d'être* for Mohammedanism; and having come to appreciate the justification for its existence, we shall be the better prepared to point out its fundamental error, and thus to form a just estimate of its ethical value.

The catholic spirit of the Koran, in which salvation is for all who accept God and are upright in their dealings, *whether Moslems or not*,* is in marked contrast with the particularism of the Old Testament. And the Koran is also the more humane of the two; for even those who would represent it as bidding the faithful war upon infidels, would have to admit that to give the heathen an invitation to repent before attacking them, and to accept their submission and tribute, is more merciful than to attack them without endeavoring to convert them, and, giving no quarter, to put the last woman and child to death *after* the victory is won, which is the method of procedure advocated in the Old Testament.

But granting the ethical superiority of the Koran to the Old Testament in these particulars, it seems strange, in view of the superiority of Christianity to Islam, that the religion of Mohammed should have met with the success it did in supplanting the religion of Christ. The problem seems more difficult than it is, because of the shifting content of what goes by the name of Christianity. The Christianity of the nineteenth century is a very different thing from the Christianity of the sixth century, and neither of them is quite in accord with the New Testament.

This last-mentioned fact is one that is highly suggestive for us

* *Vid.* Koran v. 73.

in the present inquiry; for it is far too often assumed that the condition of affairs that exists in a given country, at a given time, is necessarily the result of the religion then and there professed. That many things attributed to *religion* should rather be attributed to *ethnic* influence, is shown by such facts as the extensive use of judicial torture by Christian Europe late in the Middle Ages, and even more recently, whereas little use was made of it by the Moslems. Of course the respective merits of Islam and Christianity have nothing to do with the matter, the important thing being that Christian Europe was the heir of Greece and Rome, and in the Roman courts torture was an established institution, while Moslem Asia and Africa took their civilization more largely from the Semites and the Indu-Iranians.

Another instance of the vicious use of this *Post-hoc-ergo-propter-hoc* argument is found in the assertions made as to the condition of women in the Occident and in the Orient. It is well-nigh universally assumed throughout Christendom that the greater dignity and independence of women throughout Christian lands, as compared with her condition in the East, is the result of the superiority of Christianity over Islam and other religions.

It may seem bold to say that religion plays but a minor part in producing this result, yet I feel called upon to make the assertion. One feature of Islam does have its influence here, putting the Moslem women at a disadvantage as compared with her Christian sister; and that is the non-progressive character of the religion, the fact that the Koran professes to be a final revelation, the ultimate rule of human conduct. But I am confident that a careful consideration of the elements entering into the problem must convince one that religion is but a secondary factor. The Romans and Greeks were monogamous before the advent of Christianity, and certainly the Roman matron was no mere doll. But the Germanic peoples had no need of the example of Rome to inspire them with a high regard for the dignity of woman. According to the historians the position of the pre-Christian Teutonic woman was a highly honorable one.

In view of these facts, it would have been strange if the European woman had fared less well than she has, *with* or *without* Christianity. On the other hand, the *Christian* women of the *East* are still largely household ornaments or drudges. Considering these facts and that the Christian scriptures themselves insist upon the subordination of woman to man, it seems absurd to contend that woman's elevation comes from Christianity and her degradation from Islam.

To judge a thing by its results is certainly a good way of ascertaining its value, but still we must beware of the undying fallacy, *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*.

For my part, I believe that had Christianity never been supplanted in what is now the Moslem Orient, and had it never found its way to Rome, but, instead, had Mohammedanism taken its place as the religion of the Roman empire, yet, as the heir of the Græco-Roman culture and of the Germanic life and vigor, that which is to-day Christendom, despite its hypothetical Mohammedanism, would, in many respects, have a higher civilization than the Orient. I certainly do not think there would be such a difference as exists to-day, but I believe the difference would still be in our favor. The difference between Moslem Spain and Christian France during the Middle Ages, suggests that Christianity is not the only important factor in our civilization.

Another gratuitous assumption made in comparing the two religions is, that Islam is inferior to Christianity in that the latter is peculiarly hostile to human slavery. We should face the fact that the Old Testament allows and regulates slavery very much as the Koran does, and the New Testament does not forbid it. Further than this, it has taken over eighteen hundred years to rid Christendom of human slavery, — indeed, it has not done with it yet, — and within the present century it has been defended from the Bible. Whether rightly or wrongly, is not for us to decide here, the important point being that the matter is so far from definitely settled by the Christian scriptures, that, while modern Christians have taken issue with each other on the subject, the early church took slavery for granted. In the words of Schaff: * “The church exerted her great moral power, not so much toward the *abolition* of slavery, as the amelioration and removal of the evils connected with it. Many provincial synods dealt with the subject, at least incidentally. The legal right of holding slaves was *never* called in question, and slaveholders were in good and regular standing. Even convents held slaves.” Pope Gregory the Great, one of the most humane popes, “presented bondservants from his own estate to convents, and exerted all his influence to recover a fugitive slave of his brother. A *reform synod* of Pavia, over which Pope Benedict VIII., one of the forerunners of Wildebrand, presided (A. D. 1018), enacted that *sons and daughters of clergymen, whether from free women or slaves, whether from legal wives or concubines, are the property of the church, and should NEVER be emancipated.*”

Augustin held that slavery would “finally be abolished when all iniquity should disappear and God shall be all in all.” Chrysostom said about the same thing, deriving from the sin of Adam a threefold servitude and threefold tyranny — that of *husband over wife, master over slave, and state over subjects.* Thomas Aquinas saw in slavery “only a scourge inflicted on

* “History of the Christian Church,” vol. iv., p. 336.

humanity by the sin of the first man." "None of these great men seem to have had an idea that slavery would ever disappear from earth except with sin itself.* If a slave were ordained without his master's consent, he could be reclaimed by his master.† "If a freeman works on Sunday, *he loses his freedom* or pays sixty solidi."‡

What has preceded will serve to show the necessity for caution when we use so indefinite a word as "Christianity," and to prepare us to understand how Islam so largely supplanted Christianity in the East. Briefly stated, the causes of Islam's wonderful success amount to this: that where the first and greatest successes were made Christianity did not exist; there was great need for an ethical-religious reformation, and much that went by the name of Christianity was inferior to Islam.

Arabia was pagan, and the Christianity and Judaism that bordered it were not of a type that could be expected to gain many converts. Judaism was too particularistic and Christianity too corrupt.

For one thing, it was an age of controversy, and thus it happened that various theological dogmas, which in themselves had little or nothing to do with religion of any sort, came to be looked upon as the essential truths of Christianity, simply because they were the rallying cries of the hostile sects.

The character of the Christianity which Islam supplanted may be judged of by the picture of sectarian strife given in the thirty-seventh and forty-seventh chapters of "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The bigotry and inhumanity displayed by the different wings of the Christian church would disgrace a modern Fiji Islander. And this non-ethical kind of Christianity was not confined to the barbarians from the North; the native-born Christians of Syria and Egypt were hardly less violent. Excited by bigotry and the lust for power, the ecclesiastics forgot the teachings of Jesus in their zeal for the success of their own branch of the church; while with the ignorant multitude whom the church was too busily engaged in controversy to instruct, Christianity tended to become an idolatrous worship connected with certain ceremonial performances and the sturdy maintenance of certain quite incomprehensible dogmas.

The tumult and violence of the fifth century continued in the sixth and seventh; and instead of being a minister of peace, the Christian church was itself the caldron in which the disorders of the time were brewed.

The picture of the bishops of Alexandria wading through

* "Schaff's History," vol. iv., p. 335 and note.

† "Schaff's History," vol. iv., p. 337 and note 2.

‡ "Schaff's History," vol. iv., p. 337, *et passim*. This last regulation was made in 693 at the Sixteenth Synod of Toledo.

blood to the arch-episcopal throne,* shows the violence that parodied the name of Christianity in the sixth century; and the conception of the trinity, as composed of God the Father, Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin, — held in some parts of the East, — illustrates the extravagance of the Christian theology of the day, and its tendency toward polytheism.

The association of Christianity with the empire was a source of corruption, and a great disadvantage to its success in the borderlands of the East. The emperor was a sort of archbishop, and, on the other hand, the archbishops had great temporal authority. Those who did not like the empire did not take kindly to Christianity, and, among others, the Arabs were too independent to submit themselves willingly to the hierarchy. Islam of that day was less despotic than seventh-century Christianity.

The situation at the time Mohammed came upon the scene is well expressed in "Finlay's History of Greece" (p. 356):—

A better religion than the paganism of the Arabs was felt to be necessary in Arabia; and at the same time, even the people of Persia, Syria, and Egypt required something more satisfactory to their religious feelings than the disputed doctrines which Magi, Jews, and Christians inculcated as the most important features of their respective religions, merely because they presented the points of greatest dissimilarity.

How was this need to be met? It is the Koran, not Mohammed, that we are primarily studying; but to understand the book we are compelled to look at the life and motives of the author. It seems useless to undertake to determine how far he believed his message to be directly inspired by God, and how far he consciously put forth his own opinion as the divine law. "The early portions of the Qur'ân are the genuine rhapsodies of an enthusiast who believed himself inspired, and Mohammed himself points to them in the later Sûrahs as irrefragable proof of the divine origin of his mission. In his later history, however, there are evidences of that tendency to pious fraud which the profession of a prophet necessarily involves. Although commenced in perfect good faith, such a profession must place the enthusiast at last in an embarrassing position, and the very desire to prove the truth of what he himself believes may reduce him to the alternative of resorting to a pious fraud or relinquishing all the results which he had previously attained."† The important point for us in this inquiry is that, "Whether he believed to the full in his divine mission and revelations or not . . . it is certain that he did believe in himself as working for the good of his fellow-countryman,"‡ and, I should add, of the world. Mohammed had little

* See Milman's Gibbon, chapter xlvii., section 5, page 278 of vol. iii.

† E. H. Palmer's *Introduction* to the Qur'ân, Sacred Books of the East, vol. vi. p. xlv.

‡ Palmer's *Introduction*, p. xlv.

or nothing of what we call education, and he had not seen much of the world, but he was a man of thought and feeling. When he first began to realize the falsity of the idolatrous Arabian religion by which he was surrounded, we do not know; we may feel confident that it was not later than when, at about the age of twenty-five, he made the long journey of his life, with Kadijah's caravan, to the confines of Arabia, and saw something of other religions.

After that he doubtless saw many Jews and some Christians, and deeply felt the superiority of their religions over the idolatry of Arabia, while still he was far from satisfied with the narrow particularism of the Jew or the corrupt, Mariolatrous Christianity with which he came in contact. For some fifteen or twenty years the serious Arab seems to have brooded in silence over the vice and idolatry that cursed his native land before the light began to break. At about the age of forty his first revelation came, and several years elapsed after that before he began his public career of prophecy.

We have seen why Christianity could not have seemed to him the pure religion that he sought. It is a mistake to suppose that Mohammed was merely a *moral* reformer; he was of the same mould as the Hebrew prophets of old, and like them his *religious* feeling was strong. Cultivated by years of self-communion, his religious sense took the direction the cultivated Semite's seems always to take: he was *strongly monotheistic*. He felt that the corrupt, image-worshipping, tritheistic Christians with whom he came in contact were almost as greatly in need of religious reform as his heathen countrymen; and the result proved that he was right. His simple unitarianism was a blessed relief to the distraction of the times. I cannot doubt that Jesus himself would have felt a like impulse to preach a new gospel to the people that bore his name. Indeed, in a certain sense, it seems true that Islam was a rude revival of Christianity—a revival of Christianity that, from its simplicity, appealed to the common people much as the teaching of Jesus himself did when “the common people heard him gladly.” For we must remember that, false and imperfect as was Mohammed's idea of the Christian religion, *it was probably as accurate as that of the Christian populace whose land the Moslems overran.*

Mohammed was grandly true to this strict monotheism whatever temptations beset him; he would not buy the adherence of the heathen clans by the least concession of divinity to their favorite idols; and he always insisted that he himself was but a *man*, God was *alone*. But besides being a unitarian of the most pronounced type, and presenting a moral teaching that was a distinct advance on what prevailed,—while, at the same time, it was near enough

akin to the thought, feeling, and custom of the country to be possible of attainment, and so real and useful, not merely ideal,—Mohammed was also a *Catholic*. The *ethics* of the Koran was about the same as that of Judaism,—very slightly in advance,—but the need of a religion distinct from Judaism was the necessity of starting free from the national bias of the Jew. I do not believe that Mohammed's launching out into the great world with his religion was a sudden impulse arising from his great success at home; it was involved in his fundamental conception of the *UNIVERSALITY of the religion of the one God* he was called to proclaim.

While far more ignorant of the great world outside his home than many of the Jewish prophets, he kept that world in mind in a grandly broad way that made him a greater man than they. There is something wonderfully pathetic in the picture of this unlettered Arab struggling for forty years with his great thoughts of religious and moral reform, and at last, with the dazzling courage of inspiration and ignorance, forming a code for the *world* from the fragments of ethical light that had come to him from Judaism and Christianity, the whole endowed with unity and power by his sublime conception of the unity of God and the universality of his care for mankind! That the rules of conduct his magnificent effrontery prepared for all men and all time, should be inadequate and unsuitable for a higher state of society than that which he knew, is not strange; but we can hardly blame this unlettered Arab of the simple life for undertaking to frame a general code, when, centuries afterward, in the full light of the highest religions, a European philosopher undertakes the same absurd plan of prescribing for human society a complete and permanent regulation of life! If philosophers can honor Comte, surely religionists may admire Mohammed and his Koran!

In what has preceded, I have striven, not only to give a fair idea of the *absolute* value of the ethical precepts of the Koran, but also to bring out the circumstances under which they were put forth, and thus to show their *relative* value. I trust that it has become evident that the criticisms commonly passed upon it are for the most part unfounded, and that, while it is not perfectly consistent with itself, its general spirit is a highly moral one—a spirit of justice, mercy, and catholicity—and admirably adapted to elevate the lives of those for whom it was primarily intended. So far we have chiefly considered its good points; we must now turn our attention to the darker side.

The Koran is greatly inferior to the Bible of Christendom and to most other religious books in the extent to which it is polemical and controversial. Islam had to fight for its life from the first, and far too many of the pages of the Koran are marred by

attacks on and abuse of individual men, parties, and tribes. In one place we read that Abu Saheb and his wife shall broil in hell,* and I am sorry to say that, in the tradition that explains this passage, the guilt of the lady seems to be nothing else than being the wife of a man who had given Mohammed just cause for offence. It is of course possible that, if the whole truth were known, we should find that both woman and man were very wicked; but in the absence of such information, we are constrained to fear that the author of the Koran allowed his personal feelings to bias his judgment, and to creep into the sacred volume in the guise of divine revelation. (On the *other* hand, we must remember that, when we examine the Koran carefully, and find that many of the revelations are clearly to be referred to a particular occasion, were *not intended* to be of general application, and are satisfactorily explained by the circumstances which brought them forth, we have the satisfaction of learning that those which *were* intended to be general in their application constitute a body that makes the Koran much higher as an ethical guide than it at first glance appears to be. It should perhaps be noted here that, although the Koran teaches that all that it contains is inspired, it does not teach that all is of like permanent value. The fact that Moslems of a later day treat all texts as of equal *scope* and value, proves no more than a similar misuse of New Testament texts.)

There is another particular in which the Koran stands in marked inferiority to the Hebrew Bible, and that is its chronological anticlimax in ethics. As the books are now arranged, this does not appear; but as it was written, I think we must admit a decadence. It was begun when its author was in his prime (about forty), and cultured by such opportunities as an Arab merchant noble might have. As it was continued, his hard and busy life constrained him in some measure, and he became less magnanimous. His inherited preconception for the *Lextalionis* (which he early announced as the law of justice, although recommending that mercy be preferred to justice) doubtless had its influence in making him less gentle as he grew older; and when we consider his real reverence for the teachings of the Jewish and Christian religions, it seems not improbable that his growing intercourse with Jews, who in their ideas were more cruel and intolerant than the Christians, had its influence in debasing his thought. But most of all, the fact that he was prince as well as prophet, had a deleterious effect upon his teaching, for the exigencies of state might demand what the *man* would be loth to do.

Another defect of the Koran is one that it shares with many if not most religious books—an undue *other-worldliness*. It is not

* Sûrah cxi.

very prominent in the Koran, but it exists. Among other characteristics of the wicked, caring for this world is put; and so indifference to this world and love of the next are among the virtues of those who are to be saved. If this was really meant, it is unethical.

But the most serious evil connected with the Koran, considered as an ethical guide, is that which is inherent in any system which attempts to lay down *permanent* rules of conduct of a *definite* and *specific* character. The very precepts which were most useful in purifying and ennobling life in Arabia in the seventh century, may become clogs upon spiritual progress when, in consequence of the divine sanction, they are regarded as eternal canons, and maintained as the highest rule of conduct for Europe in the nineteenth century. We may believe that it was a good thing to regulate the licentiousness of the Arab of the seventh century, by ordaining that he should not have more than four wives, and should confine himself to the women of his own household. And at that time and place it was a good thing to insist that a woman had some rights which a man was bound to respect, and that he should not divorce and take back a wife at pleasure as often as he liked, and to regulate divorce by a few simple rules, providing for the maintenance of divorcees. But it is an evil that in the nineteenth century men should believe that the having four wives is a divine institution, or that God is pleased by such loose divorce laws as were sufficient to improve the domestic life of the seventh century. It has been well said that the preservation by religion of a custom which, in the natural development of society, has been outgrown, gives rise to immorality. The teaching that the kingdom of God is *within* makes Christianity a *spiritual* and also an *elastic* religion, which is vastly superior to the wooden ethics of the Koran. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit makes Christianity a religion of *progress*, and it is in this, not in its definite precepts, that it is immeasurably superior to Islam.

In recapitulation it may be said that, in view of the irreligiousness of the Arabs and the hardness of their hearts, an ethical code higher than the Koran would have failed to effect a practical moral reformation. The positive provisions of the Koran are good, and, as a whole, its ethical standard is high; but *by regulating* it has *preserved* certain undesirable institutions that might otherwise have passed away in the course of human progress, and in professing to be a final revelation it has a tendency to produce moral stagnation.

If the foregoing exposition of the origin and true nature of Islam be correct, it follows, I think, that neither Ibu Ishak nor Dr. Hughes is entirely right in his view. Those who have

learned, from the life and teaching of Jesus, that religion consists in *love* to God and man, and that "the *letter* killeth, but the *spirit* giveth life," will never turn to Mohammed to get seventh-century rules for nineteenth-century conduct. And on the other hand, we may be sure that when men have learned from Mohammed the truth that all religious teachers — even the best and highest — are *human*, and there is but *one God*, who governs all that is, and is alike the God of the east and the west, the north and the south, the Jew and the Arab, they will not forsake this simple and catholic faith to accept as divine truth the literature of the Jews and a mystical and metaphysical doctrine of the triune personality of the Godhead.

If by Christianity is meant the *dogmas* of the church, Islam will show itself in the future, as it has shown itself in the past, better fitted than Christianity to convert the heathen. But if by Christianity is meant the *gospel of love*, — the *spirit* of Jesus rather than the *letter* of the Bible, — then will it be found true that Islam prepares the way for Christianity!

PARISIAN FASHIONABLE FOLLY VERSUS AMERICAN COMMON SENSE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.



Photographed at the Ritz Studio, Boston.

HATTIE C. FLOWER in sleeveless Grecian robe, worn over
house costume.

THE systematic crusade for the introduction of a rational dress for woman, which is being carried on under the auspices of the Dress Committee of the National Council of Women, is a part of a far greater conflict which the best thought of our age has made possible, and which marks the last quarter of the nineteenth century as the dawning time of woman's era. The contemptuous sneers of conventionalism, the bitter opposition of

ancient thought which has antagonized every effort of women who rebelled against having health destroyed, life shortened, and the unborn cursed at the senseless decrees of capricious and inartistic fashion, have also opposed every step taken by woman toward a broader life and a more wholesome freedom. And just here it may be interesting to notice the points of difference between the old and the new conceptions of woman's sphere and woman's rights. For he is a shallow thinker indeed who fails to see that the conflict of woman is one of the most important battles which the modern progressive spirit is waging for justice and that broader freedom which makes for true civilization. During the age of chivalry, and for many succeeding generations, the position of woman was that of a drudge or a pet. She either was subject to her lord and master in all things, or, being held by ties other than those of law, she enjoyed a degree of independence unknown to the wife; but this position was fatal to her moral nature. I do not mean to imply that husbands were brutes, or that women were slaves in the sense that they were slaves at an earlier period in man's history. In many cases they were happy; as, for example, the women in the family of Sir Thomas More. But the position of woman as a class was



Photographed at the Ritz Studio, Boston.

MISS LAURA LEE in street costume.
Modified Syrian.



Photographed at the Ritz Studio, Boston.

HATTIE C. FLOWER. Bicycle costume. Side view.

that of utter dependence on man. Practically, there were but three gates open to her; and yet her slavery was of the most hopeless kind, because man assumed to be her champion and protector. He cajoled her in song and story, and, to a certain extent, brought her under his will by unconscious suggestion. In a word, she came to take ideas from him, to be the echo of his thought, to abhor what he termed unwomanly. Then, again, and perhaps still more fatal to a mind so long trained to be the vassal of another, stood the authority of religion. The inspiration of the Bible was unquestioned in conventional parlance, however much it was disregarded in actual life. The great majority gave unquali-

fied assent to the doctrine of verbal infallibility; and on the subject of woman and her sphere, Paul, reflecting the dominant Greek thought of his time, had spoken in no uncertain terms. Thus conservatism, custom, and religion frowned on woman's freedom, and contested every step taken toward a larger life. The authority of religion, labored argument, and ridicule were thrown before her pathway.

At length the hour came when she began to think more deeply upon her condition, and what it meant to self and to posterity. Great, vague longings filled her soul. It may have been more the result of her fine intuition than through process of pure reasoning, but at length she came to feel that she must have some other pathway to tread than those then open to her. The convent was repulsive to young life. Wifehood, in many instances of which she was cognizant, represented a condition of moral degradation protected by law. This was to her fine, intuitive nature only little less revolting than the other alternative. She felt that her condition demanded broader freedom, that she might give the world a nobler race of men and women. She was living in a growing world, and she caught the spirit of the new day. The spread of knowledge, the changes of revolutions, and the progress of civilization aided her. She demanded higher education; and in spite of the savage opposition which declared that it would destroy her health and tend to destroy public morals, she succeeded. She demanded positions



Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.
MISS CHRISTINE BROWN.
Bicycle costume. Side view.



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MISS CHRISTINE BROWN.
Bicycle costume. Front view.

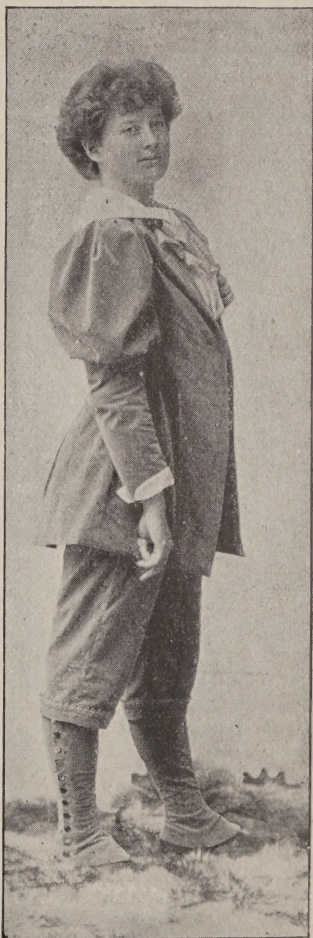
as teachers. She fought and won the battle for admission to medical and law schools, and she turned her eyes in other directions. At every step she met opposition, but at every gate she won admittance. Even marvellous as it might seem, the door of the pulpit opened before her.

With the broadening horizon of life came the agitation for a rational dress. As long as woman was a toy and the child of man's caprice, she accepted the dictates of fashion as she accepted the praise or blame of her lord. When, however, she became something of an independent thinker, it occurred to her that, instead of being the slave of the cupidity and caprice of man, and willingly lending herself to a bondage which flagrantly disregarded art, comfort, health, and even life, and which entailed a curse upon the unborn, it was her duty to be true to common sense, even though it aroused anew the scorn of conventionalism. This led to the great struggle for independence when the bloomer came in vogue, — a garment ill chosen, but at the time when intro-

duced it is doubtful if any radical change in costume would have been more readily tolerated. The seeming defeat of the early movement was simply a repetition of the story of human progress. Before Jesus came the Voice crying in the wilderness; before Luther, John Huss was slain; before the rise of Protestantism in England, Cranmer and Latimer

fell. The agitation created by the magnificent protest of American womanhood against the degrading slavery to fashion educated the best brains among the children of that day. The succeeding years of fashionable folly only proved to thoughtful woman the greater necessity of demanding a freedom in dress commensurate with the freedom she had wrested for herself in other directions. She came more and more to see that as long as she remained the willing slave of fashion, she would be at a disadvantage in every vocation in life, and what was more, until she had vindicated her moral courage in regard to a problem which vitally affected her health and that of the unborn, she could not demand the supreme right of wife and mother which the dominant sex had denied her through the ages. Thus, again, the question of a rational dress has come to the front at the very moment when the fashion combines have decreed the return of the disgusting hoop-skirt which deformed women in the '60's.

The present crusade for rational dress is led by Lady Harberton in England, and the Dress Committee of the National Council of Women in America. In behalf of this new crusade such leading thinkers and noble women as Mrs. May Wright Sewell, president of the National Council of Women, Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, secretary of the National Council, Mrs. Frances E. Russell, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, Mrs. Frances M. Steele, Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, Octavia Bates, and scores of other prominent Americans have enlisted;



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MISS LAURA LEE in her ideal costume (without sash).

while in almost every city and town names have been sent in to the Dress Committee carrying pledges of thoughtful women who are ready to adopt a more rational dress than that presented by fashion.

The dress being worn by Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery* of

Philadelphia is known as the modified Syrian, and much resembles Miss Lee's *street* costume given in this paper. This is substantially the dress advocated by Lady Harberton in England, and Mrs. Frances E. Russell, chairman of the Dress Committee of the National Council of Women in America.

Many ladies have during the past year or two worn gymnasium suits and Syrian costumes during



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MISS LAURA LEE in her ideal costume.

* A photogravure of Mrs. Avery in her Syrian costume appears in the American edition of the *Review of Reviews* for April. The same issue contains an admirable sketch of Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller in her American costume, which is a short skirt reaching slightly below the knee, with leggins of the same material as skirt. It is an excellent costume for those preferring skirts to trousers. Mr. Shaw also gives excellent pictures of Lillian Wright Dean of Indianapolis, and of Mrs. Bertha Morris Smith in the costume which she wore at the Denver meeting of the W. C. T. U. These dresses are modifications of the American costume, and are attractive, although many ladies, who have tried both short skirts and the Syrian trousers, greatly prefer the latter, as they claim that with the skirt there is an uncomfortable feeling in sitting lest the skirt should work up, while with the Syrian trousers this is not present. Besides, for many women, there is a principle involved. They regard the skirt as a badge of servitude, as unfitted for active life, especially for street wear, and in business and professional life. They do not believe in a compromise which may degenerate into the adoption of the old dress. The war is on for a healthful freedom and a higher morality, and in the battle they are not in favor of compromise.

the morning hours in their homes. In this paper I give photogravures of some rational dresses now being worn by some ladies in Boston.* Miss Lee, who is a well-known young artist in this city, has worn her *morning* costume in her studio and at home for three years. During the past winter she wore the Syrian costume on the street under a cloak which came to the shoe-tops. The *bicycle* and *street* costume of Mrs. Flower is used whenever she bicycles and also at times upon the street.

It is believed that rational dress clubs will shortly be formed in the various cities and towns of the land, and that in this contest common sense and progress will triumph over health-destroying and inartistic fashion, which the caprice and cupidity of Paris has been in the habit of forcing upon America. The time has come for true Americans to assert their



Photographed at the Ritz Studio, Boston.

MISS CHRISTINE BROWN in street costume.

* The costumes of Miss Laura Lee were designed by herself. She has so accustomed herself to them, and regards them as so immensely superior to the old dress, that she is making all her new clothes after these models. The ideal costume is her favorite, as conforming to the requirements of health and comfort, and being less cumbersome than the Syrian, and also dressy. The house, street, and bicycle costumes of Miss Brown and Mrs. Flower are much enjoyed, being perfectly comfortable, and in a large degree filling the requirements for a rational dress.

Mrs. Flower's house or morning costumes are very similar to Miss Christine Brown's street costume, and are so arranged that she can remove the sash and don a sleeveless Grecian robe in less than a minute should occasion require. The Grecian also makes a graceful evening dress for home.

independence. The superb courage and contempt for the folly, extravagance, and waste of Europe which characterized our republic in her early days must be revived.

True, we cannot expect that the element of our society which is afflicted with Anglomania — the idle rich or the unthinking devotees of frivolity — will exhibit any of the



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MRS. HATTIE C. FLOWER in sleeveless Grecian robe.

This gives front view of Mrs. Flower's Grecian robe. It is sleeveless, and may be slipped over house costume and adjusted in less than a minute. It only requires fastening on one side of shoulder. The house costume is similar to Miss Brown's street costume.

sturdy moral vigor or common sense which made the infant republic the wonder and glory of the world; but when did this class favor or in any way aid any progressive step taken during our nation's magnificent history? They are, through their selfishness and intellectual inanity, incapable of appreciating the higher qualities of manhood and womanhood, and glory in aping the corrupt dilettanteism of the old world. But to thoughtful American women, who glory

in the great Republic, and who are proud of the name American, this movement will appeal with special force. Between the question whether they will continue to be camp followers in the wake of Parisian society or leaders in a movement which appeals to common sense and is in alignment with progress and sturdy morality, I do not believe they will falter.

The present movement is of supreme importance to woman in her progress toward a juster estate and a more wholesome freedom. Moreover, the women who are interested in this great reform are in no sense faddists. They are thoughtful and far-visioned. They see the wider bearing and deeper significance of the movement. They know that victory along this line must be accomplished before still grander conquests can be won. Therefore, with them, it is largely a religion. They expect more or less of the ridicule and some of the opposition which has sought to prevent every step taken by women in the magnificent progressive career of recent decades. They expect many women, who are merely echoes of echoes, and others who are the unthinking slaves of conventionalism or the willing bondmaids of fashion, to cry out against the innovation. It will only be a continuation of the protest made by these classes against the higher education for woman and the admission of woman to the medical profession, the pulpit, press, and bar.



Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.
MISS LAURA LEE.
Morning or studio costume.

*Time of Henry III.**Time of Louis XV.*

1802.



1873.

PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS AT VARIOUS PERIODS.

It seems to me that to the high-minded, clear-brained, and independent spirited American woman there would be something inexpressibly humiliating in her bondage to the fetich of fashion, which during the past thirty years has decreed all kinds of grotesque styles, many of them absurd, and all inartistic.

In the early '60's woman, regaled in fashionable attire, filled the sidewalk, a vast moving something, without grace, symmetry, or beauty. In the early '70's she masqueraded in the Grecian bend. In the later '70's she was compelled to wear the tie-backs, which hampered every step and rendered free locomotion absolutely impossible. In '86 she wore the pull-backs, and in '91 and '92 the street-cleaners. A few years ago her sleeves were so tight that circulation was seriously retarded; now the sleeves are about twice as large round as her corset-bound waist.

One thing is noticeable as we trace the vagaries of fashion through the past thirty years: Every principle of art and beauty has been systematically outraged; the requirements of health have been persistently ignored; often the very life of the mother and her unborn babe has been jeopardized by the absurd caprice of the Parisian fashion-maker. Moreover, styles which have yielded comfort, and conformed to reason and common sense, have been conspicuous by their absence



Photographed at the Ritz Studio, Boston.

MISS LAURA LEE in street costume.

This costume is made of light gray serge. The leggins are of same color.



MRS. W. D. McCrackan in Turkish costume.

This costume was worn by Mrs. McCrackan at a ball given by the Governor of Algiers.

in magazines devoted to French styles.

For generations the woman of fashion has been a slave to the cupidity of the shrewd and unscrupulous, and the caprice of the shallow and frivolous.

Now the common sense of the leading women in the National Council is displayed in the brave stand taken for freedom. It is an appropriate occasion. We are approaching the meridian of the century of Columbus. We are this year celebrating the discovery of the New World. And now, for the first time in the world's history, woman is accorded the right of demonstrating her

marvellous achievements and attainments in the manifold fields of science, literature, art, and utility. This is an epoch-marking year for women, and American women are in the van. How appropriate is the time for casting aside the bondage of fashion and adopting such attire as common sense and the individual judgment may suggest. For shopping and street wear, as well as for the bicycle, the Syrian costume is desirable. For morning wear the Syrian or modified gymnasium costumes are eminently suitable. For evening wear, what is more graceful or appropriate than a Grecian robe? But it is not the purpose of the friends of dress reform to lay down any hard and fast lines as to special styles. They demand *freedom in dress* in the name of health, comfort, and common sense.

There is at the present time wonderful activity in the brain of the world. It is doubtful if since the Renaissance the thought waves of civilization have been so profoundly agitated as to-day. On every hand is unrest, on every side a reaching outward and upward. The heart hunger of the present is at once the most profoundly pathetic and tremendously inspiring sign of our times. Moreover, men and women everywhere are adjusting anew their mental vision; and what is very significant, woman is recognized in the very van of the new civilization. The splendid victories won in her conflict for a broader life are already bearing rich fruits. The age of woman is dawning, but not until she is free from the fetters of conventionalism and fashion will she rise to the dignity of her true estate. Freedom along these lines must precede a proper recognition of the sanctity of wifehood and that high reverence for motherhood which will mark the next decisive step in humanity's advance. As long as woman sacrifices her health,



Photographed at the Ritz Studio, Boston.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

Bicycle costume. Front view



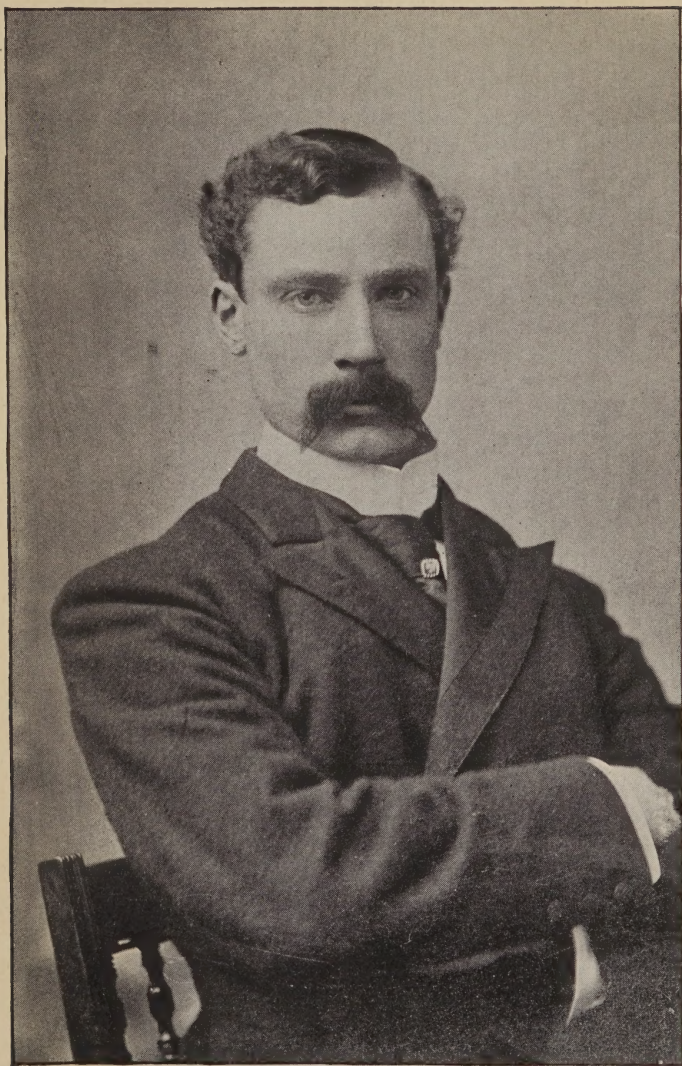
Photographed by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.
Sleeveless Grecian robe. Back view.

and recklessly curses the unborn by a slavish worship of fashion, she cannot demand and receive that recognition of her sacred rights which she must demand before we have a well-born race welcomed into the world amid pure and loving environment. I repeat, the question of freedom in dress is of far greater significance than appears on the surface. It is a part of one of the most momentous issues which society has yet to confront — a question which must be settled before the highest morality will prevail.

Of the ultimate outcome of the present movement I have no doubt, if those women who appreciate its importance will be true to their convictions, and evince that moral courage which has been re-

quired by leaders and pioneers in every progressive and reformatory step taken by humanity during her long, halting march from savagery toward an ideal civilization.



Ever yours Colson Kernahan

THE ARENA.

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JULY, 1893.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

BY W. D. MCCRACKAN, A. M.

It is astonishing to find how quickly internal evils vitiate the foreign policy of a nation. Of course history teaches this lesson plainly enough, but there is something terribly impressive in watching the process gradually unfold itself in the present day, and at home.

Unless the signs are very misleading, the United States is initiating a foreign policy which will soon reflect our worst national characteristics.

Every special privilege within a nation creates its counterpart in foreign relations. Observe the effect of that most glaring and self-evident of special privileges — a protective tariff. Under the plea of helping native industries, protection merely perpetuates bogus international hatreds. It destroys the brotherhood of nations. It brings estrangements, jealousies, imputations of evil motives, and misunderstandings without end. Worse than all, war, or the fear of war, always goes hand in hand with commercial restrictions, the two forces reacting upon one another, and driving each other to further absurdities or more shameless excesses.

Soldiers and custom-house officers everywhere act in partnership; their sentry boxes stand side by side for purposes of spoliation.

When a spirit of Jingoism has been aroused, the most elementary principles of ethics are set aside. What holds good

in the relations between persons, is declared out of place in international intercourse. The monstrous proposition is applauded, that it is lawful for one nation to rob another.

From attempting to protect a country against the importation of goods, to protecting it against labor, is but a step. First, no laborers are allowed to land who come here under contract; then, when that does not suffice, a whole class of resident workingmen are marked for deportation, because their competition becomes irksome.

This spirit of national greed has already produced a brace of abominations—the McKinley bill and the Geary law. Heaven only knows to what lower depths of infamy it may drive us before it can be allayed!

Politicians take advantage of the popular demand to establish what they like to call a vigorous foreign policy. In our case this means the building up of a navy. But notice the vicious circle in which this process has moved.

By means of protective tariffs we first carefully legislated our merchant marine from the seas. In the meantime the treasury became burdened with a surplus, derived from this excessive taxation. Then these same funds were used to construct men-of-war, which have no legitimate function to perform, because the protective tariffs which called them into being also swept away the merchant marine.

We already possess a fleet of fine new ships, and can hold impressive naval parades. Of course ships must find something to do; in fact, the more numerous they become, the stronger does this necessity grow. They must justify their existence. Therefore they hover about wherever a disturbance arises, under the plea of protecting American interests that either do not exist or are not threatened. In the Chilean affair the American navy, whether intentionally or not, was made to favor the cause of tyranny against popular rights. Under these circumstances the attack of a mob upon our sailors was to be expected.

But the navy must also have coaling stations. They have become indispensable in the conduct of modern naval warfare. And so our government intrigues for their possession in Hayti and Hawaii. Annexation is the next step, and an era of conquest must inevitably follow in its wake. Another ten or twenty years of this much-vaunted building up of the navy, and we shall have a train of mean little wars to our

credit. The United States will figure as the bully of the western hemisphere.

Another special privilege which exerts a degrading influence upon our foreign policy is the spoils system. This fills our foreign embassies and consulates with poor material, and exposes the country to complications. Minister Egan is an evil product of the spoils system and of "catering to the Irish vote," as it is called.

But there is one great special privilege which, in its enormity, overshadows all others.

Although the United States is a vast country, its natural opportunities are for the most part already pre-empted, or owned, as we say. This does not mean that they are all actually in use. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that our undeveloped resources are far greater than those now being worked. It has been calculated that there is really no necessity for any one to live west of the Mississippi. But the supply of desirable *free* land is exhausted, and that of *cheap* land so far reduced, that it can already be manipulated by monopolizing or speculating agencies. Land being a fixed quantity, it follows that every child born in the United States, and every immigrant landing upon these shores, increases the demand and enriches the land owners. The question is one merely of supply and demand.

As soon as natural opportunities are monopolized at home, the search for others begins abroad. Citizens of the United States are already beginning to develop numerous enterprises throughout the western hemisphere and in other parts of the world. The special privilege of private property in land, of holding natural opportunities out of use for speculative purposes, is already driving Americans to use the resources of other countries, long before there is any need. Americans are founding vested interests under foreign flags; and thus a foreign policy is born. Not only that, but some of the principal land owners in the United States are foreign capitalists. They are monopolizing our natural opportunities, enslaving our citizens under the name of tenants, and driving others to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

Fortunately for our national reputation, the United States, on a notable occasion, set an example to the world which will never be forgotten. The settlement of the Alabama Claims by international arbitration gave a wonderful moral

impulse to the cause of peace. It will probably be cited by future historians as marking the first step in the federation of the nations. In the same way, the reference of the Bering Sea question to arbitration is a hopeful sign.

And yet much remains to be done, if the United States is to take the position of peacemaker, which properly belongs to it in the western hemisphere. Pan-American Congresses that end in spurious reciprocity treaties, will not accomplish anything durable. Nothing but absolute freedom of trade, an entire confidence in our disinterestedness, and an unquestioned equality of position will suffice to bring together the American nations of the North, Centre, and South in the bond of brotherhood.

That which the United States is destined to accomplish some day for the western hemisphere, little Switzerland is already in a measure fulfilling for the eastern.

Indeed, no more suitable country could have been found by the Great Powers for the discussion and safe-guarding of common interests. Switzerland lies in the centre of Europe; she cannot be suspected of harboring desire for conquest; her neutrality is guaranteed; her institutions are remarkably stable; and she embraces in her federal bond the Germanic and Latin races alike.

The movement which has resulted in making Switzerland the repository of international arbitration was inaugurated in 1864 by the memorable convention for the protection of the wounded, held in Geneva. Soon after that, Bern, the capital, was selected for the permanent administration of the International Telegraph Union. In 1871 followed the settlement of the Alabama Claims in Geneva. Gradually a number of other central offices have been established at Bern, such as those for the Postal Union, for the regulation of freight transport upon the continent, and for the protection of industrial, literary, and artistic property. At present, no less than nine international unions maintain permanent offices in the miniature capital, and many more transact occasional business there.

The United States is in a position to hold the banner of peace with a firmer hand than it has ever been held before. Our men-of-war ought, therefore, to be a cause of shame, rather than congratulation, to ourselves. What need have we to ape the old world in its insane armaments?

The truth is, the citizens of the United States have not kept their promises to the mother countries from which they came. An advance has been made, it is true, on certain lines; but the fundamental problems are still as unsettled here as in Europe.

We proclaimed the right of all men to an equal opportunity in life—and we have allowed a plutocracy to grow up in our midst, whose existence is maintained by special privilege, and whose extravagances can only be likened to those of imperial Rome. We professed to have done with the insignia of aristocracies—and our cities are already full of local titles, our women are already known as the most assiduous tuft hunters in the courts of Europe. We promised the individual man greater freedom than the world had yet been able to afford—and we have deliberately deprived every American citizen of the most elementary of liberties, the freedom of trade. We held out the hope of rearing a state whose foreign intercourse should be regulated by the code of justice—and we are building armored ships, in order that we may the more readily meddle in the affairs of our neighbors.

We might succeed, by degrees, in making ourselves masters of the western hemisphere. The task would not be so very difficult, considering the mutual jealousies and proverbial instability of the southern republics. But it is just as well to understand what that would mean. The end of such a movement would find the United States solidified into a military state, with an emperor at Washington; for no republic has ever survived the test of extended foreign conquests.

As for the rest, mere international questions are destined to be completely dwarfed by great economic and social problems. When once the proletariat of the nations realize that their interests are identical, irrespective of nationality, that their common enemies are the monstrous systems of taxation, which make it possible for plutocracies to prey upon them—then they will no longer consent to fight against each other. With one accord, they will turn against the evils of the monopolization of land, with its attended train of crowded slums and farms banished into the wilderness. Protective tariffs, subsidies, and all special privileges will then go the way of other mediæval survivals, passing from the files of modern legislation into the text books of ancient history, to serve as

terrible examples to the children in the schools. A few more years of this iniquitous industrial system, and the solidarity of the human race, so long acknowledged in vain by the best thinkers of all ages, will be proclaimed once for all.

In that day, diplomacy, which has too long played at chess with the nations, will become a lost art; while the monarchs who may still be reigning when these changes take place, will fall from their genealogical trees like over-ripe apples.

As soon as all men possess an equal right to the earth, the greed of conquest will vanish for lack of cause. It will then become a matter of indifference whether Alsace-Lorraine belongs to Germany or France, Trieste and Trentino to Austria or Italy, Constantinople to England or Russia, and Canada to the mother country or to the United States — for the federation of the world will have begun.

BIMETALLIC PARITY UNDER A GOLD STANDARD.

BY C. VINCENT.

IN the April *Forum* is an article by a Spanish gentleman, Mr. Jose F. de Navarro, under the above caption, in which the distinguished broker has made a proposition so manifestly unfair, and in support of his position has quoted imaginary statistics and suppositive law to such an extent, that I deemed it proper to seek space for a reply through the same medium in which his letter appeared. Accordingly, I addressed the following letter to the *Forum*:—

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 11, 1893.

Forum Publishing Co., New York City, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: I have been an interested reader of your magazine for some time, and am now a subscriber. Having followed with great interest the various expressions relative to the financial question, it is only natural that I should turn at once to peruse the articles on that subject as soon as the magazine arrives. It is extremely improbable that you have ever heard of me. I am only one of the millions in this country, and have not the egotism to think that even fifteen years of active participation in public affairs should entitle me to recognition. I have not held, nor do I seek, an official position, but content myself with doing what I can to promulgate those ideas which seem to me best adapted to insure the present and future welfare of our country. Actuated by these motives, I desire to know whether or not a reply to the article by Mr. Jose F. de Navarro would be accepted by you. If you desire such from me, I will endeavor to authenticate my statements by reference to the documents quoted, so that the lack of confidence that might spring from my obscurity, would be in a measure compensated by the statements of well-known economists and statesmen. Trusting that the *Forum* may not be disposed to exclude one side of this question from its columns, I remain,

Sincerely yours, C. VINCENT.

Following is the courteous reply, declining to give any more space to this subject:—

THE FORUM, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, }
Editor's Room, April 17, 1893. }

Mr. C. Vincent, Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR SIR: I am heartily obliged to you for your kind offer to write a reply to Mr. de Navarro's article in the last number of the

Forum, and I should be very glad indeed to receive it, but for the fact, that we have now given so much space to the discussion of various aspects of the silver and coinage question, that we are obliged to give our space henceforth to other topics.

With sincere thanks, Very truly yours, WALTER H. PAGE.

This, in brief, is my only apology for presenting to ARENA readers, a review of what has appeared in another magazine. In addition to the above correspondence, I addressed, on April 4, a series of questions to the writer of the article, with the intent to draw him out touching the authenticity of the statistics quoted by him. He has so far preserved a discreet silence, not even acknowledging the receipt of my inquiries. Mr. de Navarro thus states his position and plans:—

The United States legal-tender silver notes now in circulation are payable on demand at all the sub-treasuries, either in gold or silver coin, at the option of the government. The secretary of the treasury is recommended in the act to pay them in gold as long as he thinks it prudent, and he has always done so; but since he began, the price of silver has been steadily going down, — from about 94 cents to 64 cents for the standard silver dollar, — and the people realize that the secretary will be compelled soon to pay them in silver in order to keep the gold in the treasury. Now my remedy is *simply to amend this act of July 14, 1890, by adding that when paid in silver the notes shall be paid on a gold basis, reckoning the silver at the government's gold price on the day of payment, as fixed by a commission to be appointed under the act.*

In the perfecting of his plan the commission would be chosen as follows:—

One to be selected by the New York Chamber of Commerce, one by the New York Banks' Clearing House, and one by the New York Stock Exchange, acceptable to the government, with power in the majority; the commissioners to meet every day at the New York sub-treasury, after business hours, to determine then and there, after reviewing the day's transactions in silver in this and London markets, what shall be the government price for the next day for the redemption of the silver notes, and what amount of silver shall be purchased, if any, to replace the silver paid out in redemption of notes.

This plan is so atrocious that it is almost passing belief that a man could be found to advance the idea, or a reputable magazine to give it to the public. Is no person in the United States worthy of consideration except representatives of the three great financial guilds or combinations of New York City? Is the entire financial wisdom of this age found embalmed in the conservatism of Wall Street and its coad-

jutors, Lombard and Threadneedle Streets? Is it wise to provide that the financial kings, the bullion brokers, the railroad wreckers on the Stock Exchange, the oil princes and pork monarchs that do there congregate, may be placed in daily communication with their associates in London at government expense? Once let this policy be adopted, and during a single congressional recess, and before means could be provided to prevent it, this combination of all the agencies that war against the producers of the world, would have effectually "appropriated" everything in the treasury and left the government hampered so that it would require many years to recover, if indeed the country should ever be able to overcome the baleful effects of such an administration. As a warrant for the disingenuous proposition, Mr. de Navarro says that the secretary is "recommended in the act" to pay the notes in gold. Here is produced an extract from the law, in order that the reader may not be left in the dark on this subject. After directing the monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion, the law continues:—

And to issue in payment for such purchases of silver bullion, treasury notes of the United States to be prepared by the secretary of the treasury. . . .

SEC. 2. That the treasury notes issued in accordance with the provisions of this act shall be redeemable on demand in coin at the treasury of the United States, or at the office of any assistant treasurer of the United States. . . . The secretary of the treasury shall, under such regulations as he may prescribe, redeem such notes in gold or silver coin at his discretion, it being the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio or such ratio as may be prescribed by law.

It is evident that the "Spanish member of the New York Chamber of Commerce" has drawn upon his imagination for his facts, and his wishes for his law.

I quote again from his *Forum* article:—

The government has paid, from 1878 to the end of December, 1892, for silver, \$424,810,495, and has issued \$450,529,127 of notes; and by depreciation the value of this silver has been reduced to \$353,142,880, causing a loss of \$71,667,615 to the country. The \$353,142,880 should then have been kept in the treasury permanently as a basis of government notes. Of the 361,508,508 silver dollars coined since 1878, only 6,454,459 were in circulation.

It appears that Mr. de Navarro has again drawn upon his imagination for his facts; for in the "Statistical Abstract" for 1892, Table XIV., we find that since 1880 there has never

been less than 20,000,000 silver dollars in actual circulation; and for the past year 56,817,462 is the recorded number. Further, I cannot agree with the gentleman when he says that in the coinage of silver, and through the depreciation of that metal, there has been a loss of over \$71,000,000. There is only one condition that could occur to make such a loss, and that is, if the government should melt all the silver dollars into bullion and sell it at the prevailing market price; but while it remains in the form of "dollars," it is impossible for the government or for any individual to lose \$71,000,000, or any part of that sum, by any fluctuation in the price of bullion. Mr. de Navarro adds:—

Remember that the treasury has received a gold dollar's worth of silver for every dollar represented by these notes, and is so receiving now. Should circumstances compel the secretary to pay this dollar note with a silver dollar, according to law, the government would be actually compounding this part of its debt at 64 cents on the dollar. The thing is so monstrous that I do not believe that any secretary of the treasury of this government will ever pay them in silver until all the gold in the treasury, save only that represented by gold certificates, is totally exhausted—then the law becomes mandatory.

The "Spanish member of the New York Chamber of Commerce" grows indignant at the idea of paying in silver a note that was issued in the purchase of silver. His fury amounts almost to a paroxysm of rage at the thought that it would be possible for him not to be able to convert his silver into gold, by the simple process of selling silver for notes, and having the notes converted into gold in an adjacent room. If it be permissible to say that "The treasury has received a gold dollar's worth of silver for every dollar represented by these notes," etc., it is also permissible to say that the treasury has received a silver dollar's worth of silver for every dollar represented by these notes, for the notes are redeemable in gold *or* silver; and no "recommendation" is contained in the law to give a preference in the redemption. If two \$10 notes issued in the purchase of silver bullion are redeemed, one with ten silver dollars, and the other with a gold eagle, the silver dollars will pay as much of Mr. de Navarro's hotel bill or club dues as will the gold eagle, and no portion of the government's debt has been "compounded at 64 cents on the dollar." It is only twenty years since the value of the bullion in the ten silver dollars was worth 30 cents more than the bullion in a gold eagle. If, by the

mutability of trade, this condition should occur again in the near future, would it be "monstrous" for the government to continue its present practice; or would a high moral standard require it to reverse its policy?

Scarcely had the ink dried upon the paper expressing the Spanish gentleman's choler, when he forgot the high moral plane which he would have us understand he occupied, and he suggested that the government go on issuing the notes without purchasing the bullion till it had continued at the present rate for six years longer, or till the silver on hand amounted to 50 cents on the dollar of the notes outstanding. This course would soon enable the gentleman and his associates in the three favored New York jontos above referred to, to make a "run" on the treasury and deplete it, not only of its gold, but also of its silver, and then *compel* the government to issue or sell bonds to maintain the redemption of its paper. Is there anything "monstrous" in such a proposition?

The next statement of this Spanish gentleman is that we have about \$34 per capita of money in the United States. The statement is so misleading, not to say false, that no politician has ever had the effrontery to go before his friends—excited by the enmities and sympathies of a campaign into a mood to accept his utterances as unquestioned fact—and claim such a per capita circulation for the United States. In order to arrive at such a result, it would be necessary to count all the gold (coin and bullion) and silver (coin and bullion), as well as all the gold and silver certificates issued on the above coin and bullion, all the greenbacks, all the national bank notes, all the currency certificates, all the coin treasury notes, and all the subsidiary coin *both in and out* of the treasury. The treasury officials do not claim a circulation above \$24.44 per capita; but here we have a reputable magazine permitting the "Spanish" member of the New York Chamber of Commerce to promulgate such false and utterly misleading ideas, and refusing space in its columns for a reply to the uncandid proposition. The gentleman further places the circulation of other countries as follows (with the example above of his statistical acumen, we should doubt his statements if they were not corroborated from other sources):—

From \$22 in the monometallic, ultra-conservative England (with a clamor for more), to \$39 in the bimetallic, cautious, but enterprising Holland, and still higher to \$55 in the bimetallic, industrious, and economical France; and although not due to the volume of the cur-

rency, the latter's prosperity is such that her wealth equals now that of the United Kingdom, besides being better distributed.

Here is an admission that France, with \$55 per capita, is "the most prosperous among civilized nations, though in the same breath is a denial that the volume of the currency is the cause of the prosperity. The gentleman should not have left us in ignorance as to the cause of the much to be desired prosperity. That is the thing above all others to be sought for; and if he is in possession of the key, he should by all means give us the open *sesame*."

Before leaving this subject, let us glance briefly at some causes that will reduce the *available* circulation considerably below \$24.44 per capita. The national banks hold \$571,000,000 as a reserve fund for the security of \$2,022,500,000 of deposits. (Statistical Abstract for 1892, p. 34.) The 1,059 savings banks have on hand deposits of \$1,758,329,618 (Statistical Abstract, p. 41); and if only 15 per cent of this sum is in a "reserve fund," it will be about \$263,000,000, which, added to the above national bank reserve, makes the "reserve fund" in these two classes of banks \$834,000,000, or more than one half of the circulation as classified by the treasury department. This statement of the reserve does not include the amount held by the other 3,594 state and private banks to secure the deposits of \$780,927,081. (Tribune Almanac, 1891, p. 118; in Money Question, p. 19.) It thus appears that the debts of this one class alone — bank deposits, due on demand — aggregate the appalling sum of \$4,500,000,000 (\$4,561,756,699), while the entire amount of debt-paying medium of all descriptions is only about one third that sum (\$1,601,347,187). (Statistical Abstract, p. 30.)

The estimated increase of population is 1,200,000 per year; and if the per capita circulation is to keep pace, it will call for an increase of \$2,400,000 per month, on the basis of the treasury estimates. Shall we depend upon the capricious fortune of mining ventures to supply this demand; or, through the combined effects of failing mines and increasing population, shall we steadily travel the road passed by civilization, from the noontide splendor of the Cæsarion period to the Stygian blackness of the Dark Ages? At the former period the coin circulation was \$1,800,000,000, while at the latter it was reduced to \$200,000,000 (Report of Monetary Commission, p. 49); and the world emerged from the awful

chaos of that time, only by the substitution of paper for coin (see History of the Banks of Venice, Genoa, and Amsterdam, in Colwell's "Ways and Means of Payment"), and the subsequent discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru.

I wish here to state a fact and ask a question. In 1873, just prior to the passage of the law demonetizing silver, the bullion value of the silver dollar was \$1.03, or silver sold at \$1.32 per ounce. If the demonetization had never taken place, with the mints open to free coinage, would silver ever have fallen below \$1.29 per ounce? To answer this question, let us suppose A lives across the street from the mint at Philadelphia. He has just received, as a profit on some mining stock, 1,000 ounces of silver bullion. Suppose the mints are open to free coinage of silver as well as of gold. B comes to A's place of business, desiring to purchase the entire 1,000 ounces of bullion, and offers \$1.28 an ounce. A refuses the offer, and takes his bullion across the street to the mint, and receives for it 1,290 silver dollars, or \$1.29 per ounce. This simple transaction shows that *the cost of transporting the bullion to the mint from a given point measures the discount from \$1.29 per ounce at that point*. The above question is therefore answered in the negative. In further support of this view, permit me to quote from the "Report of the International Monetary Conference," held at Paris in 1878. Mr. Goschen, delegate from Great Britain, says (p. 205):—

I have spoken against the theory of those economists who argue that the gold standard should be everywhere introduced; I have stated that I saw in it great inconvenience, great danger, and even great disaster. To that opinion I decidedly adhere. I believe it would be a misfortune for the world if a propaganda for a sole gold standard should succeed.

The following quotations are from the body of the above report, which is signed by all the eminent American commissioners, Reuben E. Fenton, William S. Groesbeck, Francis A. Walker, and S. Dana Horton:—

We conceive that there can hardly be dissent from the proposition that it would be both a political wrong and an economic injury of the gravest character to adopt a monetary policy which should increase the pressure of debts by diminishing the amount of the precious metals in which they may be paid. With the enormous public debts of Europe and America, amounting to not less than \$20,000,000,000, contracted at a time when silver formed an important part of the monetary circulation, the project to reduce that metal to the rank of

Token Money, allowing it to remain in Europe and America only as small change of retail trade, and banishing the residue of the accumulated stock to India and the East, is one which might well arouse the liveliest apprehensions of public disaster (p. 207).

From so much of the second proposition (submitted by a majority of the European delegates) as assigns as a special reason for at present restricting the coinage of silver, "that the disturbance during the recent years in the silver market has differently affected the monetary situation in the various countries," they respectfully dissent, believing that a policy of action would remove the disturbance that produced these inequalities (p. 215).

In the final session of that conference, Aug. 29, 1878, Count Rusconi, in his vigorous protest against the impotence of the response made by the majority of the European delegates, said (p. 165):—

1. That by the adoption of the formula proposed, the conference does not respond to the question which was put to it, and that in systematically avoiding to pronounce itself upon the possibility or impossibility of a fixed relation, to be established by way of international treaty, between coins of gold and of silver, it leaves its task unfinished.

2. That since the French law established such a relation between the two metals, the oscillations of their relative value had been without importance, *whatever had been the production of the mines*.

3. That consequently, *a fortiori*, if the law of France had been alone able to accomplish the result, the day when France, England, and the United States, by international legislation, should agree to establish together the relation of value of the two metals, this relation would be established upon a basis so solid as to become unshakable.

In July, 1876, "The Society of the Netherlands for the Promotion of Industry" presented, through its president, A. Vrolik, an address to the king, from which I extract a few lines (*ibid.*, p. 187):—

The changes which have taken place in the monetary legislation of several countries appear to us to be the principal cause of the depreciation of silver, and a cause which is of a permanent character. But now that the cause of the evil is ascertained, the remedy seems to us not difficult to discover. If all civilized countries were to reopen their mints to silver, the same result would follow which formerly attended the increased production of gold, and the value of silver would resume an upward tendency.

In confirmation of the opinions stated above, and which have been likewise expressed by scores of the ablest of statesmen on both sides of the ocean during the past thirty years, I produce here a portion of a table taken from the Statistical Abstract for 1892, published by authority of the

United States Treasury Department, showing the constant and rapid downward tendency of prices of agricultural products, whose cost is but little affected by the introduction of machinery, since the date of adverse silver legislation, "diminishing the amount of the precious metals in which debts may be paid."

AVERAGE EXPORT PRICES FOR THE YEARS NAMED.

	Corn. Bu.	Wheat. Bu.	Wheat Bu.	Flour. Bbl.	Cotton. Lb.	Lard. Lb.	Butter. Lb.	Cheese. Lb.	Eggs. Doz.	Tobacco. Lb.	Wool. Medium. Lb.
	Dol.	Dol.	Dol.	Dol.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.	Cts.
¹ 1872	.695	1.47	1.240	7.11	19.3	10.1	19.4	11.7	20.3	10.3	80
¹ 1892	.55	1.03	.624	4.96	8.7	7.2	16.0	9.4	18.0	8.4	34

¹ Table 259, except as noted.

² Table 239, average in the country, not at seaboard.

³ Table 251.

The wheat crop of the United States in 1867 was 212,441,400 bushels, valued at \$421,796,460; in 1892, it was 515,949,000 bushels (nearly two and a half times the production of 1867), valued at \$322,111,881 — only about three fourths the aggregate value of the crop of 1867. (Statistical Abstract, Table 238). It will not avail to raise the cry of "over-production" as a cause for the low prices, for the aggregate crop was about the same in 1882 and 1884, while it was one-fifth larger in 1891, with an aggregate value of over \$513,000,000. Below is a statement compiled from the Statistical Abstract Tables, as indicated: —

	Aggregate Crop.	Home Value.	Public Debt. Millions.	Per Cent of Debt.	Per cent of public debt at 2d date, payable in crop of same date, with prices of 1st date.
¹ Wheat . 1867	212,441,400	\$421,796,460	² 2,678	15.7	
" . 1892	515,949,000	322,111,881	³ 1,588	20.3	64.5
⁴ Corn . . 1867	768,320,000	610,948,390	2,678	22.8	
" . . 1892	1,628,464,000	642,146,630	1,588	40.4	81.9
⁵ Potatoes 1867	97,783,000	89,276,830	2,678	3.3	
" . 1888	202,365,000	81,413,589	1,692	4.8	10.8
⁶ Hay . . 1867	26,277,000	372,864,670	2,678	13.9	
" . . 1888	46,643,094	408,499,565	1,692	24.2	39.1
⁷ Tobacco . 1867	313,724,000	41,283,431	2,678	1.5	
" . 1888	565,795,000	43,666,665	1,692	2.6	4.3
⁸ Cotton . 1870	3,114,592	303,600,000	2,480	12.2	
" . 1891	8,652,597	366,863,788	1,545	23.7	54.6

¹ Table 238.

² Table 5, issue of 1885.

³ Table 5.

⁴ Table 233.

⁵ Table 236.

⁶ Table 235.

⁷ Table 237.

⁸ Table 176.

NOTE. — The tables were not always complete for the years 1867 and 1892, but in all cases the statistics for nearest those years are used.

The above compilation from official statistics shows conclusively that if the policy be pursued of restricting the debt-paying medium (coin or paper, either or both) below the average increase of population or the demands of an increasing commerce, one of two things will certainly follow — either a wholesale confiscation of real estate and personal property to satisfy mortgages and bonds, or a wholesale repudiation of these debts. One can now see clearly why the capitalistic classes of Europe sent Ernest Seyd to this country in 1872, with a corruption fund of \$500,000, to secure the demonetization of silver, thus “diminishing the amount of the precious metals in which debts may be paid.”*

Will the De Navarros of the creditor class, representing less than 2 per cent of the people, continue to push their juggernaut car over the prostrate bodies of 98 per cent of the people? Will the 98 per cent permit it?

* See *Congressional Globe*, April 9, 1872, p. 2304; also the *Banker's Magazine* for August, 1873, quoted on p. 40 of “Whither Are We Drifting as a Nation?” by Freeman O. Willey; and the affidavit of Frederick A. Luchenbach, a distinguished manufacturer and financier of New York and Philadelphia, now residing in Denver, Col., recounting the confession of Ernest Seyd before his death.

REASON AT THE WORLD'S CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A DISCUSSION OF SALVATION AND THE
REIGN OF LAW.

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN.

PROPHETS have foretold and poets sung of a time when the spirit of brotherhood shall possess humanity as never before since the dawn of history. In our own century great progress has been made in the comparative study of religions. That prejudice which has inflamed the Christian with pride as a believer in the one true and God-inspired religion — all others being of satanic origin — is lifting like a mist, as enlightened thinkers and scholars disseminate the results of their studies. These leaders have found that all religions possess some truth; that no religion demonstrably embodies every teaching that man can ever need; and that beneath a variety of form, which deceives many, there is revealed substantial agreement upon some of the most vital principles, and the same deep yearning everywhere to comprehend more of God and what he demands of his children. Such conclusions have prepared the way for that unique spectacle, a Congress of Religions, which is to form one of the series of congresses connected with the Columbian Exposition.

Is there any hope for agreement between the representatives of the many faiths who will assemble at Chicago, any one of whom may burn with a zeal not one whit less sincere and consuming than that which will probably be manifested by some of the Christians? Good will result if there is nothing more than a frank statement of the teachings and claims of each religion. The reverent and dignified bearing and evident sincerity of the devotees of oriental faiths cannot but prove a wholesome object lesson to those Christians who, having practically forgotten that God "hath made of

one blood all nations of men," can see no possibility of a revelation of truth outside of the Hebrew Scriptures.

If, however, the right spirit prevails, and there is an attempt to penetrate to the essential unity which unprejudiced eyes discover beneath that variety which first strikes the casual observer, the only hope for harmony lies in the acceptance by all of some standard by which to separate the transient and local elements from those which are permanent and universal. Since each will maintain the superiority of the sacred books recognized by his own religion, this criterion can no more be the Bible than the Koran, but can be nothing other than reason. To show the power of this instrument, which is held in esteem by the enlightened of all races, in the treatment of religious problems, let us apply it to the doctrine of salvation, a doctrine which, from the nature of the case, is central in all faiths.

The question, "What shall I do to be saved?" is almost as old as man. The instant there came to one of our remote ancestors a perception of a Power outside of himself, which must be obeyed or placated, whose favor it was useful to have, and whose anger must be avoided, and when a conviction took possession of him that in any particular manner this Power could be made to smile upon him, that moment a plan of salvation had its birth. So persistent and omnipresent is a something in man's environment which causes him to ask this question, that in due time it arises spontaneously in every mind; and the great majority of the men who, in every age, have stood aloof from the sects of their time, have yet had — though many times unconscious of the fact — schemes of salvation of their own.

The proper development of our theme demands that we take the nature of the human mind as the point of departure. If we carefully reflect upon the subject, we shall find that all human aims can be resolved ultimately into an effort to experience certain emotional states and to avoid others. The intuitionist moralist speaks of the "approval of conscience" and of "remorse." Why do we seek the one and turn from the other, if not upon account of the emotional element involved in them? We may entertain the statement, "The wind blew east upon the 17th of last February," with complete emotional indifference, as a mere assertion of fact, out of all vital relation, so far as we can see, not only

to our own well-being, but to that of humanity; but the moment we pass to the consideration of our own acts, we no longer have the power to be indifferent, to cast out from the mind the emotional component of its states. This is equally true where the imperativeness of the "ought" has been removed as far as possible from the criterion of pleasure and pain. Still, it is a certain *satisfaction* — an affair of the emotional nature — which results from the conformity of motives and acts to perceived moral law, that wins us to obedience.

The mistake of the intuitionist lies in unduly separating *in thought* what is inseparable in fact. It is a part of the sane order of the moral universe that, sooner or later, right acts invariably yield satisfactory emotional states corresponding thereto. The reason why, as is sometimes said, happiness must not be the aim of man — and this must be interpreted *immediate* aim — is that the relation between right acts and an emotional element contributing to happiness being that of cause to effect, the mind must be occupied with a consideration of what motives are right and with the effort to work them out in conduct, since, in the end, success in these attempts automatically yields its quota of happiness. We find here a hint as to the manner in which evolutionary and intuitionist ethics may be reconciled.

The power of the appeal of religious teachers rests in the claim that the emotional quality of the future life depends upon definite conditions, a knowledge of which they can impart to their followers. The bliss of heaven and the agony of hell have been chiefly dwelt upon. Without defining the qualities, intensities, and combinations of emotions, which may be held by the most divergent theologians to constitute the state of being saved, all definitions of this state must locate it in the realm of the emotions; whence what is true of the emotions *as such* must be true of these states.

If, starting with a clean slate, we ask reason to set down its analysis of the problem of salvation, we shall find it to run thus: It is because man is a sensitive, an emotional being, that, stung by pain, and consoled or exalted by satisfactions, he wills to do those things which his intellect commends as fitted to enable him to avoid the one and obtain the other. The motive for the will to act is strong in proportion as an individual has confidence that the way pointed out by the intellect will secure the end desired. If this confidence be

slight, the motive will be weak and the volition feeble or wholly lacking. There is but one thing which, inseparably bound up in the nature of things, can furnish that confidence which alone can stimulate the will to act, and that is an abiding faith that all of the emotional factors which go to make up the desired state of salvation are integral parts of a universe dominated by law, in which the desired emotions are effects of previous causes, which causes, in turn, the human mind is competent to discover, and which effects it has the power to determine by rightly-adapted acts. I have spoken of "an abiding faith"; it may with equal propriety be called a postulate, which reason must lay down as necessitated by the very conditions of the problem.

Let us consider this point. All emotional states are phenomena, and hence effects of preceding causes. If we deny this, we cut the nerve that stimulates the will and paralyze action; for confidence is a belief that a certain result will follow a proposed action. It is based primarily upon experience, but would not be thus given us without that uniformity of nature claimed by scientists, and which is conceded by religious leaders to govern in the material universe, but is mistakenly denied an application in the domain of theology, to which the problem of salvation belongs. But experience is only possible under certain conditions. Without a fixed relationship between antecedents and consequents, static, as in co-existences, or dynamic, as in sequences, there can be, strictly speaking, no experience, no knowledge whatever, or, if it be claimed that there can, it is worthless. In the case of gold, for example, we find certain qualities always bound up together—color, specific gravity, hardness, malleability, etc. If we assume color alone to be sufficient for identification, so that all substance having a characteristic color can safely be called gold, then, by hypothesis, if there be no constant relationship between this color and the qualities of the metal, one piece may sink in water while another floats; one may have the resisting power of steel, another of soap; one may possess the malleability essential for coining, and a thousand others may be fragile like glass. You may say, "All characteristically yellow-colored substance is all gold." True, but this is merely an identical proposition which, by hypothesis, *defines* gold, nothing more. The information amounts to nothing, since identification is of value

and can furnish the basis for inference solely when a fixed relation exists between qualities; so that when one or more are observed, we can depend upon the presence of others. Again, every formal act of deductive reasoning requires at least one universal premise. Unless, then, we can affirm or deny some predicate of the whole of a subject, it is impossible to form universal propositions. But this is out of the question without that fixed relationship between qualities already mentioned, since it is the fixedness of these relations *in things themselves* that suggests and justifies that comparison of terms which yields the propositions of logic.

What we have found to be essential in the case of co-existences, we shall find to be equally so when we turn to sequences. If, when I grasp an iron weight and suddenly relax my hold and jerk my hand entirely away from it, it sometimes falls to the ground, sometimes remains suspended in the air, and at others flies off in any one of innumerable directions, then manifestly, unless the weight is so linked in chains of cause and effect that it is possible for us to discover the conditions under which motion in a given direction will take place, prevision is impossible. What is true in this case is true in all; and in so far as we deny the dominance of the causal relation in any changes that occur in the universe, we debar ourselves from making inferences; and with the disappearance of the possibility of inference, of the reasoning process, there would vanish the possibility of experience, of confidence, of moral acts, and of the action of the will striving to reach ideal ends, and to attain salvation.

When in the domain of the moral and religious activities of men, there are but two alternatives, — that they are subject to law and that they are not subject to law, — and when the latter assumption carries with it such destructive consequences, rendering, if we but probe to the bottom, the teachings of the thousands of ministers of our own day, nay, of Jesus himself, as useless and inconsequent as the act of a dog in baying the moon, — when, I say we fully realize these consequences, we shall have no hesitation in affirming that all acts that make or mar those emotional states, held to constitute salvation, are governed by law. Strangely, as it will appear to many — though, as shown above, necessarily — the work of every minister, whatever be his sect, presupposes the reign of law. He will tell the inquirer to believe this,

do that, walk in a particular way, or follow a specified method in order to be saved. Unless, however, he be able to say definitely to some, "You are saved," he cannot make converts; and the only means he has of doing this, is by satisfying himself that the devotee fulfils certain conditions, and then, because all who fulfil those conditions are saved, *he* is saved. This is the logic of all proselyting. Whether the real conditions are known by the religious teacher, and the judgment as to their being satisfied in a particular instance is correct, are questions entirely distinct from the logical foundation upon which his labors rest. If, then, the attainment of those emotional states which constitute being saved is governed by law, it is thereby forever removed from the realm of magic! But many people who renounce magic, do not see with equal clearness that the schemes of salvation largely current lie within this domain.

It is not an uncommon thing for an exhorter to say, "Either Jesus was what he said he was or an impostor," thus overlooking a number of other obvious alternatives, as, for example, that Jesus might have been mistaken in his representation of himself, or that his disciples may have misunderstood him. However much these suppositions may contravene received opinions, unless it can be clearly proved that Jesus and his disciples were infallible, — which cannot be done, — it follows that these are real alternatives which cannot properly be neglected by one who would study the problem to find the truth, unfettered by those fatal but often unsuspected prepossessions which so frequently lead men along in the deeply-worn ruts of accepted beliefs and away from truth. Since the raw material of human nature, so to speak, was the same in Jesus as in other men, the latter are capable, potentially, of receiving the same influences from the material, social, spiritual, and divine environment which made Jesus what he was.

Now, in trade, when the merchant writes in his ledger "John Smith, Dr., to Merchandise, \$1,000," how do we interpret this entry? We say this is a memorandum of the credit given; the credit is intended to be a temporary matter, recording for reference and evidence, if necessary, the facts of the case. The expectation is that the account will be balanced at a time agreed upon by the payment of cash or an equivalent — for the time being, the entry stands in lieu

of cash. In somewhat the same way, authority is the substitute for knowledge, for that individual realization of a fact or truth which is supposed to reside in the person accepted as an authority. But the judicious merchant may not consent to give credit to Brown; he may know that the latter's resources do not justify it, or doubt his business capacity or his representations. So, not every man is to be accepted as an authority. The merchant knows that the buyer who is worthy of confidence will disclose enough relative to his affairs to justify him in granting the credit; while if there be any doubt as to his being "good," as an established principle, he refuses the credit or pushes his investigation far enough to satisfy himself that the transaction is a safe one. In a similar manner, then, those who invoke the authority of Jesus should first test that authority. If, under a critical examination, it breaks down, it is shown just to that extent not to have really been an authority, and our labors will have yielded valuable results. On the other hand, should our researches verify his teachings, the effect is, as it were, to substitute cash for credit, to perform for us the signal service of, to a greater or less extent, putting in place of the authority of a man those data and influences which humanity is capacitated to receive from its environment, thus reducing the extent of the mediatorship of authority, and acting upon conviction through a more intense realization, with a power which authority, from the very nature of the mind, cannot possess.

It will be claimed that the purpose of authority is to supply us with reliable knowledge, where either we are incompetent to discover the truth, or it would be inconvenient, if not impossible, for us to find it otherwise, and that, therefore, the proposal to test a man's authority by putting ourselves in his place, is tantamount to abolishing authority altogether as a factor in human life. But this view is erroneous. There may be a vast difference between both the extent and the depth of the knowledge of a man accepted as an authority, and one who tries to judge whether his word ought to be received or not. It is, indeed, desirable — with certain limitations with which we are not here concerned — to put ourselves in the place of an authority, that we may see things as he sees them. The verification which I contend is necessary extends, however, not to a

complete duplication of experience, so that one can say, "I see now that he *was* an authority, but as I now stand beside him, his authority can no longer aid me," — though, as a matter of fact, the faith which led to the attempt to verify, *did* give value to the authority, — but in the realm of religion, it lies in the application of the principles taught by an alleged authority to all that we know, to determine whether or not they are consistent with our fund of knowledge. For example, Jesus taught the law of love, told men to love their neighbors. Now, to verify this law, as one calculated to lead to good results in our lives, to test it up to the point which inspires faith in its beneficence, nay, even to reach the conviction that it is indispensable as a means in attaining high ends which all men will concede to be desirable, we have only to examine the consequences in cases where a spirit of love has dominated in conduct, and where it has not, to reach the conclusion that the law is true, that love must be the animating spirit of an harmonious society. Even if one's realization of the place and necessary operation of the law of love is, then, less intense than Jesus possessed, we see that it is possible to verify this teaching so that it comes to have a new and more powerful significance. It is a question as to whether the *tendency*, in view of all our knowledge, is in the right direction.

Whatever is of abiding value in religion, and universal in application, must be susceptible of being stated as a set of principles. Their number is not large, and a person unworped by false dogmatic teachings, and not too much swayed by his passions, will have but little difficulty in verifying the more important of them, by the expenditure of a moderate amount of time in reflection. In view of the preceding arguments going to show that the emotional elements which pertain to the state of salvation are governed by law, and what has just been said relative to the method of verifying religious teachings, it is obvious how grossly Peter erred when he said of Jesus (Acts iv., 12), "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." After we have more carefully tested the teachings of Jesus, and set aside, without hesitation, whatever seems to us false or doubtful, — perhaps to be again sifted at future intervals, — we may rationally express our belief that, without a recognition of the principles he taught,

and which we have verified, and the moulding of our lives to them, we cannot be saved — cannot enter a state of harmony. But to hinge salvation upon the *personality* of Jesus, and especially *solely* upon *his* personality, as the book of Acts reports Peter as having done, can only be accomplished by an argument which starts with a false assumption, and shuts its eyes to the facts of man's nature, and of the universe; for nowhere in human experience do we find instances of that transfer of righteousness from one person to another, which is implied in the current views of salvation.

The authority of Jesus rests upon the same principles as that of other men in all departments of thought. Periods in which there is an outpouring of the spirit upon the flesh *must* question; questioning tears off the swaddling clothes of infancy, and arrays the child in brighter garments which favor freedom of movement, and a higher development. As I interpret him, Jesus says to us: "I have placed before you what, from my point of view, are the vital principles of individual and social development. Fear not to test and to apply them in all of the relations of life. If they are true, every blow of the hammer will chip off the rust and cause the resisting metal beneath to be more clearly seen; if they are false, it is best that the blows should crush them. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.' Live in my spirit, live in my principles, live in love; and in proportion as you do these things, you shall live also in that kingdom of harmony which is within man. 'Prove all things.' 'The truth shall make you free.'"

If it be objected that the dependence advocated upon what reason affirms to be true, substitutes a shifting for a fixed authority, my answer is, that in strict truth there cannot be a fixed authority; that it is inconsistent with the nature of the human mind. Bring forward your final statement of religious truth uncompromised by the least admixture of ambiguity, and prove to me that it cannot be transcended, that what *for you now* is the highest reach of *your* reason must be identical with the loftiest stretch of human reason! Since, then, first, salvation is, nominally, a definable emotional state; second, all emotional states are governed by law; third, knowledge of law is knowledge of truth; fourth, solely by the use of reason can we discover truth;—we are forced to admit as a conclusion that there is an inseparable

relation between our knowledge of the truth and the degree to which we can be saved, whence he who would lead man to salvation must preach the gospel of reason, must point him, not alone to the truth that may happen to be in the Bible, nor yet in the sacred books of all nations, but to every manifestation of God in his universe. He must promise him blessings in proportion as he renders himself sensitive to the impressions which he is capacitated to receive from without, as he draws sound conclusions from all the data thus received, and uses his will to embody these conclusions in conduct.

The recognition of the truths laid down in this essay, and the sincere adoption of the scientific method in theology as the only legitimate one, go a great ways towards making that transition from ethnic to universal Christianity for which many are looking to-day. It is to the latter to which the term "Neo-Christianity" can wisely be applied,—albeit the word may have been used by others in a different sense,—to a Christianity of the spirit and not of the letter; a religion which welcomes the new revelations of our time, rejoices in the visions of prophetic souls, and eagerly adopts all teachings certified by reason which can be shown to relate to the welfare of humanity; it is to this that the vanguard of thinking Anglo-Saxons will look in the twentieth century to lead them forward another stage towards the realization of the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

Let us now pass beyond the bounds of Christianity, to which our discussion has been confined. As all rivers and streams lead at last to the one great ocean, so reason, which has the power to lift Christians above denominational fences, can raise Buddhist, Mohammedan, Parsee, Jew, and Christian into the higher atmosphere of universal truth. So long as Christianity and other great religions rest upon the personalities of semi-divine men, just so long will there be that strong partisanship which cries out, "Ours is the only God-man, and we will have no other." But when, conceding to these personalities all that can properly be demanded—and that is, indeed, much—and, placing them in our spiritual hierarchy according to our best estimate of their respective merits, we yet look behind them to the nature of God, of man, and the universe, for the verification of what we believe to be true, then, and not till then, can there be grounds for a reasonable expectation that the day of universal religion is

really at hand. There has been, in the so-called "heathen" lands, a too eager and intolerant proclamation of the superiority of Jesus; the false claim that without him, *as an individual*, there is no salvation; and the lack of candid recognition of the truth other races already possessed. When the dawn brightens into day, occident and orient, equator and poles will join hands in one religion, whose high priest will be Reason, and the great doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man will bless humanity, and unite all peoples in one harmonious family.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS: THEIR PAST, THEIR PRESENT, AND THEIR FUTURE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

VI.

SPECIFIC EVILS AND ABUSES IN FACTORY LIFE AND IN GENERAL TRADES.

Has civilization civilized? is the involuntary question, as one by one the fearful conditions hedging about workers on both sides of the sea, become apparent. At once, in any specific investigation we face abuses for which the system of production, rather than the employer, is often responsible, and for which science has as yet found either none or but a partial remedy. In England and on the Continent alike, work and torture become synonyms, and flesh and blood the cheapest of all nineteenth-century products. The best factory system swarms with problems yet unsolved. The worst, as it may be found in many a remote district of the Continent and even in England itself, is appalling in both daily fact and final result. It would seem at times as if the workshop meant only a form of preparation for the hospital, the workhouse, and the prison, since the workers therein become inoculated with trade diseases, mutilated by trade appliances, and corrupted by trade associates, till no healthy fibre, mental, moral, or physical, remains.

In the nail and chain making districts of England, Sundays are often abolished where these furnaces flame, and such rest as can be stolen comes on the cinder heaps. But these workers are few compared with the myriads who must battle with the most insidious and most potent of enemies, the dust of modern manufacture. There is dust of heckling flax, with an average of only fourteen years of work for the strongest; dust of emery powder, that has been known to destroy in a month; dust of pottery and sand and flint, so penetrating that the medical returns give cases of "stone"

for new-born babes; dust of rags foul with dirt and breeding fever in the picker; dust of wools from diseased animals, striking down the sorter. Wood, coal, flour, each has its own, penetrating where it can never be dislodged; and a less tangible enemy lurks in poisonous paints for flowers or wall paper, and in white lead, the foundation of other paints, blotching the skin of children, and ending for many in blindness, paralysis, and hideous sores.

This is one form; and side by side with it comes another, dealt with here and there, but as a rule ignored: vapors as deadly as dust; vapors of muriatic acid from pickling tins; of choking chlorine from bleaching-rooms; of gas and phosphorus, which even now, where strongest preventives are used, still pull away both teeth and jaws from many a worker in match factory; while acids used in cleaning, bleaching powders, and many an industry where women and children chiefly are employed, eat into hands and clothing and make each hour a torture.

With the countless forms of machinery for stamping and rolling and cutting and sawing, there is yet, in spite of all the safeguards the law compels, the saying still heard in these shops; "it takes three fingers to make a stamper." Carelessness often; but where two must work together, as is necessary in tending many of these machines, the partner's inattention is often responsible, and mutilation comes through no fault of one's own. Add to all these the suffering of little children taught lacemaking at four, sewing on buttons or picking threads far into the night, and driven through the long hours that they may add sixpence to the week's wage, and we have a hint of the grewsome catalogue of the human woe born of human need and human greed.

For the United States there is a steadily lessening proportion of these evils, and we shall deal chiefly with those found in existence by the respective bureaus of labor at the time when their investigations were made. Private and public investigation, made before their organization, had brought to light in Connecticut, and at many points in New England, gross abuses both in child labor and that of women and girl workers. It is sufficient, however, for our purpose to refer the reader to the mention of these contained in the first report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, as well as to Dr. Richard T. Ely's "History of the Labor Movement in

America," and to pass at once to the facts contained in the fifteenth report from Massachusetts.

The ventilation of factories and of workrooms in general is one of the first points considered. Naturally, facts of this order would be found in the testimony only of the more intelligent. Where factories are new and built expressly for their own purposes, ventilation is considered, and in many is excellent. But in smaller ones and in many industries, the structures used were not intended for this purpose. Closely built buildings shut off both light and air, which must come wholly from above, thus preventing circulation, and producing an effect both depressing and wearing. The agents in a number of cases found employees packed "like sardines in a box"; thirty-five persons, for example, in a small attic without ventilation of any kind. Some were in very low-studded rooms, with no ventilation save from windows, causing bad draughts and much sickness, and others in basements where dampness was added to cold and bad air.

In many cases the nature of the trade compelled closed windows, and no provision was made for ventilation in any other way. In one case girls were working in "little pens all shelved over, without sufficient light or air, windows not being open, for fear of cooling wax thread used on sewing-machines."*

For a large proportion of the workrooms visited or reported upon was a condition ranging from dirty to filthy. In some where men and women were employed together in tailoring, the report reads:—

"Their shop is filthy and unfit to work in. There are no conveniences for women, and men and women use the same closets, wash basins, and drinking cups, etc."† In another a water closet in the centre of the room filled it with a sickening stench; yet forty hands were at work here, and there are many cases in which the location of these closets and the neglect of proper disinfectants makes, not only workrooms, but factories breeding-grounds of disease.

Lack of ventilation in almost all industries is the first evil and one of the most insidious. Other points affecting health are found in the nature of certain of the trades and the conditions under which they must be carried on. Feather

* Fifteenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, p. 68.

† Fifteenth Annual Report for Massachusetts, p. 68.

sorters, fur workers, cotton sorters, all workers on any material that gives off dust, are subject to lung and bronchial troubles. In soap factories the girls' hands are eaten by the caustic soda, and by the end of the day the fingers are often raw and bleeding. In making buttons, pins, and other manufactures of this nature, there is always liability of getting the fingers jammed or caught. For the first three times the wounds are dressed without charge. After that the person injured must pay expenses. In these and many other trades work must be so closely watched that it brings on weakness of the eyes, so that many girls are under treatment for this.

In bakeries the girls stand from ten to sixteen hours a day, and break down after a short time. Boots and shoes oblige being on the feet all day, and this is the case for saleswomen, cash girls, and all factory workers. In type foundries the air is always filled with a fine dust produced by rubbing, and the girls employed have no color in their faces. In paper-box making constant standing brings on the same difficulties found among all workers who stand all day, and they complain also of the poison often resulting from the coloring matter used in making the boxes. In book-binderies, brush manufactories, etc., the work soon breaks down the girls.

In the clothing business the running of heavy sewing machines by foot power is a fruitful source of disease; and even where steam is used, the work is exhausting, and soon produces weakness and various difficulties.

In food preparations girls who clean and pack fish get blistered hands and fingers from the saltpetre employed by the fishermen. Others in "working stalls," stand in cold water all day, and have the hands in cold water; and in laundries, confectionery establishments, etc., excessive heat and standing in steam make workers especially liable to throat and lung diseases, as well as those induced by continuous standing.

Straw goods produce a fine dust, and cause a constant hacking among the girls at work upon them; and the acids used in setting the colors often produce "acid sores" upon the ends of the fingers.

In match factories, even with the usual precautions, necrosis often attacks the worker, and the jaw is eaten away. Sores, ulcerations, and suffering of many orders is the

portion of workers in chemicals. In many cases a little expenditure on the part of the employer would prevent this; but unless brought up by an inspector, no precautions are taken.

The question of seats for saleswomen comes up periodically, has been at some points legislated upon, and is, in most stores, ignored or evaded. "The girls look better—more as if they were ready for work," is the word of one employer, who frankly admitted that he did not mean they should sit; and this is the opinion acted upon by most. Insufficient time for meals is a universal complaint; and nine times out of ten, the conveniences provided are insufficient for the numbers who must use them, and thus throw off offensive and dangerous effluvia.

It is one of the worst evils in shop life, not only for Massachusetts, but for the entire United States, that in all large stores, where fixed rules must necessarily be adopted, girls are forced to ask men for permission to go to closets, and often must run the gauntlet of men and boys. All physicians who treat this class testify to the fact that many become seriously diseased as the result of unwillingness to subject themselves to this ordeal.

One of the ablest factory inspectors in this country, or indeed in any country, Mrs. Fanny B. Ames of Boston, reports this as one of the least regarded points, in a large proportion of the factories and manufacturing establishments visited, but adds that it arises often from pure ignorance and carelessness, and is remedied as soon as attention is called to it.

Taking up the other New England reports in which reference to these evils is found, the testimony is the same. Law is often evaded or wholly set aside, at times through carelessness, at others wilfully. The most exhaustive treatment of this subject in all its bearings is found in the Report of the New Jersey Bureau of Labor for 1889, the larger portion of it being devoted to the fullest consideration of the hygiene of occupation, the diseases peculiar to special trades, and general sanitary conditions and methods of working, not only in "dangerous, unhealthy, or noxious trades," but in all. Commissioner Bishop gives many instances of working under fearful conditions absolutely destructive to health, and often to morals; and the report may be regarded as the most authoritative word yet spoken in this direction.

It is hardly necessary to go on specifying special violations of sanitary law or special illustrative cases. The Report of the New York Bureau of Labor for 1885 is a magazine of such cases — a summary of all the horrors that the worst conditions can include. Aside from the revolting pictures of the life lived from day to day, by the workers themselves, it gives in detail case after case of rapacity and over-reaching on the part of the employers; and parallel ones may be found in every labor report which has touched upon the subject.

In New York a "Working Woman's Protective Union," formed more than twenty-five years ago, has done unceasing work in settling disputed claims and collecting wages unjustly withheld. No case is entered on its books which has not been examined by their lawyer, but the records show nearly 50,000 adjudicated since they began work. Many cities have special committees, in the organized charities, who seek to cover the same ground, but who find it impossible to do all that is required. From East and West alike, complaints are practically the same. It is not only women in trades, but those in domestic service, who are recorded as suffering every form of oppression and injustice. Colorado and California, Kansas and Wisconsin speak the same word. With varying industries wrongs vary, but the general summary is the same.

In the matter of domestic service, even when every admission has been made as to the incompetence and insubordination that the employer must often face, the commissioner for Minnesota, after stating the advantages of the domestic servant over the general worker, adds that only about a fifth of those who employ them are fit to deal with any worker, injustice and oppression characterizing their methods.

The system of fines, while on general principles often just, has been used by unscrupulous employers to such a degree as to bring the week's wages down a third or even half. It is impossible to give illustrative instances in detail; but all who deal with girls, in clubs and elsewhere, report that the system requires modification.

On the side of the employers, and as bearing also on the evils which are most marked among women workers, we may quote from the Government Report, "Working Women in Large Cities."

Actual ill-treatment by employers seems to be infrequent. . . . Foreigners are often found to be more considerate of their help than native-born men, and the kindest proprietor in the world is a Jew of the better class. In some shops week workers are locked out for the half-day if late, or docked for every minute of time lost, an extra fine being often added. Piece workers have great freedom as to hours, and employers complain much of tardiness and absenteeism. The mere existence of health and labor laws insures privileges formerly unheard of ; half-holidays in summer, vacation with pay, and shorter hours are becoming every year more frequent, better workshops are constructed, and more comfortable accommodations are being furnished.

This is most certainly true, but more light shows the shadows even more clearly ; and the fact remains that every force must be brought to bear, to remedy the evils depicted in the reports of the bureaus quoted here.

The general conditions of working women in New York retail stores have been reported upon within the last year by a committee from the "Working Woman's Society," at 27 Clinton Place, New York. The report was read at a mass meeting held at Chickering Hall, May 6, 1890, and its statements represent general conditions in all the large cities of the United States. It is impossible to give more than the principal points of the report, but readers can obtain it on application to the secretary of the association.* These are as follows:—

Hours are often excessive, and employees are not paid for over-time. Many stores give no half-holiday, and keep open on Saturdays till ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, and at the holiday season do this for three or four weeks nightly.

Sanitary conditions are usually bad, and include bad ventilation, unsanitary arrangements, and indifference to the considerations of decency. Toilet arrangements in many stores are horrible, and closets for male and female are often side by side, with only slight partition between. One hand basin and towel serve for all. Often water for drink can be obtained only from the attic.

Numbers of children under age are employed for excessive hours, and at work far beyond their strength.

Service for a number of years often meets with no consideration, but is regarded as a reason for dismissal. It is the rule in some stores to keep no one over five years, lest

* Secretary of the Working Woman's Society, 27 Clinton Place, New York.

they come to feel that they have some claim on the firm; and when a saleswoman is dismissed from one house she finds it almost impossible to obtain employment in another.

The wages are reduced by excessive fines, employers placing a value upon time lost that is not given to services rendered. The fines run from 5 to 30 cents for a few minutes' tardiness. In some stores the fines are divided at the end of the year between the timekeeper and the superintendent, and there is thus every temptation to injustice.

The report concludes:—

We find that, through low wages, long hours, unwholesome sanitary conditions, and the discouraging effect of excessive fines, not only is the physical condition injured, but the tendency is to injure the moral well being. It is simply impossible for a woman to live without assistance on the low salary a saleswoman earns, without depriving herself of real necessities.

These were the conditions which, in 1889, led to the formation of the little society which, though always limited in numbers, has done admirable and efficient work, its latest effort being to secure from the Assembly at Albany, during the past winter, a bill making inspection of stores and shops as obligatory as that of factories. In spite, however, of much agitation of all phases of woman's work, it is only some wrong as startling as that involved in the sweating system that seems able to arouse more than a temporary interest. One of the most able and experienced women inspectors of the United States Bureau of Labor, Miss de Grafenried, has lately written:—

It is an open question whether woman's pay is not falling, cost and standards of living considered. Could partly supported labor and children be eliminated, shop employees would get higher rates. Still there are other economic anomalies that affect women's wages. "Wholesalers" and manufacturers shut up their factories and "give out" everything—umbrellas, coats, hair-wigs, and shrouds—to be made—they know not in what den, or wrung they care not from what misery. . . . Again, wages are depressed by over-stimulating piece work, and its unscrupulous use by proprietors who hesitate to confess to paying women only \$3 or \$4 a week, yet who scale prices so that only experts can earn that sum. Many employers cut rates as soon as, by desperate exertions, operatives clear \$5 a week. Then, underbidding from the unemployed is a fruitful source of low wages Massachusetts has 20 per cent of her workers unemployed.

These conditions, while varying as to numbers, are practically the same for the work of women in all parts of the

United States, and are matters of increasing perplexity and sorrow to every searcher into these problems. At its best, woman's work in industries is intermittent, since it is only textile work that continues the year round; dress and cloak making, shoe and umbrella making, fur sewing and millinery, having specific seasons, in the intervals between which the worker waits and starves, or, if too desperate, goes upon the streets, driven there by the wretched competitive system, the evils of which increase in direct ratio to the longing for speedy wealth. In short, matters are at that point where only radical change of methods can better the situation, even the most conservative observer, relying most thoroughly upon evolution, feeling something more than evolution must work if justice is to have place in the present social scheme.

REMEDIES AND SUGGESTIONS.

The student of social problems who faces the misery of the lowest order of worker, and the sharp privation endured by many even of the better class, is apt, in the first fever of amazement and indignation, to feel that some instant force must be brought to bear and justice secured, though the heavens fall. It is this sense of the struggle of humanity out of which have been born Utopias of every order, from the Republic of Plato to the dream in "Looking Backward." Not one of these can be spared; and that they exist and find a following larger and larger, is the surest evidence of the soul at the bottom of each. But for those who take the question as a whole, who see how slow has been the process of evolution, and how impossible it is to hasten one step of the unfolding that humankind is still to know, it is the ethical side that comes uppermost, and that first demands consideration.

Taking the mass of the lowest order of workers at all points, the first aim of any effort intended for their benefit is to disentangle the individual from the mass. It is not charity that is to do this. "Homes" of every variety open their doors; but in all of them still lurks the suspicion of charity, and even when this has no active formulation in the worker's mind, there is still the underlying sense of the essential injustice of withholding with one hand just pay, and with the other proffering a substitute, in a charity which

is to reflect credit on the giver and demand gratitude from the receiver. Here and there this is recognized, and within a short time has been emphasized by a woman whose name is associated with the work of organized charities throughout the country — Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. It is doubtful if there is any woman in the country better fitted, by long experience and almost matchless common sense, to speak authoritatively. She writes:—

So far from assuming that the well-to-do portion of society have discharged all their obligations to men and God by supporting charitable institutions, I regard just this expenditure as one of the prime causes of the suffering and crime that exist in our midst. . . . I am inclined, in general, to look upon what is called charity as the insult added to the injury done to the mass of the people, by insufficient payment for work.

Just pay, then, heads the list of remedies. The difficulty of fixing this is necessarily enormous, nor can it come at once; since education for not only the employer but the public as a whole is demanded. To bring this about is a slow process. It is a transition period in which we live. Material conditions, born of phenomenal material progress, have deadened the sense as to what constitutes real progress; and the working woman of to-day contends not only with visible but invisible obstacles, the nature of which we are but just beginning to discern. Twenty years ago, M. Paul Leroy-Peaulieu wrote of women wage-earners:—

From the economic point of view, woman, who has next to no material force, and whose arms are advantageously replaced by the least machine, can have useful place and obtain a fair remuneration only by the development of the best qualities of her intelligence. It is the inexorable law of our civilization — the principle and formula even of social progress — that mechanical engines are to perform every operation of human labor which does not proceed directly from the mind. The hand of man is each day deprived of a portion of its original task, but this general gain is a loss for the particular, and for the classes whose only instrument of labor is a pair of feeble arms.

Take the fact here stated; and add to it all that is implied in modern competitive conditions, and we see the true nature of the task that awaits us. To do away with this competition would not accomplish the end desired. To guide it and bring it into intelligent lines is part of the general education. Profit sharing is an indispensable portion of the justice to be done; and this, too, implies education for both sides, and

would go far toward lessening burdens. We cannot abolish the factory, but hours can be shortened; the labor of married women, with young children, forbidden, as well as that of children below a fixed age. Industrial education will prevent the possibility of another generation owning so many incompetent and untrained workers, and technical schools in general are already raising the standard and helping to secure the same end.

Our present methods mean waste in every direction, and trusts and syndicates have already demonstrated how much may be saved to the producer if intelligent combination can be brought about. Competition can never wholly be set aside, since within reasonable limits it is the spur of invention and a part of evolution itself. But if wise co-operation be once adopted, the enormous friction and waste of present methods ceases, the waste of human life as well as of material.

How best to combine and to what ends, is the lesson taught in every form of the new movement for organization among women. To learn how to work together and what power lies in combination, has been the lesson of all clubs. Among men it has counted as one of the chief educating forces, but for women every circumstance has fostered the distrust of each other which belongs to all undeveloped natures. For the lowest order of worker even, *The Working Woman's Journal*, published in London and the organ of the Working Woman's Protective Union, has for the last year recorded, from month to month, the gradual progress of the idea of combination, and the new hope it has brought to all who have gone into trades unions.

With us, there has been equal need and equal ignorance of all that such combinations have to give. They mean arbitration rather than strikes, and the compelling of ignorant and unjust employers to consider the situation from other points of view than their own. They compel also the same attitude from men in the same trades, who often are as strong opponents of a better chance for their associates among women workers in the same branches, as the most prejudiced employer.

Six points are urged by the Working Woman's Society of New York, all in the lines indicated here. Its purposes and aims as given in the prospectus are as follows:—

1. To encourage women in the various trades to protect their mutual interests by organization.

2. To use all possible means to enforce the existing laws relating to the protection of women and children in factories and shops, investigating all reported violations of such laws; also to promote, by all suitable means, further legislation in this direction.

3. To work for the abolition of tenement-house manufacture, especially in the cigar and clothing trades.

4. To investigate all reported cases of cruel treatment on the part of employers and their managers to their women and children employees, in withholding money due, in imposing fines, or in docking wages without sufficient reason.

5. To found a labor bureau for the purpose of facilitating the exchanging of labor between city and country, thus relieving the overcrowded occupations now filled by women.

6. To publish a journal in the interests of working women.

7. To secure equal pay for both sexes for equal work.

These points are the same as those made by the few clubs which have taken up the question of woman's work and wages, but thus far only this society has formulated them definitely. There is, however, stir at all points. Working girls' clubs, friendly societies, and guilds are giving to the worker new thoughts and new purposes. The Convention of Working Girls' Clubs held in New York in April, 1890, showed the wide-reaching influence they had attained, and the new ideals opening before the worker. It showed also with equal force the roused sense of responsibility toward them, and the eager interest and desire for their betterment in all ways. Where they themselves touched upon their needs, there were direct statements in the same line as many already quoted, which called for better pay, better conditions, shorter hours, and fewer fines.

Legislation can do much. The appointment of women inspectors, lately brought about for New York, is imperative at all points, since women will tell women the evils they would never mention to men. Law can also demand decent sanitary conditions, and affix a penalty for every violation. Beyond this, and the awakening of the public conscience as to what is owed the honest worker, little can be said. Enlightenment, a better chance at every point for the struggling

mass—that is the work for each and all of them, and for those who would aid the constant demand and labor for justice in its largest sense, and its most rigorous application. Once rendered on both sides, abuses die of pure inanition. The tenement-house system, every abuse that hedges about special trades, every wrong born of cupidity and ignorance, and all base features of trade at its worst, end once for all, and we see the end and aim of the social life, whether for employer or employed.

A generation ago Mazzini wrote:—

The human soul, not the body, should be the starting-point of all our efforts, since the body without the soul is only a carcass, whilst the soul, wherever it is found free and holy, is sure to mould for itself such a body as its wants and vocation require.

It is this soul-moulding that is given chiefly into the hands of women. It is through them that the higher ideal of life, its purpose, and its demands, is to be made known. No present scheme of general philanthropy can touch this need. It is growth in the human soul itself, that will mean justice from the employer to each and every worker, and from the worker in equal measure to the employer; and this justice can be implanted in the child as certainly as many another virtue, into the knowledge and love of which we grow but slowly.

Never has deeper interest followed every movement for the understanding and bettering of conditions. Never was there stronger ground for hope that, in spite of the worst abuses existing, man's will is to join hands at last with natural evolution, toward higher forms. Faith and hope alike find their assurance in the increasing sense of the solidarity of humankind, and the spirit of brotherhood more and more discernible, which, as it grows, must end all oppression, conscious and unconscious. The old days of darkness are dying. Man knows at last that

“Laying hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt,”

and in knowing it, the first step is taken in the new life wherein all are brothers; and the law of love, slowly as it may work, ends forever the long conflict between employer and employed.

INNOCENCE AT THE PRICE OF IGNORANCE.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

A TABLE of contents is, to the experienced reader, precisely the same as is a bill of fare to the gormand. The latter will scan with a gluttonous eye the dishes advertised on the bill, and order at once the tidbit that happens to strike his fancy; the former, glancing over the table of contents, will turn at once to the article which attracts him by its title. Authors and cooks, therefore, devote a great deal of thought to the selection of a name for their productions. A striking title, publishers say, will sell the book; but, after all, the old saw will keep up its reputation, that "the proof of the pudding is the eating of it." It frequently happens that, induced by a high-sounding French name, we order a dish, to be disgusted when we taste of it; likewise, induced by an attractive title, we sometimes eagerly open a book, to lay it aside, utterly disappointed. Looking over such a table of contents in one of the magazines lately, I found the title of an article which at once struck my fancy. The paper was written by an able writer,—no less a person than Amélie Rives,—and was named, "Innocence versus Ignorance."

Having read some of the productions of this authoress, I expected to find the subjects which the title embraced discussed in a manner that would leave no doubt as to which of the two, "Innocence" or "Ignorance," should be preferred. Eagerly I cut the pages; expectantly I wound through the preliminary definitions; but though I could see that the writer *intended* to say something, I found that she lacked the courage to handle the subject. I closed the book, with a feeling similar to that of the gormand who finds the dish which he has ordered not palatable.

I did not feel called upon to criticise the essay, but time and again I felt a force urging me to treat the same subjects from my point of view. All persons who are in the habit of writing will share with me that unpleasant sensation that takes hold of us when once an idea strikes us like a flash of

lightning, and pleads with us to give it expression. No matter how long we may delay it, or how often we may reject it, we find no rest until we have done its bidding. Let this explanation suffice for the appearance of this article.

All persons who have a fair understanding of the language which they speak, know that "innocence" means "free from guilt." A person is called "innocent" who is unable, or not expected, to do or have done harm to others. However, a different meaning attaches to the word—a meaning which, strange to say, makes the term related to "ignorance." We call a person, and especially a young person, "innocent" when he or she is ignorant of the working of certain physical laws; viz., the laws that govern reproduction. In this sense, the word "innocence," and its adjective, "innocent," are generally applied, and in this very sense Amélie Rives endeavored to discuss them.

How does it happen that the idea of innocence, denoting absence of guilt, has become connected with the idea of ignorance, and then only when this lack of knowledge beclouds only this one, special, physical law? We do not call a person innocent when he does not know how many are three times three; we do not praise him as being innocent because he has never heard of Alexander the Great, or some other historical person; and most assuredly we do not call him innocent who is ignorant of the laws of magnetism or electricity. Only when it comes to that one, great, natural force, that wills the continuance of the species; to the knowledge of the laws by which this force is regulated, or to the ways in which it manifests itself, do we demand of persons, and mind, of young ones only, that they should be innocent, viz., ignorant, of it. Only then do we praise them and call them "innocent."

Is there any guilt or any sin connected with the manifestation of this force? Are those who yield to it committing a crime? Is marriage merely a compromise? is it the mere choice of the lesser evil, acknowledging it a sin, that much better were not committed, and against which the coming generation should be guarded by being kept in utter ignorance of its existence? How has it ever happened that it is considered praiseworthy when men and women (and especially the latter) enter matrimony in utter ignorance of the sacred duties which they have to fulfil; in utter ignorance of

the working of that force that has attracted them and now unites them; in utter ignorance of the obligation which parenthood lays upon them? If a man should enter a business enterprise ignorant of the duties which he has to perform; if a woman were to assume the position of a cook ignorant of how to build a fire or how to boil water, we would not trust them, nor hire them for such an office; but in a matter where the whole welfare of the future is concerned, where the prosperity of a new being called into existence is at stake, we not only close our eyes to the incompetency of parents, but we consider it praiseworthy that they are "innocent," that is, ignorant of the very acts which involve parenthood. I can find but three reasons to account for this paradox, which — let us acknowledge it frankly — is universal.

In the first place, this kind of ignorance is merely supposed, because the knowledge of the duties of parenthood comes to human kind by intuition, as it comes to the plant or to the animal by instinct. If a couple were kept on a desolate island, away from all sources through which that knowledge could flow to them, they would still acquire it. Nature herself reveals it to them. The need to teach what is learned without a teacher is, therefore, not felt so much.

Secondly, the force that wills the continuance of the species is so immense that, like a torrent, it carries people away to excesses. Nature does not care for the individual nor for individual life, but only for the species. She supplies with superabundance the means for the continuance of the kind, while she cares little what becomes of individuals. She creates millions, while desiring only that thousands should live. She manifests by hunger her will that the individual should exist; and how great is the force of hunger, is generally known to all. Yet a thousand times stronger is that force which she applies to the preservation of the species. You may ignore that the sexual life exists independently from the rest of human activity; you may deny that it is a resistless force — but such denial will not remove it. Why should we, ostrich-like, hide our faces in the sand in order that we may not notice the presence of this force? Could we not withstand the enemy, if an enemy it is, by facing it boldly?

The third reason is of a more philosophical nature. Owing to the many evils with which life is beset, pessimism has led

people to believe that parents commit a kind of wrong when they give life to children. As the evils exist only in so far as they are experienced by sentient beings, the salvation of the world seemed within reach to some philosophers, provided propagation could be suppressed. Self-abnegation, bordering upon suicide, was made the foundation of a pious life; and as it was impossible to curb Nature in her attempt to preserve the species by reproduction, the odium of sin was at least stamped upon the act. This pessimistic philosophy, born in India, found its way into Christianity, and thus propagation having become synonymous with "sin," persons who not even knew anything of it, were called "innocent."

Now, when we see that the distinction between man and the animal consists in that the latter follows its instinct without thought, while the former, learning from experience, lifts himself above nature, and regulates all his actions by reason; when we observe how the hypocrisy which ignores one of the greatest forces in nature avails little, because, in fact, all must yield to it; when, finally, we see that pessimism has never been able to stifle the craving for life which Nature has planted in the human species, we must come to the conclusion that *ignoring* a fact is not *mastering* it; or that if there is any guilt or sin attached to an action, this cannot be removed by withholding the knowledge of it.

First of all, we ought to understand that whatever Nature has ordered is free from guilt; there is no more sin connected with the act of propagation than there is with appeasing one's hunger. Sin and guilt enter upon the stage, in both cases, only when we go into excesses. As we have to study the various processes through which food will go before it is assimilated and changed into a vital force, so we ought to learn all about the laws by which the existence of future generations is circumscribed. If ignorance in the latter case is called innocence, and praised as such, why should ignorance in the former case not be laudable also? Or *vice versa*, if knowledge is demanded in one case, and ignorance considered culpable, why should the same demand not hold out also in the other? That the welfare of future generations is left to chance, and that from a false shame people hesitate to give to their children at least their own experience, is no proof that it must remain forever so, and that we ought never to act differently. Granted, that all

questions which children ignorantly ask of us cannot be answered before they have advanced in years, and that therefore they must be told to wait for an answer till time will be ripe, there is no reason why, at the time when mind and body have reached maturity, proper instructions should not be given to the young in regard to this most important of all the relations in which they stand to the surrounding world. Why should we insist upon their ignorance, and falsely call it innocence? Why should we leave it to instinct, and let them find out for themselves, with difficulty, what could be told to them in a few words?

Can the vast experience of mankind be duplicated within the space of one individual life? Would we expect that a person could find out by himself, in so short a time as is his life, all the knowledge and experience which humanity has accumulated in the art of shipbuilding, or in any other profession? It is because ignorance was called innocence, that even to-day, after thousands of years of existence, mankind has progressed but little in the knowledge of the laws that regulate parenthood. How little we know as yet about heredity—and yet enough to understand how powerful the forces are that shape us, and how dependent we are upon them; enough to know that the passions that stir our souls are as much the effects of causes as is the color of our hair or the form of our features. We know that we have to bear all the consequences of all the acts committed by a long line of ancestry; and still we do not as yet know how to use these eternal laws to advantage, simply because our experience has ever remained individual, and has never become universal, as was the case in other branches of science. Especially that half of the human kind upon whom nature has laid the strictest obligation to take care of the future, viz., the female sex, which has more to suffer from any infringement upon natural laws than has the male sex, is left to grope in the dark; is thrown upon mere instinct, and kept in the darkest ignorance as to the laws upon which depend, not only their own welfare, but that of their offspring. They are taught a multitude of things, and yet the greatest secrecy is kept in regard to the most important relation into which they are to enter. They are not trained how to take care of children, when they shall become mothers, much to the detriment of their progeny.

Wise educators have always asked only for this one thing: "Give us cultured and educated mothers," they have said, "and we will give you a cultured and well-educated society." Where, however, are these cultured and well-educated mothers to come from, if the female sex is never to be made familiar with its mission in the world, but is forever to be kept in ignorance of the most vital principle of life, while this ignorance is glorified by being called innocence? As all mothers are not able to instruct their daughters in the various branches of science that are taught in the schools, teachers are selected to do for them what their mothers cannot do; and thus as not every mother may at present be able to understand, and, therefore, to teach her daughter the laws upon which motherhood is founded, why shall not teachers of the same sex treat upon these laws as well as they give instruction in other branches? What is needed is that a beginning be made. If the masses were properly instructed, a great many vices which now prevail would go out of existence. Knowledge is light, and before light evil ever flees. Ignorance is darkness, and befriends wickedness. I believe that the person only could justly be called innocent who is fully aware of all the forces against which he must strive, and that ignorance is rather the consort of guilt. The time must come when every couple who enter into marriage relationship will be fully aware of their duties, and fully instructed in the laws that regulate the physical part of it. Ignorance will then not be confounded with innocence. As to-day we praise the young woman who marries, ignorant of her future duties, thus, in times to come, the one will receive appreciation who has fully familiarized herself with all the obligations appertaining to motherhood.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

BY C. J. BUELL.

PART I.

THE FAILURE OF COMMODITY MONEY.

As soon as it was found profitable for each man to devote himself to the things he knew most about, and then exchange his surplus with his neighbors, there arose a need for money.

How did man supply this need?

Listen to Adam Smith: "Every prudent man must naturally have endeavored to manage his affairs in such a manner as to have always by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of some one commodity or other, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the products of their industry."

As each man was at liberty to choose for himself, and as experience would constantly tend to teach people what articles were best fitted for such use, in course of time, in every tribe, one or two of the commodities with the most desirable qualities naturally came into use as money.

Though very numerous and very diverse in their nature, these articles were the best that could be had under the circumstances. They were either the free offerings of nature or such things as their knowledge of the arts enabled the people to produce readily, and range all the way from a shingle nail to a drove of cattle: cowry shells on the coast of Africa, and wampum among the American Indians; coon-skins in Tennessee, and the furs of the otter and the beaver in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company; sheep and cattle among the ancient Greeks, Romans, Saxons, Norsk, and Germans; horses in Tartary; reindeer in Lapland; dogs among the Esquimaux; camels and elephants in warmer climates; wheat, barley, and oats in Europe; maize in parts of Central America, and tobacco among the early Virginians, who having bought wives from some enterprising shipmasters, paid for them in that weed; olive oil along the Mediterranean; cubes of pressed tea in Chinese Tartary; codfish

in Newfoundland ; salt in Abyssinia, and cakes of soap among the Mexican greasers ; nails in certain Scotch villages ; little bars of iron among the Tennessee mountains, and leaden bullets in colonial Massachusetts, where they were in great demand for shooting Indians and English ; tin in England, Rome, Syracuse, Java, Mexico, and the Straits of Malacca ; gold dust and silver ingots, wherever those metals were found in a natural state or could be secured by exchange.

From the above facts come the following conclusions : —

1. When civilization had begun to outgrow the system of barter, and, as a consequence, that system had become somewhat cumbersome, then money began to come into use, working its way into general favor in a perfectly natural manner, the same as clothing, houses, or any other article of convenience. It was used before there was any law on the subject, and is used to-day by people who have no written statutes. Such money is therefore not a creation of law or governments.

2. All the articles that have thus naturally grown into use as money are such as possess in themselves qualities that would give them a more or less permanent value, and would bring them into general demand with the people among whom they circulated.

3. Such articles as were best fitted for this purpose were the ones that came into most general use, thus conforming to the law of natural selection. The fact that, among all civilized people, gold and silver have come into use as money, goes far to prove their superior fitness for such a purpose.

The loss, annoyance, and inconvenience of using these metals in their rough state has led to their being stamped, as a guarantee of their weight and fineness. The stamp on a gold dollar simply says, "This piece of metal weighs twenty-five and eight-tenths grains, nine-tenths pure gold and one-tenth valueless alloy." Just so with those coins that have been named silver dollars. The stamp is only a guarantee that each one weighs four hundred and twelve and one-half grains, nine-tenths silver, the rest alloy.

This fixing of the stamp is the only function government can justly exercise as to the coined money of any people. Its duty begins and ends in placing its stamp on the gold or silver brought to its mints. In addition to this most governments assume to "regulate" the *value* of coins. With just as much reason they might attempt to regulate the path of

the earth around the sun, or pass an act ordering a transit of Venus.

The truth is that the natural value of gold or silver is a matter wholly independent of parliaments or congresses. A body of legislators may declare that sixteen ounces of silver shall be worth the same as one ounce of gold, but such an act can have no more effect than the pope's bull against the cornet. Gold and silver, like all other products of human labor, are subject to fluctuations in value. Suppose that to-day a pound of gold is worth just sixteen times as much as a pound of silver. Suppose new mines are discovered to-morrow, and the amount of gold produced is thereby greatly increased, is it not plain that a pound of gold will not now be worth sixteen pounds of silver, but only thirteen, or perhaps ten or less? Is it not plain that, if new discoveries of mines or improvements in the arts should enable a ton of gold to be produced with the same labor required to put out a ton of pig iron, the gold would be worth no more than the iron?

The same is true of silver. That both gold and silver have fluctuated enormously in value, is a fact well known to students of the currency question. I desire to especially emphasize this truth, because there are many people who are positively certain that in gold and silver, or in gold alone, nature has provided mankind with a standard of value that is absolutely perfect, that never fluctuates or changes by the value of the fractional part of nothing. Says Professor Jevons: "There is abundant evidence to prove that the real value of gold has undergone extensive changes. Between 1789 and 1809 it fell forty-six per cent. From 1809 to 1849 it rose again by one hundred and forty-five per cent, rendering government annuities and all fixed payments extending over this period almost two and one-half times as valuable as they were in 1809." ("Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," p. 325.)

What an engine for robbing debtors to benefit creditors! From 1849 to about 1872 Professor Jevons shows that gold fell in value at least twenty per cent, and David A. Wells assures us that during the past twenty years the value of gold has increased steadily about two per cent a year, by so much impoverishing all debtors and enriching all creditors. All these changes have come about through the discovery of

new mines, which caused gold to fall in value, or through increase in the demand for gold, which caused a rise. All, except the rise of gold, since 1872 were not much, if at all due to legislation. The late demonetization of silver by many nations, and the consequent increase in the demand for gold as a basis of currency, has had much to do with the recent rise in the value of that metal.

What a wonderfully perfect standard of value gold is, to be sure! Think of a yardstick, three feet long in 1789, shrunk to nineteen and one-half inches in 1809, stretched again to four feet in 1849, reduced in 1872 to thirty-eight and one-half inches, and now four feet three and nine-tenths inches long, and growing longer every day! Would not that be a remarkably safe thing to measure cloth with? And yet we are to-day measuring our debts and credits by a standard no more perfect. Selfish creditors will strenuously insist on maintaining the single gold standard, for by that means they are rapidly growing richer. Foolish debtors will clamor for free coinage, hoping thereby to get cheaper money with which to pay their debts.

These bad results are inherent in any system of currency based upon such an unstable foundation as gold and silver or any other product of human labor whose value is always changing and must ever continue to change. Of course all those evils that are inherent in gold and silver, or any other commodity money, also attach to paper money based upon those commodities, except that the paper is lighter and easier to carry.

If the demonetization of silver was a piece of criminal impudence on the part of Congress, the present policy of buying four and one-half millions of ounces monthly to pile up in vaults, utterly useless to all the world, can only be characterized as monumental stupidity.

A lot of paternalistic congressmen, urged on by the creditor class, feeling themselves far above the people whose servants they are, decide that silver shall no longer be coined. Then, at the instance of the silver-mine owners, a future congress concludes to buy up a part of their product and store it in vaults. They afterward increase the amount they will buy, and thus extend further favors to the mine owners, who are now demanding that the people buy their entire output, no matter how large it may become.

All this vividly illustrates the rapid descent of a people when once they start on the downward path of paternalism.

And now come the farmers with their sub-treasury and land-loan schemes, asking that the parental government take them in out of the cold and grant them similar favors.

And why is it not just as reasonable to buy up wheat and corn and salt pork, and issue certificates against them, as to purchase gold and silver for that purpose?

Whither are we drifting? How long before millers, bakers, and ironmongers, house builders and manufacturers of all kinds, and all the infinite crowd of wealth producers will be flocking to Washington and demanding the same privileges?

The whole thing is utterly absurd, and would be a roaring farce, were it not for the tragedy inevitably linked with it. No, no! the currency question can never be solved in any such senseless manner. We are off the track. Let us back up, take our common sense on board, and make a new start.

PART II.

COMMON-SENSE PAPER MONEY.

Just as the cumbersome system of barter, forced by the needs of an advancing civilization, had to give way to commodity money and its paper representatives, so now a further advance in human progress makes a still better currency not only possible but necessary. Barter had its day and served its useful purpose; commodity money arose, developed, and greatly helped mankind; but it is destined to disappear and give place to a system as much superior to itself as it was better than barter.

The road out of our present difficulty and into a better system is neither crooked nor obscure, but opens wide and plain before us.

Let us get down to the root of the thing.

Society, through its chosen agents, performs certain services for the people.

For those services the people pay taxes into the public treasury. Thus we see that the people's agent, the government, is constantly purchasing materials and services from individual citizens, and paying for them out of the taxes it has collected from all the people.

The revenue thus collected from the people amounts to something more than seven hundred millions of dollars per year, about one half going into the national treasury and the remainder covering state and local taxes.

If national revenue amounts to three hundred and fifty million dollars per annum, then that amount can be paid out yearly for national purposes.

We do not need to consider here whether this vast sum is raised in an equitable manner or not, nor whether the work done by our servants in Washington is worth what it costs. The fact remains that the United States government has a steady and regular revenue of about that sum annually to draw against.

Now, it is plain that if my banker owed me ten thousand dollars per year, I could draw checks on him to that amount, and he would be glad to honor them. It is also plain that I would not need a dollar's worth of gold or silver, nor of any other valuable thing stowed away anywhere on account of these checks I had issued. So long as I did not draw on him for more than he owed me, he would be satisfied. These checks, when returned to me, would be evidence that he had paid me what he owed me. I could either destroy them and issue new ones against his next year's indebtedness to me, or I could re-issue the same ones, as I had need to collect from him what he owed me the next year.

The parallel is complete. For the services rendered by the national government, to pay pensions and provide for the national debt, the people owe, let us say, three hundred and fifty million dollars annually. Is it not plain that the simple and easy thing to do is to draw on the people for materials and services as they are needed for public purposes, and issue, to those from whom the services or materials are received, checks or certificates, bearing upon their face the amount of the value received? These certificates, returned to government in payment of taxes, would complete the exchange and show that the services rendered by government had been paid for.

Knowing that such certificates had never been issued in excess of the revenues due to government, and knowing that they could always be used in paying those dues, they would freely pass current anywhere within the limits of the nation as the simplest and most convenient money possible. The

only precaution necessary is that these certificates be never issued except for services rendered or materials furnished, and that government never purchase services or materials in excess of its revenue.

Such a currency, issued in suitable size and shape, and of convenient denominations, would possess all the essential characteristics of good money. It is not heavy to carry about, can be made to represent the smallest sums or the largest amounts, and, properly engraved, is easy to recognize and difficult to counterfeit; it is infinitely safer than any form of bank notes, for it would always be received by the government at its face value. As our needed revenue is very regular and constant in amount, increasing steadily with the growth of population and the consequent public needs, there would be no danger from inflation or contraction; but the volume would be perfectly self-regulative. If population increased, the duties of government would increase proportionately, the needed revenue would keep equal pace, and the volume of currency would follow step by step the increase of population and the consequent need for more money. If population remain stationary, government dues and the volume of currency will do the same; while if the people diminish in number, the needed revenue grows less proportionately, and so will the amount of money in circulation. With all these changes, the number of dollars per capita would remain substantially constant.

In stability of value this is a more perfect medium of exchange than any other ever used. Gold and silver and all other commodity money must necessarily fluctuate in value with every change in the art of producing the substance out of which it is made. All paper money based on commodities must share the same fluctuations, while bank notes possess the additional objection that their value always depends largely upon the soundness of the bank, upon the honesty of the officials, the wisdom of their management, and their financial ability to meet obligations.

True, the currency proposed, like all paper currency, has no value *in itself*, but it is based upon a value the most steady and permanent imaginable — the value of the services and materials due from the people to government in exchange for the services of government to the people.

But some one may inquire, "Where do you get your

measure of value to start with?" A very pertinent question, but very easily answered, if only we bear in mind the origin and essence of value. What is the measure of the value of a piece of gold or silver or apple pie? What is the measure of value of a yard of cloth or a ton of hay? Evidently the value of any one of these articles is always relative, and depends entirely on what people are willing to give in exchange for it. How much woollen cloth, for instance, will exchange for an ounce of silver? Plainly, an amount of cloth that requires for its production, on the average and under normal conditions, an amount of human energy equal to that required to produce the ounce of silver. So the *value* of any article is always measured by the amount of labor, on the average, that is required under normal conditions to produce that article. This is the explanation of value given by Ricardo and generally accepted by economists.

Now remember that each one of these proposed government certificates would show on its face the average amount of labor or material for which it was issued, and remember, further, that every bit of material purchased by government would have a value equal to the average amount of labor required to reproduce it; and we see that our proposed currency is based upon and measured by the very source of all value — human labor, expended under normal conditions in the production of useful things.

I repeat, then, that the value of such money would necessarily be the most stable and permanent possible, infinitely more so than any money based upon gold or silver or any other single article whose value is sure to fluctuate from year to year, from month to month, or even from day to day; and that its volume would be perfectly self-regulative, following step by step the advance or decline of public revenue demanded by an advancing or declining population.

The material out of which such money should be made is a matter of small concern. Depending in no respect upon the material for its value, all large denominations, say from dollars up, could be made of paper, the same as our present bank notes and greenbacks; while for small change, paper notes are very convenient to send through the mails, though metallic coins are better to carry in the pocket.

One more point needs brief consideration. Even if states

and counties, municipalities and townships, were to issue such currency up to the amount of their yearly revenue,—and I see no serious objection to such issues, and many reasons in favor of it,—even then the total volume of such issues could not equal much more than half the present ostensible circulation in the country. But we must bear in mind that much of the so-called volume of our present currency is not really in circulation. All the gold and silver lying in vaults against which certificates have been issued, all the cash in the national treasury and all other treasuries, the average amount of all deposits in various institutions — these are not in circulation, and are in no way performing the function of a medium of exchange.

. Then there is no inconsistency between the money proposed and any other sort now in use. It would seem wise, however, as our government bonds are paid off, and the basis of our present bank-note circulation thereby narrowed, to resort to this proposed currency rather than hunt around for some substitute that may be used to perpetuate the existence of institutions of such doubtful merit as our national banks. So, too, we might profitably displace the large and increasing volume of gold and silver certificates, which, though convenient to use, are about the most expensive money that could possibly be thought of. Every dollar's worth of gold or silver stored away in vaults as a basis for a paper currency is just so much of those valuable metals withdrawn from useful purposes, by just so much their supply is diminished, and consequently the price enhanced to every user the wide world over. Not only this, but our stupid policy of hoarding up gold and silver is a sort of special favoritism to the owners of gold and silver mines, who could probably manage to worry along and support their families under conditions of equal rights to all and special privileges to none. And this leads me to a thought in conclusion, that no reform of our currency system, however much needed or far reaching or logical or just, can be of any permanent benefit so long as we allow to remain on our statute books those class laws that are constantly operating to concentrate the money and the wealth of the nation into the hands of a few, while the masses are deprived of their earnings and driven daily deeper into poverty, vice, and crime. There are other reforms infinitely more important than to remedy the evils

of our present currency system, great and important as those evils undoubtedly are. Establish equality of opportunity to produce wealth from the earth, abolish the present monopoly in our great iron highways, restore to man his natural right to exchange the products of his labor freely with his brother men the wide world over, wipe out our present fiendish system of crooked taxation that robs the farmer and laborer, while it lets the rich land speculators go free, and establish a system that will never tax an industrious citizen more for making land useful than a useless speculator is taxed for holding equally valuable land idle, and we have gone far toward bringing about conditions that will distribute the money of the country, be that money good or bad, honest or otherwise, with a fair degree of equity among the people. Restore to men their natural rights that class legislation has taken from them, and they will soon settle the question of the equitable distribution of the money and the wealth of the nation.

NOTE.—If our existing greenback currency were made receivable for *all* dues to government, import duties included, and if interest on the public debt were made payable in greenbacks, we should have a paper money exactly like that proposed in this paper. The volume of that currency could then be increased, not to exceed the amount of the annual national revenue, and it would be a perfectly safe and stable currency. The hundred million in gold now held to “redeem” the greenbacks, could be applied to the payment of the national debt, or to any other useful purpose. It could never be needed to “redeem” the greenback. That would be redeemed in taxes. This currency would be safer than our present national bank notes. Bank notes are based on bonds. What are the bonds based on? Why, nothing but the power of the government to draw from the people in taxes the wealth to redeem the bonds. Why not base the currency directly on the taxing power, and save the expense of the interest on the bonds, and the profits on the bank notes?

Just so paper money issued by each state, based on the taxing power of the state, would be simpler, cheaper, and safer than any state bank issues could possibly be. It is never necessary nor desirable that the issuing of a currency should be given over to a bank.

CHRIST AND THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

BY GEORGE G. BROWN.

I WAS reared by Christian parents, who taught me of one Jesus, the Christ, who had been crucified that all human beings, without reference to sex, nativity, or vocation, who believed on him, should be saved. But I have been in the wholesale whiskey business for more than twenty-two years; and if I accept as true the denunciations made against all engaged in my business by a large organization of men and women who assert their superior piety, and style themselves Prohibitionists, I must be a person wholly given over to evil, and entirely without moral guidance. The Prohibitionists, under the guise of morality, have banded themselves together for the expressed purpose of suppressing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic stimulants, at any cost to our civil and religious rights, or at any financial loss to those engaged in the manufacture and sale of alcohol.

As the Methodist church is most active in fostering this movement, I incorporate herewith something the northern branch of that church has to say on the subject in its Book of Discipline issued in 1892: "We reiterate the language of the Episcopal address in 1888: 'The liquor traffic is so pernicious in all its bearings, so inimical to the interests of honest trade, so repugnant to the moral sense, so injurious to the peace and order of society, so hurtful to the home, to the church, and to the body politic, and so utterly antagonistic to all that is precious in life, that the only proper attitude toward it for Christians is that of relentless hostility. It can never be legalized without sin.'"

If all of the above is true, there is no question but that the liquor traffic should be crushed, even though in doing so every man engaged in the business should be destroyed with it. I shall only at present discuss one point of the fulmination of the Methodist church on the subject,—as to whether the liquor traffic can be legalized without sin. The first question to determine is, What is sin? Is it doing

what any particular society of men prohibits, or failing to do what they require? If that is sin, then one may be a sinner if a member of one society, and a saint if a member of another. One society may prohibit its members from eating onions, pastry, or meat, and another may require the eating of these as a condition of membership. Therefore, if we are to leave it to every organization of human beings to determine what is and what is not sin, without any fixed and reliable authority for its conclusions, we certainly put ourselves into a very unsatisfactory position. But what is sin? I prefer to accept the orthodox and very well established definition: Sin is any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God. Therefore, unto the law of God do I appeal to determine whether the Methodist church or any other organization is correct in asserting that the liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, And the meat offering thereof shall be two-tenth deals of fine flour mingled with oil, an offering made by fire unto the Lord for a sweet savour; and the drink offering thereof shall be of *wine*, the fourth part of an hin." Lev. xxiii. 13.

Again, "The priests' portion shall be all the best of the oil, and all the best of the wine, and of the wheat, the first fruits of them which they shall offer unto the Lord, them have I given thee." Num. xviii. 12.

"In the holy place shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured unto the Lord for a drink offering." Num. xxviii. 7.

"And thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God in the place which He shall choose to place His name there, the tithe of thy corn, of thy *wine*, and of thine oil, and the firstlings of thy herds, and of thy flocks; that thou mayest learn to fear the Lord thy God always. And if the way be too long for thee, so that thou art not able to carry it, or if the place be too far from thee, which the Lord thy God shall choose to set His name there, when the Lord thy God hath blessed thee, then shalt thou turn it into money and bind up the money in thine hand, and shalt go unto the place which the Lord thy God shall choose, and thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, *or for wine, or for strong drink*, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth, and thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thine household." Deut. xiv. 23-26.

“He (God) causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and *wine* that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread, which strengtheneth man’s heart.” Ps. civ. 14–15.

From these passages it is clear that God’s chosen people were required, under the old dispensation, to offer wine as a sweet savour unto the Lord, and it is estimated that hundreds of thousands of gallons were annually consumed in this way. They were also required to contribute wine for the use of the priests, and to drink it themselves as an expression of gratitude to God for his numberless blessings; and if it suited their convenience better to sell their wine at home, and buy wine or strong drink at the place selected by the Lord for their gathering and worship, they were commanded to do so.

God also asserts that He is the giver of wine with which to gladden the heart of man, and with which man’s heart is gladdened to this day, and which he can drink as much to the glory of God as he can eat meat and bread to His glory. Therefore the question is, Did these people commit sin in doing what the Lord positively commanded they should do? If we take the position of the Methodist church, they must have sinned; for they not only bought but sold an intoxicant — the same character of alcohol on which Noah and Nabal became drunken. Or has there been a new revelation from God on which Prohibitionists base the doctrine of prohibition, and which they have been able to keep from the knowledge of any outside of their own followers?

In visiting the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake about twenty years ago, I remember seeing on the pulpit platform large casks of pure water that attracted my attention; and on inquiring of the sexton, who was my guide, why they were there, I was informed they used it for communion purposes instead of wine, in compliance with a special revelation Brigham Young had received from the Lord to substitute water for wine for this purpose, until he should receive further orders. If the Prohibitionists have received a similar special revelation, changing God’s revealed will as contained in the Scriptures, it would certainly be but Christian charity for them to give their fellow-men the benefit of it.

Again referring to the Northern Methodist Book of Disci-

pline, I quote, under the head of "Imprudent and Unchristian Conduct," p. 240: "In cases of neglect of duties of any kind, imprudent conduct, indulgent, sinful tempers or words, *the buying, selling, or using intoxicating liquors as a beverage*, signing petitions in favor of granting license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, becoming bondsmen for persons engaged in such traffic, renting property as a place in or on which to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors, dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theatres, horse races, circuses, dancing parties, or patronizing dancing schools, or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading and questionable moral tendency, or disobedience to the order and discipline of the church, first, let private reproof be given by the pastor or leader; and if there be any acknowledgment of the fault, and proper humiliation, the person may be borne with. On a second offence, the pastor may take one or two discreet members of the church. On a third offence let him be brought to trial; and if found guilty and there be no sign of real humiliation, he shall be expelled."

In contrast to the above, with reference to the use of alcohol, I refer the reader to what the Lord said of Himself,—"For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil; the son of man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, behold a gluttonous man, and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Luke vii. 33, 34. Also see John ii. 1-10.

From this it is evident that Christ used, as was customary among his friends, an intoxicating liquor as a beverage; and if he were to come again upon the earth in human form, and to live exactly as he did when here, the Methodist Church would have to change its Book of Discipline, in order to admit him to membership therein, as certainly, from its present position, he would not be moral enough to become a member of such an association.

It is unfortunate, for the cause of true Christianity, that the false position taken by the Methodist Church on the subject of alcohol has been adopted by many other church organizations, so that such societies, to be honest and logical, would have to deny membership to almost, if not quite all the prophets, priests, and kings under the old dispensation, and to the Lord himself under the new. The exclusion of all dealers in alcohol is a very small part of the

result of such fanaticism, which proclaims to the world that the Bible is not a safe guide to determine questions of morality, and rationalists and infidels are multiplying under such teaching.

The evil results from the abuse of intoxicants are perfectly plain to every reasoning mind, and I rejoice that the Lord, in His holy word, has condemned, not only the abuse of alcoholic stimulants, but the abuse of every blessing which He has bestowed upon man; but because the abuse is condemned does not argue that its proper use is not commended, for admitting the former to carry with it a prohibition of the latter, we have clear inconsistencies in the Bible, and could not accept it as the revealed will of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

If the Prohibitionists want to prohibit everything that has evil in it, let them be consistent and not stop at alcohol, but go a little further and include the human tongue, of which the Bible says: "The tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison; therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men made after the similitude of God." James iii. 8, 9. Here is evil and good combined in the same thing, just owing to whether it is properly or improperly used, and the same assertion is equally true of alcohol; although the Prohibitionists seem unwilling to admit there is anything but evil in it, notwithstanding the Lord's assertion to the contrary. Again, there is another great evil mentioned in the Bible that seems to have escaped the attention of these so-called moral reformers: "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition, for the love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Tim. vi. 9, 10.

There is certainly no such denunciation against alcohol in the Bible as the foregoing, and the Prohibitionists certainly do not claim that it is a sin to have money, but interpret the passage referred to in its proper light, as being a denunciation of those who crave money for the power it gives them, and worship it rather than their Creator.

They can see the good and evil in money, why not in alcohol?

The evil in the abuse of alcohol shows itself probably more promptly, plainly, and disgustingly than anything else,

and hence has arrayed against it many honest and intelligent sentimentalists, who, if they have given the subject any investigation at all, have done it in a superficial way. However, it will not do to determine questions involving right and morals by sentimental views; otherwise we might condemn the Lord for cruelty when He made so great a test of Abraham's faith by commanding him to slay and offer his son Isaac on the altar, or when He commanded that all the men, women, and even innocent children, except Rahab and her few friends, should be put to death in Jericho.

If we accept the inspiration of the Bible, we must in sincerity acknowledge that "God is infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth," and therefore it is not within our province to criticise Him for having created us free agents, and empowered us by our own actions to make His greatest blessings our greatest curses.

The Prohibitionists seem to have lost sight altogether of the Lord's plan in creating man, which has been so beautifully expressed by Milton:—

"I made him just and right, sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

Freely, they stood who stood, and fell who fell—

Such I created all the ethereal powers and spirits,

Both them who stood and them who failed.

Not free, what proof could they have given sincere of true allegiance,
constant faith or love,

Where only what they needs *must* do appears, not what they would—
What praise could they receive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid?

Clearly, "without free agency there can be no morality," and "without temptation no virtue," and it is not consistent with the laws of Providence that because some abuse an article which is good in itself, the vast multitude should, in consequence, be denied its use. This would be punishing the innocent many for the sins of the guilty few.

The Prohibitionists pronounce alcohol an unmitigated evil, and must torture the imagination in order to picture to their own satisfaction the depravity of those who engage in its manufacture and sale. While discussing the moral aspects of this question, and having shown conclusively from the Bible that there is no sin in the temperate use of alcohol, and hence can be none in buying and selling it, it may

seem superfluous to offer some prominent authorities, certifying to its value; but as so much is said in denunciation of it, I think it but fair to quote from a few leading physicians in its favor.

As England is certainly one of the most civilized countries in the world, and most nearly allied to us in social and religious habits, and, being older than our own country, has had opportunity to consider the subject of the use and abuse of alcohol possibly better than we in America, I quote from some prominent English authorities:—

DR. JAMES RISDON BENNETT.

“In the vast majority of cases where alcohol does good, we don't know how it acts. Some men may be rendered feverish, irritable, peevish, and quarrelsome by a small quantity of wine, which will soothe the irritated nerves of another, and make him contented and amiable. The stomach of one man is irritated and offended by wine, and his digestion impeded, while the appetite of another is improved, and his digestion facilitated. The former is unquestionably better without alcohol, and he comes under the category of fools if he takes it; but the latter has no claim to the character of a physician, if he abstains at the bidding of either a mistaken fanatic or a theorist.”

DR. C. B. RATCLIFFE.

“Alcohol, properly used, is of great service, partly in keeping up the animal heat by supplying easily kindled *fuel* to the respiratory fire, partly by producing nerve power, by furnishing easily assimilable *food* to nerve tissues, and partly in *lessening the necessity for ordinary food, by diminishing the waste of the system*, which has to be repaired by food.

“All my own experience in hospital and private practice teaches me that drunkenness, or even a tendency to drunkenness, is the exception, and not the rule. Every blessing of life may be made a curse to him who abuses it.

“Alcohol, when properly used, is what it is abundantly proved to be, a natural and very potent means of comfort. Nor should I be disposed to speak differently if I were dealing with those who transgress the bounds of moderation, in

making use of this means of comfort, for I hold that a very great number of those unhappy persons have erred — not because they have liked too well what they have taken too freely, but because their feelings of habitual discomfort have been intolerable. And for this reason I should try to reclaim them, not by holding forth on the necessity of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, but by teaching them to use wisely, what, after all, may be almost a necessity of life to them.”

DR. JOSEPH KIDD.

“In the experience of my own life — fragile in constitution, the seventeenth child of a worn-out mother, pushed early into hard struggles for life — I lived nearly a total abstainer until thirty years of age. Weakness increasing upon me, languor and unfitness for work, I adopted a new regime of three glasses of good Bordeaux or of hock for dinner. As I did so my working power increased, all my delicacy vanished, boils ceased, and for the past twenty-five years, in good health, I have worked as hard as most men, and never changed my regimen, still limiting myself to three glasses of good wine once a day.”

DR. BRUDENELL CARTER.

“Nothing is more certain than that people will live upon alcohol and water for long periods. While I fully admit, therefore, that there are many who can support vigorous life without alcohol, I nevertheless affirm, alike from my own experience and that of others, that there are some — I do not pretend to say how many — to whom it is a necessity, if they are to exert the full measure of their powers. Perhaps the most remarkable testimony ever borne to its usefulness is that of a distinguished ophthalmic surgeon, Dr. Gustave Braun of Moscow, who, a few years ago, was accustomed to lose no less than forty-five per cent of the eyes on which he operated for cataract in his hospital — that is to say, among badly nourished Russian peasants. He was not singular in this experience, for his colleague, Dr. Rosander, was equally unfortunate. At length, after trying many experiments, including the use of quinine and other tonic remedies, Dr. Braun administered a dose of brandy or of sherry to every patient immediately after operation, and repeated it twice a

day for two or three days. The result of this plan was to reduce the number of cases in which the eye was totally lost, from forty-five to six per cent, with an additional three per cent of imperfect recoveries. Nothing was altered in the mode of operating, or in the other treatment, and Dr. Braun asserts that the improvement was attributable to alcohol alone."

DR. A. L. GARROD.

"The use of alcoholic beverages in some form, as malt liquors, wines, or distilled spirits, is so universally diffused among European nations and their offshoots, and is of so great antiquity, that a natural hesitation arises, to prevent our coming to the conclusion that, taken in moderate quantities, they are prejudicial to health.

"The same holds good with regard to alcohol; there are some few who cannot take it without discomfort, and, of course, for such people total abstinence is most desirable. Passing over these exceptional instances, it will be found that by far the greater number can partake moderately of alcohol, not only without any injurious consequence arising from it, but with positive benefit; and as it is a source of much enjoyment, and much discomfort often springs from its discontinuance, it is difficult to say why it should be discontinued under ordinary circumstances. It is of course well known that there are many nations that thrive without alcoholic drinks; nations, for example, professing the Mohammedan faith, and to whom alcohol is forbidden by their religion; but on further inquiry it will be found that among them the use of the stronger narcotics, such as opium and Indian hemp, is extremely common, and the exchange from alcohol to these narcotics can hardly be looked upon as a gain. As yet there are no trustworthy statistics to show that the abstinence from the moderate use of alcohol is attended with unusual length of life or improvement to health."

FROM THE "BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL," LONDON.

"The report of the collective investigation committee of the British Medical Association, on the subject of 'Temperance and Health,' and the results embodied in it, are both interesting and important.

"A schedule of inquiries was forwarded to all members of

the British Medical Association, one hundred and seventy-eight of whom responded, and gave in the aggregate particulars regarding four thousand two hundred and thirty-four cases of deceased lives, aged twenty-five and upward, in which the alcoholic habits of the lives were recorded. For the purposes of the investigation, the habits of the deceased with reference to alcohol were divided into five classes, namely: (a) total abstainers; (b) habitually temperate; (c) careless drinkers; (d) free drinkers; (e) decidedly intemperate. The ages of death of those in each class were registered, together with the causes of death; and the average of death for each class is given in the following schedule:—

Total abstainers	51.22 years.
Habitually temperate	62.13 “
Careless drinkers	59.67 “
Free drinkers	57.59 “
Decidedly intemperate	52.03 “

As a dealer in intoxicants, I am intensely interested in the suppression of drunkenness, as I consider the drunkard the greatest enemy to our business, and one for whose sins and crimes we innocently suffer, in the good opinion of the investigating public. While drunkenness will continue until the millennium comes, much can be done to minimize it. First, let our children be reared without trying to deceive them about alcohol; but let them know that they can get both good and evil from it, as from many or all other things, and that they are individually responsible for its abuse. Again, let those who preach prohibition from the pulpit, cease their efforts to poison public sentiment about the use of alcohol, and have the moral courage to teach what they find in the Bible — discouraging, as does the Bible, only its intemperate use.

Let public sentiment encourage honest and conscientious men, who regard the laws of God and man, to engage in the sale of alcohol, particularly at retail. Educate public sentiment to the true relation the drunkard occupies to society, and the consensus of the opinion of that society will be more potent than any other agency in preventing intemperance, and will sufficiently punish him who transgresses.

THE REALISTIC TREND OF MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE.

BY DR. EMIL BLUM.

TWENTY years ago the German, as a people, commanded little respect in foreign countries; they held no important position in the council of nations, and were not believed to be fit to play a first violin in the world's political concert. Disunited at home, they could neither physically nor morally enforce their rights abroad, and therefore they were not taken in consideration by the great powers.

In America the German was little known, although the emigration from Germany was larger than that from any other country. The reason for such lack of knowledge was — partly, that the majority of German emigrants came from the less educated classes; partly, that those who were not conversant with the complicated political relations of Europe registered Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians, and Slavonians under the same heading, "German." The American had but one designation for all of them; he called them "Dutchmen."

The reconstruction of the German Empire in 1870-71, which made out of the thirty-six principalities a nation of forty-five millions, drew the eyes of the world upon it as a political power of first magnitude, and it was but a short time before the customs, habits, literature, art, and music of that people became matters of great interest. As regards America, we may add that, owing partly to the Germans, who had prospered upon her soil, and partly to the greater facilities of travel, visitors from the United States who formerly had made England, France, Switzerland, and Italy the aim of their excursions, now extended them to Germany. Many began to study the German language, and even sent their children to Germany to finish their education, inasmuch as the great victories of 1866 and 1870 had been attributed more to the success of the expert German school-master than to the needle-gun and the Krupp canon.

While, however, German scholars had familiarized themselves, gradually and during a long time, with English and American literature, Englishmen and Americans could not all at once acquaint themselves with all the German writers, now that the desire for studying them had been pushed so strongly into the foreground. They stopped, therefore, with the study of a few old luminaries such as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Heine, and a few newer writers such as Auerbach, Scheffel, Ebers or — last *and* least — Marlitt and her kind.

It could hardly be expected that the latest productions of German genius should have found their way already to America, or could have received the attention and appreciation due to them; nor is it astonishing that Americans, both natives and of German descent, should have remained ignorant of the fact that a complete revolution has taken place in the minds of the German nation, of which the modern literature is the proof and outcome. While, on the one hand, they were cognizant of the changes that had occurred in English and also in French literature, while they are wide awake to the transition from idealism to realism therein, they are, on the other hand, hardly aware that a similar process has revolutionized German literature, and that the trend of it has been in the direction of a realistic conception of all the social, political, and moral conditions of life.

If there is any doubt regarding this statement, let the observer mingle among the masses. Let him go among the laborers and hear what they say, let him listen to the conversation of business men in the cafés, let him pay attention to the debates of students in their clubs, let him frequent theatres and watch what delights the audiences most or what criticisms the newspapers make next day, and he will find himself confronted on all sides by realism.

Now, every common-sense reader knows that the literary men of the nation are not able to form or to change the ideas of the people, be it in politics, religion, or art. Quite to the contrary, the dramas, novels, poems, magazine articles, and the daily press expose merely the thoughts and wishes of the people.

Literature is the gauge which shows outwardly the degree to which the waters of intelligence have risen or fallen in the boiler of the nation. It may be possible, occasionally, for another one or another writer to succeed in creating

temporarily a local movement in some direction contrary to a majority; but great revolutions never pass over from the individual to the masses. Rousseau and Voltaire did not bring about the French Revolution; Koerner, Kleist, and Rueckert did not kindle the war of 1813; and Turgeneff's prose songs did not abolish serfdom in Russia. They and numerous others were merely the exponents of the people; they merely set the fuse to the powder that had been accumulated by the masses.

Every change in the sentiments of the people reflects itself in a corresponding change in literature. From the "Nibelungenlied" to Conrad Alberti's "Plebs," from the songs of the minstrels to Mackay's anarchistic firebrands, we behold in German literature all the various states through which the mind of the nation has travelled.

Germany had waded for centuries in blood. It had fought in turn for religion as well as for increase of power, for abolition of class distinction as well as for recognition among the nations; and within the last century it has shed the blood of thousands of its best sons for a constitutional government, and for the unification of the whole nation. Corresponding German literature gives us a perfect picture of this struggle; and as the years 1813 and 1848 had their representatives in Koerner, Kleist, Rueckert, Arndt, and Herwegh, so had the year 1870 its representatives in Dahn, Hammerling, and others.

Yet although the German nation had been apparently successful in carrying out its political destiny, all the blood had been spilled in vain, because all their victories had not changed the conditions of life or the welfare of the individual for the better. The conviction pressed itself, therefore, upon them that they must have been on the wrong track, and that they must seek elsewhere the solution of the problem how to obtain personal liberty and happiness. The greater the sacrifices in the past had been, and the less satisfaction they had given, the greater now grew the zeal to search for better methods, for the true and straight path, that would lead them to the goal. Priests, preachers, statesmen, national economists, teachers and writers of all kinds, began to analyze life; and with little variation they all came to one and the same conclusion: that changes must begin at the root, and that the root from which all in life springs is

composed of the two fibres, self-preservation and race preservation; or to use the more definite terms of the realist, hunger and love.

It was found that these instincts are the only real factors that move the world and rule society, and that, if changes for the better are to be brought about, these instincts must be examined and modes to gratify them be found. Pulpit, platform, and press, yea, even kings, did not hesitate to serve as the spokesmen of the people.

All this, however, did not avail, because, though the evil was known, no remedy suggested itself. The belief sprang up that society had lost itself in a *cul-de-sac*; that it could neither retreat nor advance. People began to look upon this world as upon the worst of all possible worlds that a fiend could have created. This depressing sentiment again found expression in literature; and astonishing as it may be, Germany, at the very period of her victories, and at the very time when her progress in culture and science stood the highest, turned to pessimism. Pessimism is nothing else than the total indifference as to what fate may have in store for us, based upon the assumption that no improvements can be brought about. Schopenhauer and Hartman were looked upon as the prophets of this new conception of the world, which is the first cousin of oriental fatalism.

Pessimism, however, whether individual or national, deceives itself. All the time the pessimist pretends to be indifferent to his fate, or to despair of improving the condition of things, he keeps on contemplating, meditating, and thinking, until gradually he begins to see a light breaking through the gloom and an exit opening itself before him.

In their pessimism people began to question, Is it the fault of the tree that it is unable to vegetate? is it the fault of the root, that the necessary nourishment does not flow into it? or is it the fault of the ground in which human society is planted? Upon this the answer came: The tree is sound in roots and branches; the fault lies with the quicksand which the winds, in course of time, had heaped over the roots. A feeling came over the people that all our conceptions of morality, of justice, of social relationship, are not identical with the thing itself; or, in other words, that we have become untrue to ourselves; that the roots of the tree of society rested in the soil of a poisonous lie.

Again we find that this sentiment was brought into full consciousness through a literary exponent; and what had been a dark presentiment or a gloomy misgiving became as clear as daylight when Max Nordau published his famous work, "Die Conventionalen Lügen der Culturmenschheit." (Conventional lies of our civilization.)

This once understood, all went to work to cart away the sand and to replace it by loam. Like mushrooms after a rain shower, not only writers, but artists of all kinds sprang up, who represented, with pen and brush and chisel, life and its conditions as it is in reality, and waged a bitter war against the idealistic school, which had misrepresented life to suit the idealist's own fancy.

Astonishing as it may be to an American reader, the old romantic school, with Goethe at the head, was thrown down from the high pedestal upon which former generations had placed it. The selections of themes, the personifications of characters, the description of sentiments, of these writers were weighed in the scales and found wanting. They were utterly untrue; nobody in life thought, felt, acted, or spoke in the manner in which that school had made them think, feel, speak, and act. Goethe had, therefore, forfeited his right to pose as the unreachable ideal in German literature, and his followers no longer commanded an army.

Even their manner of expression was attacked. People in real life do not speak in verses or in rhymes, neither when they are angry, nor when they feel happy, nor even when they are in love, unless they are cranks. They use prose, more or less grammatical, and more or less dialect; and it is, therefore, that we expect prose, and not measured rhymes, in our books. Poetry can exist without these artificial wings, and can fulfil its mission more successfully and more worthily by offering truth in the garb of truth; i. e., prose.

After idealism, romanticism, and rhyme had been thus discarded, the next step taken was to announce and denounce all writers who had palmed off upon an unsuspecting public merely the counterfeit of realism; who would minutely and realistically describe the dress, the habitations, the arms, of their heroes, — even go so far as to make them speak the dialect of their time and province, — but yet who would not portray real human beings.

Such writers were Auerbach, Birchpfeiffer, Hillern, and others, who, in their so-called "Dorfgeschichten" (stories of the village), presented to the reader, in the costume of villagers, persons who never could be found in a farmhouse, but were taken from the drawing-room, and merely masqueraded in the garb of peasants. Others, like Ebers and Eckstein, distinguished themselves from the former merely in that they dressed their unreal characters in the costumes of ancient Rome and Egypt.

These few hints may suffice to illustrate the process of removing the sand; but the reader must not think that it was accomplished at once, or that it was done by an official act. On the contrary, this literature was taught in the schools; people kept the works of these authors in their libraries, and pretended to admire them, though faith in them had been irretrievably lost. People felt the unreality of the old pattern, after which novelists composed their romances and playwrights their plays. Their novels and plays were crowded with noble-hearted heroes, virtuous women, honest bankers, brave soldiers, and wicked villains, acting in the most unreal manner, with very trifling variations. At the end, reward and punishment were distributed according to the established conception of morality. For his sacrifices Hans would receive his Gretchen; and the villain, who had placed obstacles in their way, would be delivered over to the hands of the policeman. The public would applaud, and the readers soliloquize, "That serves them right; so it ought to be!"

In real life, however, things run in different lines. Hans does not win his Gretchen, notwithstanding the fact that he loves her sincerely and loyally; she will prefer some rich miscreant, who possibly may make her miserable. Talents go to waste, because they cannot strike opportunities favorable to their development, and politicians are able to hold themselves in position, even if they have become notorious by their unscrupulous conduct.

It was, therefore, that the novels of Rosegger and the dramas of Anzengruber struck a powerful chord in the hearts of the German people. They chose for subjects the burning questions of the time; their cast was made up of peasants, as they live in the Austrian Alps, and they made them speak and act like their prototypes. Their

writings were read with avidity, and people could not have enough of their dramas. It was as if after a long fast nourishing food was brought to the hungry.

The plant for the first time felt the influence of the loam of truth, and henceforth refused to take anything but *realism*.

Objective realism consists in portraying nature just as it is, without arranging it; without adding or subtracting anything. Real nature is the sole truth and the sole subject for artistic representation. The eternal, unalterable law of nature is the spirit which animates realism; therefore the realist does not recognize degrees in artistic themes. To him the death of a hero is not more worthy of representation than the labor pains of an animal, because the same uniform and omnipotent law of nature is incarnate in both.

This law peremptorily forbids the realist to idealize nature, to beautify it according to his fancies, or to lay on paint and powder to correct it. All mythological or allegorical figures are strictly prohibited, because they are nothing but distortions.

Whatever nature produces is equally beautiful in the eyes of the realist, and nothing is offensive to him when it is regarded and represented as the necessary product of a necessary development. Only the fantastical caricature is reprehensive, because it contradicts the possibilities of nature.

The obligatory honesty in his comprehension of nature forces the realist to cast aside the conception of love as it was held in previous literature. Till now, love was considered to be the first and predominant psychological motive which directed the actions of men. The analysis of this love showed a mixture of sentimentalism, unselfishness, platonism, and longing for an ideal companion for strictly ideal purposes. This was falsification of nature.

In the eyes of the realist love is sexuality, or, to use the proper term of physical science, natural selection. Therefore the realist does not give to love more room or more importance in his works than it occupies in reality. Love no more predominates all other motives, but has to share its importance with hunger (or the instinct of self-preservation), heredity, and adaptation (which means influence of education, habit, and intercourse). Regarded as a passion,

love is not classified as a higher psychic motive than other passions, such as egotism, ambition, pride, race feeling, or pity.

Thus beholding love from an entirely different point of view, the realist portrays it accurately, even if his picture does not harmonize with the customary views of morality; and if his natural description shocks the nerves of the prude, it is a proof that they are not sound. Realism would deserve to be scorned if it displayed the immoral or the disagreeable as the highest aim. But quite to the contrary, we see in all creations of realistic authors a prevailing demand for truth, purity, chastity, self-knowledge, and justice, sometimes even in a too obtrusive rhetoric. And yet we see realism abused, slandered, jeered, yea, often proscribed. *How ridiculous!* Would we not smile if an elderly coquette should smash the mirror because it reflects, not only her brilliant eyes and her Greek nose, but also her gray hair and the wrinkles in her face?

Let us dissect what shocks the reader when he reads for the first time a realistic book or witnesses a realistic play, and see whether he has a plausible right to declare realism immoral. In "Sodom's Ende" (the end of Sodom) we see the painter Janko coming home from a swell party to the humble home of his parents. From a feast of the "upper ten," whose spoiled pet he is, he steps, physically and mentally intoxicated, into the pure air of his home. On the same floor lives his foster sister, a poor chaste girl, who idolizes him. We hear his soliloquy, describing the battle between his better self and his beastly desire to possess that maiden; we see him break into her room, and we hear her doleful cry. The sentimental idealist will find that "shocking," but the same indignant knight of morality takes no exception to the bastard in King Lear, although his origin may be traceable to precisely such a scene.

Max Kretzer has shown, in a masterly picture of Berlin life, how a weak character sinks by drink from step to step till we see him welter in the gutter. The sensitive, affected reader finds that disgusting, but he had laughed and applauded when a similar drunkard was the object of a splendid joke of his lordship in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." *Sapienti sat!*

The characteristic, nay, the essential law of realism, is —

truth! If literature is to bear blissful fruit, it must be a true picture of true life! To solve this ideal problem, the poet must be imbued with the sacred mission of truth, and must possess the necessary strength of character to be her apostle. He must be gifted with a fine ear, a sharp eye, an exquisite sensitiveness to separate truth from fiction, and the courage to call a broom a broom. He is obliged to seek humanity in all its classes and phases; he must feel its very pulse from the first cry of the babe to the last sigh of the dying man; he must investigate its nature, surroundings, influences, developments, and crises; he must study the laws of nature governing its every case, and finally — he must portray everything exactly as he has found it.

Not necessarily must the realist stoop down to pick his subjects from the gutter, and paint in loathsome detail the most horrible, disgusting pictures of misery, vice, and crime. But wherever they are the characteristics of individuals, classes, or of society at large, it is his bounden duty not to pass by with closed eyes, but to give them the consideration and the place they require.

That in our modern realistic writings wickedness and criminality abound, is because they exist in reality, and therefore must naturally dominate in literature. The former practice of improving the conditions of society by picturing in literature "how it ought to be" was a total failure. As the physician must make a diagnosis, before he uses his knife or prescribes a certain medicine — so society must be confronted with its faults in order to look for a remedy.

To prove whether these characteristics are fulfilled in modern German literature, we must make ourselves acquainted with its representatives, or at least with the most prominent ones. It would lead too far if I should try to give in this essay samples taken from all their works; it may suffice if I mention their names and principal writings.

Among the best known novelists and writers of fiction, are *Karl Bleibtren*, a writer of strong conviction, although he tires sometimes by a long-winded style and a little too much self-glorification; *M. G. Konrad*, a fertile writer, both celebrated and maligned on account of his picturing the dark sides of Munich life; *W. Wallroth*, distinguished for the warmth of his colors; and the two pessimists, *Keltzer* and *Konrad Alberti*, the latter of whom is an out and out

realist; *Detlef von Lilienkron*, combining force of style with elegance, who has lived — being a nobleman and army officer — among the “upper ten,” and so is able to portray them now in the quietude of his country-seat with an appalling correctness; the most vigorous of all realists is *Hermann Conradi*, of whom *Detlef von Lilienkron* says in his “*Mäcen*”: —

It took me two days to read *Hermann Conradi's* “*Adam Mensch*.” I confess, it affected me greatly. It is the most horrible, most repulsive, yet most attractive, book I ever read. The author places man upon an operating table; then he calls his assistant, who rushes forward, puts the ether tube over the subject's nose, and the operation begins. It is a shocking book; regardless of consequences, it strikes wounds to heal them. Many times I felt as if I *must* cast it aside, but every time I said to myself, “It is written by a great artist, by a vigorous poet,” and I kept on reading.

Before mentioning a few of the leading dramatic realists, let it be understood that the battles between realism and idealism were fought during the last few years, principally in Berlin. Some who favor liberty for all new movements, exasperated by the exclusion of realism from the theatres, formed a society, called “*Freie Buehne*” (free stage), which brings out at its own expense the latest and best realistic dramas, to enable the public to judge their value. The “*Freie Buehne*” prospers remarkably, and many a play presented there finds its way to the principal theatres of Germany, and even to New York.

So “*Die Ehre*” (honor), by *Hermann Sudermann*, which, though not faultless in construction and conception, is a masterly picture of Berlin life. Besides *Sudermann* are worth mentioning, *Gerhard Hauptmann*, “*Vor Sonnenaufgang*” (before sunrise); *Hermann Bahr*, “*Die Grosse Suende*” (the great sin); *Fritz Lienhard*, “*Weltrevolution*” (revolution of the world); *Max Stempel*, “*Morphin*”; *Hans von Basedow*, “*Gerechte Menschen*” (righteous men); and, above all, the most talented, but, alas! somewhat extravagant, *Richard Voss*, who became famous at the age of twenty-five, through his book, “*Scherben, Gesammelt vom Mueden Mann*” (potsherds, collected by a tired man), and whose dramas, “*Regula Brandt*” and “*Pater Modestus*,” are highly promising.

Although realism discountenances the use of verse and rhyme, still some lyric poets have joined the realistic army.

So far as form is concerned, they are still under the influence of the past ; they have not yet emancipated themselves from habit, but the spirit and contents of their poems are realistic throughout. *Arno Holz*, *Karl Henckell*, *R. M. v. Stern*, and especially the ardent anarchist, *John Henry Mackay*, are noteworthy. The last mentioned is best presented by his own words : —

I hate this life, this miserable life, with glowing hate!

Last, not least, *Alfred Friedman*, distinguished by a clear comprehension of our time, sings: —

Eklektisches Jahrhundert,
Dem wir gebvren sind!
Ich geh! durch Dich verwundert;
Dein Sohn — und nicht Dein Kind!

(Eclectic century, in which we'r born! I walk amazed at thee!
thy son — and not thy child!)

I cannot close without stating that what is termed "the press" has also more or less fallen under the sway of realism. Numerous periodicals have devoted themselves entirely to its cause, the most noteworthy among which are: *De Gesellschaft* (society), *Freie Buehne fuer Modernes Leben* (free stage for modern life), *Kritisches Jahrbuch* (critical annual), *Literarische Korrespondenz* (literary correspondence), *Moderne Dichtung* (modern poesy), *Deutsche Blätter* (German leaves). They are ably edited by most of the very men whose names have already been mentioned.

The reader will by this time have become convinced that realism exists in German literature as it has appeared everywhere else. He will have followed its development from its origin to its present stage. He will have scrutinized the causes from which it has sprung, and thus he will be able to judge for himself whether or not it vindicates its existence enough to anticipate its future.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CASE.

VERDICT No. I.

OPINIONS OF DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, D. C. L., THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, O. B. F. FROTHINGHAM, G. KRUELL, APPLETON MORGAN, FRANKLIN H. HEAD, REV. C. A. BARTOL, HENRY GEORGE, AND FRANCES E. WILLARD.

[IN the May ARENA, the case of Bacon vs. Shakespeare went to the jury, after having been argued at length by Edwin Reed, Drs. A. Nicholson, F. J. Furnivall, and W. J. Rolfe, with closing arguments by Hon. Ignatius Donnelly for the plaintiff, and Professor Felix E. Schelling for the defence. In the following pages we give the first instalment of the verdict, from which it will be seen that Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the Marquis of Lorne, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Appleton Morgan, Henry George, and Franklin H. Head render a verdict in favor of the defence; while O. B. Frothingham and Miss Frances E. Willard hold to the composite theory of the composition of the Shakespearean plays, and Mr. G. Kruell, the eminent wood engraver, renders his verdict in favor of the plaintiff.]

I. ALFRED R. WALLACE, LL. D., OXON.

When we are asked to believe that the whole of the plays and poems attributed to Shakespeare were not written by him, but by Lord Bacon, we naturally require evidence of the most convincing kind. It must be shown either that Bacon did actually write them, in which case of course Shakespeare was not their author, or that Shakespeare could not possibly have written them, in which case somebody else must have done so, and we then demand proof that Bacon could possibly, and did probably, write them.

First, then, is there any good evidence that Bacon did write them? Positively none whatever; only a number of vague hints and suggestions, which might perhaps add some weight to an insufficient amount of direct testimony, but in its absence are entirely valueless. And then we have the enormous, the overwhelming improbability, that any man would write, and allow to be published or acted, so wonderful a series of poems and plays,

while another man received all the honor and all the profits ; and though surviving that man for ten years, that the real author never made the slightest claim to them, never confided the secret to a single friend, and died without a word or a sign to show that he had any part or share in them. To most persons this consideration alone will be conclusive against Bacon's authorship.

The reasons alleged for believing that Shakespeare could not have written them, are weak in the extreme. They amount to this : That his early life was spent in a small country town ; that he had not a university education ; that most of his early associates and connections were illiterate ; that his signatures were almost unintelligible ; and that no single letter or manuscript exists in his handwriting. The wide knowledge of human nature, of the court and the nobility, and of classical and modern literature, could not, it is alleged, have been acquired by such a man. But in making this objection, the opponents of Shakespeare take no account of the most important of all the facts — of that fact without which the production of these works is in any case unintelligible — the fact that their author was a transcendent genius ; and further, that it is the especial quality of genius to be able to acquire and assimilate knowledge, and to realize and interpret the whole range of human passions, moods, and foibles, under conditions that to ordinary men would be impossible. Admitting, as we must admit, the genius, there is no difficulty, no improbability. For the first twenty years of his conscious life, Shakespeare lived in the midst of the calm and beautiful scenery of Warwickshire, and acquired that extensive knowledge and love of nature, and that sympathy with all her moods and aspects, which are manifested throughout his works. The lordly castles of Warwick and Kenilworth were within a dozen miles of Stratford, and at times of festivity such castles were open house, and at all times would be easily accessible through the friendship of servants or retainers ; and thus might have been acquired, some portion of that knowledge of the manners and speech of nobles and kings, which appears in the historical plays. During his long residence in London, crowded then as now with adventurers of all nations, he would have had ample opportunity for studying human nature under every possible aspect. The endearing terms applied to him by his friends show that he had an attractive personality, and would, therefore, easily gain access to many grades of society ; while the law courts at Westminster would afford ample opportunities for extending that knowledge of law terms and legal processes, which he had probably begun to acquire by means of justices' sessions and coroners' inquests in his native town. Through his foreign acquaintances he might have obtained translations of some of those Italian or Spanish tales which fur-

nished a portion of his plots, and which have been supposed to indicate an amount of learning he could not have possessed. What genius can do under adverse circumstances and uncongenial surroundings, we see in the case of Chatterton, of Keats, of Shelley. Shakespeare had much better opportunities than any of these; he was gifted with a far loftier genius, a broader and more powerful intellect, a more balanced and harmonious personality. Of this rare combination of qualities and opportunities, his works are the natural and consistent outcome. Alike in their depth, their beauty, their exquisite fancy, their melodious harmony, and their petty defects, they are the full expression of the man and his surroundings.

Let us consider, lastly, whether, supposing Shakespeare were altogether out of the way, Bacon could possibly have written the plays and poems. These works are universally admitted to exhibit the very highest poetry, the most exquisite fancy, the deepest pathos, the most inimitable humor. We are told by his admirers that Bacon possessed all these qualities; but when any attempt is made to give us examples of them, we find only the most commonplace verse or labored and monotonous prose. The specimens of Bacon's versification given by Mr. Reed, in his capacity of counsel for the defendant, demonstrate that he had absolutely no poetic faculty; and as no better specimens have been produced when advocating the plaintiff's cause, we may presume that none exist. We are told that his sense of humor was phenomenal, that no man had a finer ear for melody of speech, — but, again, no examples are given. We are told that he rewrote his "Essays" many times, and gave them "a thousand exquisite touches"; yet when we read them, and search for these alleged beauties, either of poetic ideas or noble and harmonious passages, we find only a polished mediocrity, with labored antitheses of epithets, as utterly remote from the glowing thoughts and winged words of Shakespeare, as is the doggerel version of the psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, from the hymns of Keble or the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson. The man who conceived and delineated such characters as Portia, Juliet, Imogen, and a score of others, and who poured forth his soul in the "Sonnets," could not possibly have written the essays on "Love" and "Marriage," in which not one spark of poetry or sentiment is allowed to appear.

Again, what have the acknowledged writings of Bacon to show of the intense love of nature, and the poetic ideas it inspired, which are main characteristics of the author of the plays and poems? Flowers are therein continually referred to as illustrations of the beauty of women. The white hand of the sleeping Lucrece "showed like an April daisy on the grass"; a girl's

complexion is compared with "morning roses newly washed with dew"; and the writer's deep love and intense enjoyment of flowers is shown by such expressions as "Daffodils . . . which take the winds of March with beauty"; the cuckoo-buds which "do paint the meadows with delight"; and the regret that "rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

This passionate love of nature will perhaps account for Shakespeare's early retirement from London to his native town, where he could enjoy those charms of rural scenery and natural beauty which had aided in developing his poetic fancy in youth, and which, to every true lover of nature, have a still purer influence and a deeper significance in advancing years. This withdrawal from London has, strangely enough, been made one of the arguments against Shakespeare, as implying a want of taste for literary society, or for the refinements of life; whereas it is really a point in his favor, as showing that the fount of natural beauty, from which his choicest poetic inspiration had sprung, had lost none of its attraction in his maturer years.

The advocates of Bacon, on the other hand, have not attempted to show that *he* was equally influenced by natural beauty. He was, it is true, fond of gardens and gardening; but his essay on the subject is devoted mainly to a design for the arrangement of a large garden, and to giving dry lists of the plants worthy of cultivation. He dwells much on the odors of herbs and sweet-smelling flowers, but he uses none of those expressions of admiration for their beauty, which Shakespeare would certainly have employed, nor does he indicate that they had for him any poetical associations.

The facts and considerations now briefly set forth seem to me absolutely to demonstrate two things. The first is, that, judging from Bacon's acknowledged works, he could not possibly have written the plays and poems attributed to Shakespeare. The second is, that, given the essential attribute of genius of the highest kind, there is nothing whatever in the known facts of Shakespeare's life that is opposed to the view of his being their author, but, on the contrary, everything in its favor. Having, therefore, the direct testimony of Ben Jonson, Fuller, and his two fellow-actors who edited the folio of 1623, that Shakespeare *was* the author, while the terms of affection and admiration in which they all speak of him, show that they considered him fully capable of writing the works attributed to him, there remains no possible reason for now disputing that testimony. Never, surely, was there so utterly baseless a claim as that made by the advocates of Bacon against Shakespeare.

Verdict for the defendant.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

II. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

In answer to your request for my opinion on the controversy raised in your review on the authorship of "Shakespeare's" plays, I throw my vote for the authenticity of the old tradition, as against the modern theory that Bacon's hand is visible throughout these dramas. The argument against Shakespeare, drawn from the fact that none of his manuscripts survive, would weigh equally against Molière ever having written the plays ascribed to him, for none in his handwriting exist. It is also known that Shakespeare's daughter and granddaughter were very strict Puritans, and were not likely to keep the plays. Most of the first edition was burned at "Old Paul's." There is nothing in Bacon's essays, beyond a few casual expressions common to the time, that can remind one of Shakespeare's style. It is quite possible that Bacon may have amused himself by giving hints, and even more than hints, to Shakespeare, who was glad to take from other authors as well as from the book of nature, and I would certainly not have disdained any assistance from Bacon. The world is jealous enough now, and was no less jealous in the days of Elizabeth and James. Why should the fame of the plays have been left to Shakespeare if it was not acknowledged that he was the author? Why did no one tell King James, before he ascended the English throne, that the man to whom he wrote, to thank him for the complimentary language used towards the Scottish royal family in "Macbeth," was a fraud? Why was it that men of the world, like Southampton and Pembroke, were glad to have their names known as approvers and patrons of Shakespeare? Why was it that their contemporary, Jonson, called him "The sweet swan of Avon," and lauded him to the skies as a man of sweet and happy fancy? No; Bacon may have left a mark here and there, and the allusions to "Hang Hog" and to St. Albans may speak of him, but some threads do not make a garment, and the garment all knew to be of Shakespeare's weaving. The evidence now brought forward cannot overthrow contemporary faith.

Verdict for the defendant.

LORNE.

III. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Mr. Edwin Reed is a lawyer of large experience, and accustomed, therefore, to weigh evidence and balance arguments. Perhaps he has more legal ability than literary perception; but in his general position as showing the impossibility of the Shakespearean authorship, he is unanswerable. He is an earnest man, a vigorous writer, and thoroughly convinced of the value of his cause. One of his opponents calls him a "pettifogger," which reminds one of a passage in Scott's "Antiquary," where Sir Arthur Wardown criticises Oldbuck, who has beaten him in antiquarian controversy:—

"You may observe that he never has any advantage of me in dispute, unless when he avails himself of a sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact—a tiresome and frivolous accuracy of memory, which is entirely owing to his mechanical descent."

Mr. Donnelly finds fault with him as an insufficient critic, and says:—

"Mr. Reed betrays his client. He goes back on him like Mark Twain's frog in the celebrated 'jumping match.'"

There is, it is true, an apparent inconsistency, which Mr. Reed can perhaps explain, for he has been a devoted champion of Bacon for several years. In some of his details he is exceedingly ingenious. His criticism of his opponent is clever. Many of his positions are excellent, and not a few of his suggestions are acute as well as just. His plea for Bacon, though strong,—stronger than that of his opponents on the other side,—is not convincing, for the reason that Bacon lacked precisely the quality of mind in which the plays are supreme. His antagonists are accomplished men, and have made a study of Shakespeare for many years; they perhaps have the advantage in literary exactness, but they do not touch the antecedent impossibilities of the Shakespeare authorship, which are insuperable. They confine themselves to proving that Bacon could not have written the plays; they leave wholly unfortified the position that Shakespeare did. On the whole, it does not seem to me that they do full justice to their cause, but are satisfied with meeting a few of Mr. Reed's incidental points. The whole debate, indeed, appears to turn upon a few incidental matters, whereof an expert alone can judge, and I am not enough of a Shakespearean critic to pronounce upon them; but the broad field of contention is evident enough.

In regard to temper, Mr. Reed has greatly the superiority in courtesy. Abuse is not argument; contempt is not criticism; and reasonable people will not think a cause just, that defends itself by vituperation. Both sides seem bent on maintaining a position.

The authorship of Shakespeare and that of Bacon are equally impossible. Perhaps the plays had several authors, Bacon being one. If called on to decide between Shakespeare and Bacon, I should decide for Shakespeare—not on the ground of evidence, certainly, for there is none, but on grounds of general tradition. The fact that distinguished men, scholars, critics, students of all products of the mind, have believed in the Shakespearean authorship, is at least remarkable—men of genius, like Lamb, Coleridge, Emerson, Lowell, to mention no others. Perhaps the matter was not brought to their attention; perhaps the old theory of supernatural inspiration swayed them. At all events, this was their faith.

If we abandon the Shakespearean authorship, we must pluck out the best literature by the roots. Besides, there is a bitter tragedy in the mistaken enthusiasm, that for more than two centuries has been scattering flowers on the wrong grave and laying garlands on the wrong head; and although there are several instances of this in history, we still resent it. Then, if the plays are freshly interpreted and differently understood, if Mr. Taine's conception of them, for instance, is accepted, Shakespeare may have been, in great measure at least, their author.

If the plays could be judged on their merits, independently of their authorship, instead of being blindly eulogized and covered up by actors and commentators, no harm would be done; though it is not quite true to say that the plays are the same whoever wrote them, because they will be differently regarded as they are ascribed to one man or another. If Bacon wrote them, we should be on the lookout for more of mental philosophy, science of nature, and social reform; if Shakespeare wrote them, we should be on the lookout for stage effects, passion, wit, drollery. That criticism is entirely unscientific in its character, is shown by the fact that there are twenty-four professions and employments ascribed to Shakespeare, and several others are quite possible. It must be confessed, too, that the mental consequences of Bacon's authorship are, in a broad philosophical view, more in accordance with the popular theory of evolution than that of Shakespeare; for in the latter case we have to suppose some miraculous influence—a mountain without roots, a peak springing up directly from a meadow. Bacon, though a most remarkable man, was no prodigy. In our generation, no violent conceptions are admitted by thinkers. There must be a natural cause for every effect. The fact is that the true case is not before us.

It is the fashion to lavish praise on the author, and to assume one writer for all the plays, thus making the judgment unnecessarily difficult. But there could hardly have been one writer for all the plays. The author of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" could scarcely have written "Hamlet." Did the same writer produce "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth," or "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Lear"? Possibly the great tragedies may be less profound than they are reputed; the purpose of them may be simpler. Excessive adulation may have exalted them unduly. The hypothesis of several writers is accepted by Emerson, White, Dowden, Lowell, as well as by John Weiss, an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare and a singularly acute scholar. ("Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare," pp. 200, 253, 261, 262.)

It must be said, too, that Shakespeare probably did write doggerel. The following lines are ascribed to him as genuine by Richard Grant White:—

"A parlamente member, a justice of peace,
 At home a poor scarecrowe, at London an asse,
 If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
 Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.
 He thinks himself greate,
 Yet an asse in his state,
 We allow by his ears but with asses to mate,
 If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
 Sing O lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

At about the same time that this was written, it is supposed that the same author produced "Venus and Adonis." Again, after London was left, and Shakespeare lived in Stratford, he is said to have written lines for the gravestone of a wealthy citizen, and these, too, Mr. White believes to be genuine. They are as follows:—

"Ten in the hundred lies here in-grav'd;
 'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;
 If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
 Oh, ho, quoth the devil, 'tis my John a-Coombe."

"Shakespeare," says Mr. White, "was not always writing 'Hamlet.'" True; but the man who wrote this stuff could never have written "Hamlet," nor could the man who wrote "Hamlet" ever have written this. One might as well suppose that Bacon, who wrote the translation of the Psalms, also wrote "The Tempest." A re-reading of Mr. White's "Life" convinces me that Shakespeare did not write the plays; and a re-reading of the plays convinces me that Bacon did not, for he was not a great poet, on Mr. Reed's own confession, for he says, "Bacon's knowledge of poetry, it is safe to say, would not have made him immortal."

But there is Ben Jonson, say the objectors. There are the sonnets. Well, as to Ben Jonson, can anybody tell exactly what he meant, or why he praised as he did? Lord Palmerston exclaimed, "Oh, these fellows will always stand up for each other!" and Emerson wrote: "Ben Jonson, though we have strained his few words of regard and panegyric, had no suspicion of the elastic fame, whose first vibrations he was attempting. He no doubt thought the praise he had conceded to him generous, and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two." Ben Jonson, too, bestowed the same praises upon Bacon that he bestowed upon Shakespeare. In regard to the sonnets, it will be time enough to speak of them as an insuperable obstacle in the way of the Baconians, when scholars are agreed about their origin and meaning. White remarks, "It is to be observed that Shakespeare, who so carefully published his 'Venus and Adonis' and his 'Lucrece,' and who looked so sharply after his interests, did not publish his sonnets, although he must have known how eagerly they would have been sought by the public." Again, "An obscurity which seems impenetrable has fallen upon the origin of

all these impressive compositions. Mr. Thomas Thorpe appears in his dedication, as the Sphinx of literature, and thus far he has not met his *Œdipus*."

The truth is that we know too much of both Shakespeare and Bacon to think that either wrote the plays. The life of Bacon has been repeatedly written; every scrap of paper about him has been carefully scrutinized; every fact in his career has been carefully weighed. Of Shakespeare, Emerson says, "He was a good-natured sort of man, an actor and shareholder in the theatre, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers." It is true that we do not know much about him, but what we do know is decidedly discreditable. The story of his marriage makes him appear licentious, passionate, and wild. The suit against Philip Rogers for one pound, fifteen shillings, ten pence, is thus described by White: "The pursuit of an impoverished man, for the sake of imprisoning him, and depriving him both of the power of paying his debt and supporting himself and his family, is an instance in Shakespeare's life which requires the utmost allowance and consideration for the practice of the time and country, to enable us to contemplate with equanimity — satisfaction is impossible." A project for enclosing some common lands near Stratford makes Shakespeare appear in a very disagreeable light. His objection to the measure was that it would press heavily upon his own property. The corporation of Stratford — and it must be remembered that corporations have no souls — objected to the same measure on the ground that *it would oppress the poorer classes*. They were human, he was not.

The traditions of him are, if anything, worse than the facts. The story that he was a poacher; the tale recorded in Manningham's diary of his superseding Richard Burbadge, a great actor of the day, in the favors of a woman who was no better than she should be; and the tradition of his death from exposure after a drunken bout, describe a merry but utterly unprincipled man; and there are no traditions of an opposite character; there is nothing to break the force of these traditions. If we knew nothing about Shakespeare, we could believe in his authorship of the plays, because then there would be nothing to shame him; but now, these legends — coupled with the facts that his genius deserted him in middle life; that he was utterly indifferent to any literary works; that he left no library; never spoke of himself as an author; was comparatively unknown in his generation; had no intercourse with men of learning, genius, culture; that he was never heard of as a writer until long after his death — make it impossible for me to believe that he could have produced these works.

The real difficulty is to reconcile Shakespeare and the plays. Emerson cannot put them together: "The Egyptian verdict of the Shakespeare Societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast. Had he been less, had he reached only the common measure of great authors, of Bacon, Milton, Tasso, Cervantes, we might leave the fact in the twilight of human fate; but that this man of men, — he who gave to the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed, and planted the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into chaos, — that he should not be wise for himself, it must even go into the world's history, that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for public amusement." Professor Dowden supposes that Shakespeare had a double life, and pulls the man and his plays together by glorifying the dramas and by dignifying Shakespeare's last years: "He broke his magic staff; he drowned his book deeper than ever plummet sounded; he went back — serenely looking down upon all of human life, yet refusing his share in none of it — to his dukedom (!) at Stratford, resolved to do duke's work, such as it is, well; yet Prospero must forever have remained somewhat apart, and distinguished from other dukes and magnificoes by virtues of the enchanted island and the marvellous years of mageship." . . .

"Rescuing his soul from all bitterness, he arrived finally at a temper strong and self-possessed as that of stoicism, yet free from the stoical attitude of defiance; a temper liberal, gracious, charitable; a tender yet strenuous calm."

Taine ("English Literature," Vol. i. p. 296, etc.) reconciles the two, but at the expense of the plays. The poetry is by him still unaccounted for — the intellectual resiliency, the calm, profound wisdom.

On the whole, here is a mystery which may never be cleared away.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Verdict. — Mr. Frothingham holds that several hands were employed in the composition of the Shakespearean plays.

IV. G. KRUELL.

The controversy, "Shakespeare vs. Bacon," in THE ARENA has only strengthened my belief that the Stratford man never wrote the plays; so the only man possible left, is Francis Bacon.

The defenders of Shakespeare have certainly proved that their weapons of defence for their hero are much weaker than anybody could expect.

G. KRUELL.

G. Kruell renders a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

V. APPLETON MORGAN.

Were the form of an action at law to be adhered to in this discussion, I should for the defendant suggest a demurrer, and for the plaintiff a motion for judgment upon Professor Rolfe's "answer." And were I the judge, instead of what I understand that you appoint me,—a jurymen,—I should be inclined to strike out Professor Rolfe's "answer" very speedily as stale matter (to which the complaint was, in itself, an answer), and concerning itself with the childish Donnelly cipher, to which Mr. Reed himself was far too sensible to even allude. But bad as the answer is, Mr. Reed's complaint needs none, good or bad. The evidently proper pleading is a general demurrer, "that the complaint does not allege facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action." A complaint consisting of negatives, or of negative allegations merely, would be a curiosity in a court of law—if it ever got into court at all; and if it did, it would remain there only long enough to be thrown out. It certainly would never reach a jury, for the Baconian case—and Mr. Reed fairly states it—is found upon examination to be built, not of facts, but of coincidences. But a coincidence, nor a hundred coincidences, never proved anything, and never can and never will prove anything. As the man said about the ghosts, we have all of us seen too many coincidences to believe in them. And, moreover, what is a coincidence to one man is not a coincidence to another, but the merest convention and commonplace. The utmost that a coincidence can do is to build up a paradox; and if there is anything less safe or more useless than a coincidence, it is a paradox.

Supposing I should say, for example, that the most dangerous railroad crossing in the world was the safest railroad crossing in the world. That would be a paradox; and it would be strictly true, for I could easily demonstrate that the most dangerous railroad crossing in the world was the one most carefully watched, and was, therefore, the safest. But although strictly true, my paradox would prove nothing, and add nothing to the world's knowledge of railway science or experience in the art of operating a railroad. And so with the Paradox Baconian: it travels only to a certain point, beyond which it is a delusion and a snare, a trick and device; and wherein it is true, it is true only to those whose information has only reached a certain point, and there it stands, and proves just nothing at all! The great majority of people disbelieve in a Baconian authorship for precisely the same reason that the Baconians give for disbelieving in a Shakespearean authorship of the Shakespeare plays; namely, because it cannot be proved. This majority is reinforced by the comparatively small body of students who know that the Shakespearean authorship can be proved, and so ignore the Baconian and all his

works with a contempt that may be, and doubtless is, a little too lofty. (For, in my opinion, no honest doubt ought to be ignored, if reasonable; and the Shakespeare plays are so miraculous, that a doubt that they were written by any one man, or still more miraculously, by more than one man, becomes, to many minds, a candid and reasonable doubt.) The Baconians, on the other hand, though in the minority, are alert and fearless, industrious and versatile, and insensible to ridicule; and they have the vigor of the onset, and the sympathy of the public, which admires pluck and faith, and which loves to see martinets and precisians and dry-as-dusts confounded and put to flight. For the defence has usually been intrusted either to martinets or precisians or dry-as-dusts, or to those whose contempt of their opponents was too fine and Italian to catch the sympathy of the public, which loves to think that it is worth being reasoned with.

The great strength of the Baconian case, however, has always been, the vast lengths to which the progressional Shakespeare critics go—their conceits, absurdities, and oracular pronouncements upon things which are unascertainable, and if ascertainable, are entirely immaterial. For example, Professor Rolfe says in his “answer” before me, “In these latter years the chronology of the plays has been pretty well settled.” Now this “chronology”—that is, in the ordinary, dictionary, vernacular meaning of the word—has never been settled, and never can be, and would be immaterial if it were “settled.” Even the dates on the little pages of the Quartos reveal nothing; for Shakespeare, like every other author, wrote much before he achieved his first success; and the instant he achieved his first success, publishers hastened to bring out everything he had on hand, which accounts for such unequal plays as the beautiful “*Midsummer Night's Dream*,” almost a masque for loveliness, and the sparkling and perfect comedy of “*The Merchant of Venice*,” and the crude and juvenile “*Titus Andronicus*,” appearing in one and the same year, 1600.

If, however, we understand by “chronology of the plays” those absurd things which are called “periods,” and “verse tests,” and “groups” (a commentator, named Furnivall, has reduced Shakespeare to six or seven of these latter: “The Unfit-Nature-or-Under-Burden-Falling group,” “The Sunny-or-Sweet-Time group,” and so on *ad nauseam*), then Professor Rolfe is right,—the “chronology” has been “settled,” and we have only to understand that, great as Shakespeare was, he could not write long metre in his short metre periods, or short metre in his long metre periods, or “Sunny-or-Sweet-Time” plays in his “Under-Burden-Falling group” season; and it is this sort of thing which, while it may make the unthinking laugh, makes the

judicious grieve,— which renders Shakespeare to his professional critic, as is the height of the sublime to the height of the ridiculous,— it is against this sort of thing that the Baconian theory has come as a public relief and a furlough, and it has been welcomed accordingly, and has deceived not a few!

And so, if called upon to decide the merits of the debate, as a debate, I should decide for Mr. Reed; but if called upon to decide upon the merits of the question, I should vote for Shakespeare.

Shakespeare wrote his plays as Mr. Boucicault wrote his, and as M. Sardou writes his. He gathered his material wherever he found it, and he assimilated whatever he required of what he found ("gathered humors of all men," as Aubrey expresses it). There is much, no doubt, of Marlowe and of Green and of Ben Jonson in the Shakespeare plays; and possibly something sceptical or ponderous or finical from Bacon, may have gotten in there along with the rest. But the plays are Shakespeare's.

Mr. Donnelly says, in the May ARENA, that I wrote a book to prove the Baconian authorship, "and then in five minutes took it all back," and intimates (as I understand him) that I recanted for the sake of the applause of "a few young gentlemen calling themselves a Shakespeare society."

I beg Mr. Donnelly's pardon, but the facts are not exactly such as to justify this proposition.

A gentleman who writes a book to argue one thing, and then disavows his own arguments, certainly should be called upon to explain; and as a matter of fact, I have been making explanations for the last eight years. I wrote "The Shakespearean Myth" intending it as an assessment of the probabilities of the Bacon case as compared with the Shakespeare postulates; and I am perfectly willing to admit that my bias was at that time toward the Bacon side. But whatever belief I had in Bacon was not based on any arguments, my own or anybody's else's, nor yet on the miracle (for such I still deem it) of the plays having been written by Shakespeare (and as to this, I may say that it would have been no less a miracle, in my judgment, had they been written by Bacon). My belief was based on certain pieces of circumstantial evidence, which, whatever may be said against it, is at least evidence without motive and without bias, viz.: First, the Toby Matthew Postscript; second, the Northumberland Manuscript; third, the letter to Sir John Davies; fourth, the affair of the "Richard II."; and fifth, the date of the "1622 Folio." But such as it is, the evidence of these items has been very minutely examined within a year or two, and since my "Myth" was written, and in my opinion, exploded.

1. In 1891, I asked Mr. A. A. Adeë and Mr. Alfred Waites,

two of the keenest logicians and ablest literary archæologists I know, to examine the Toby Matthew postscript and write me the result. They were kind enough to do so, and I printed their correspondence with me in *Shakespeareana* (vol. viii., pp. 44-49). The result was, that, while the allusion lay between Don Francesco de Quevedo Villegas and Francis Albani, it was carried to a demonstration that Sir Toby was *not* alluding to Bacon. (I may add that both Mr. Adee and Mr. Waites are linguists as well as scholars, and that neither of them took their references at second hand, or upon trust, without examination.)

2. Mr. Waites is also to be credited with (in my judgment) entirely destroying the value, for the Bacon theory, of the Northumberland manuscript; for he finds, not only the names of Shakespeare, and those of some of his plays, in the scribbling, but the name "Thomas Nash," and of one of Nash's plays, "The Isle of Dogs," also therein. Now while this leaves the cumulative value of the evidence intact for whatever it is worth otherwise, it utterly destroys it for the Baconians. Its value to the Baconians was that Bacon's amanuensis, in scribbling listlessly upon the cover of one of the manuscripts he had been working at for his employer, had betrayed the fact that Bacon, in his mind, was associated with the name "William Shakespeare" and with the names of certain plays. The strength of the evidence — *quoad* Baconian evidence — was in this betrayal of the involuntary association in the mind of the amanuensis. But if the amanuensis also associated in his mind the name of Bacon with the name of Thomas Nash, and with the name of one of Nash's plays, as well as with one or more of Shakespeare's, the evidence, while still circumstantial evidence (and very interesting circumstantial evidence), of the existence of Shakespeare, and of Nash, and of their respective plays, is not evidence that Bacon wrote either Shakespeare's or Nash's plays, — unless "Nash," as well as "Shakespeare," was a *nom de plume* of Bacon's. (See Mr. Waites' demonstration, *Shakespeareana*, vol. vi., p. 519), and that I do not understand the Baconians to, at present, claim.

3, 4. The Davies letter and the affair of the play of "Richard II" prove, from the Baconian standpoint (if they prove anything), that everybody knew that Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays. Above all, they prove that Queen Elizabeth knew it. But as this is inconsistent with — is utterly destructive of — the Baconian theory, it is unnecessary, for present purposes, to discuss either of them here. (See, as to the Davies letter, *Shakespeareana*, vol. vii., p. 98, and as to "Richard II." Mr. Waites' Introduction to vol. xvii. of the Bankside Shakespeare.)

5. The so-called "1622 Folio" is a pure "fake." It is in the Lenox Library, and anybody can examine it for himself. I

examined it in the presence of the late Mr. Allibone, and again in the presence of the late Dr. Moore, and both agreed with me perfectly that the 3, in 1623, had been made into a 2, by paring off the bottom of the title page and making the lower bar of the loop with a pen. Later I sent a man named Fleming (not a Shakespeare scholar, but a man with no motive for prevarication) to examine it, and he arrived at the same conclusion. My statement will be found in a footnote at page 60 of "Shakespeare, in Fact and in Criticism," and Fleming's corroboration in *Shakespeareana*, vol. v., p. 92. But as I say, anybody (Mr. Donnelly if he pleases) can examine the folio in the Lenox Library at any time. Admitting, then, as Mr. Donnelly says, that I wrote, ten years ago, a book to prove the Baconian authorship, it seems to me that if anything, I should be rather commended than condemned, for being frank enough to publicly state that I had, as I believed, become convinced that I was mistaken. (See also "My Shakespearean Uncertainties," *Shakespeareana*, vol. v., p. 1, and letter to Mr. T. L. Jordan, *Id.* vol. x., p. 61. APPLETON MORGAN.

Verdict for the defendant.

VI. FRANKLIN H. HEAD.

Bacon, in intellectual power, is one of the dozen most richly endowed men of all time. He made modern science possible. He gave the death blow to the philosophy which reasoned from theory to facts, and founded the method of collecting facts from which to formulate systems. In our day he would have done the work of Herbert Spencer; would have classified the data of painstaking specialists, and made the vast generalizations embodied in the philosophy of evolution. He was a master of terse and vigorous English, of a strong and often graceful style, but absolutely devoid of poetic fancy or imagination. Like Shakespeare, he absorbed largely from others; and his *Promus*, where he jotted down borrowed thoughts and phrases for use, shows sundry slightly disguised sentences taken from Shakespeare's plays.

Shakespeare is the one supreme poet of humanity; the popular playwright of an illustrious age. His friends, Raleigh, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Drayton, recognized him easily as their superior in wit, their poetic and dramatic master. Through his pages are scattered the gems and the gold of all the ages. Every phase of our common humanity is to him an open book. Language recognizes in him its absolute master; is plastic as clay in the potter's hands; at his bidding it sings soft and sweet as the harp of Æolus, or is marshalled in sentences resonant and majestic as the voice of the multitudinous sea. His imperial intellect is dominated and permeated by an exquisite poetic fancy; by an

imagination at once chastened and sublime. He was a heaven-born genius. To argue aught from his ancestry or early education, is to ignore the fact that genius is the direct gift of God, and its possessor above and beyond all rules and limitations which compass the average man.

To suggest that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare poems is as absurd, from his mental endowment, as to argue that Huxley wrote the poems of Tennyson. To illustrate Bacon's want of poetic faculty: It was the fashion in his day to write poetry. He must try his hand. He published an alleged dramatic poem, a masque, the worst of the century. He essayed to translate into English lyrics, with others, the 90th psalm. He poetizes the words, "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God," by

"One God thou wert and art and still shalt be;
The line of time, it shall not measure thee."

Can one conceive the author of

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,"

rendering the sublime passage quoted from the Psalms, by a statement in limping doggerel, that time cannot with a tape line determine the circumference of God?

Verdict for the defendant.

FRANKLIN H. HEAD.

VII. C. A. BARTOL.

If, as the French Buffon said, "The style is the man himself," Bacon did not write Shakespeare, nor are the two a binary star. The parallel between them is of disjointed expressions, a contrast both of spirit and of form. Bacon is weighty, Shakespeare imponderable; Bacon is reflective, Shakespeare intuitive; Bacon is fanciful, Shakespeare is imaginative; Bacon is logical, Shakespeare dramatic; Bacon's rhyme is mechanical, Shakespeare's rhythm is musical; Bacon's poetry is versified prose, Shakespeare's prose is poetry; Bacon brings a scheme, Shakespeare a chime; Bacon never escapes from, and Shakespeare effaces, himself; Bacon has eloquence and Shakespeare song; Bacon was selfish and Shakespeare humane; Bacon was ambitious, greedy of wealth and fame, Shakespeare, like the greatest of birds, which leaves its eggs to be hatched in the sand; Bacon borrowed what Shakespeare lent; Bacon transferred what Shakespeare transfigured; Bacon rose and fell, Shakespeare is in the zenith; Bacon does not better Shakespeare's phrase, but, like a thief, disguises and deforms what he steals; Bacon gives a creed, Shakespeare a mirror; Bacon is learned, Shakespeare adorns what he adopts, as the thoughts of France found a trum-

pet in Mirabeau's mouth; Bacon had many equals, Shakespeare no mates but Homer and Dante; he is their peer or superior. Milton passes by Bacon and singles out Shakespeare for his praise. Walter Scott forgets Bacon, and puts Shakespeare "next after the Bible." Bacon's brain is a contribution-box, Shakespeare's a mine and mint. They are in their manner — which in an author is a chief matter — unlike. We can measure Bacon's, but not Shakespeare's, mind. The Baconians mistake appearance for substance, as the dog in Æsop's fable dropped the meat to bite its shadow in the brook. Verbal comparisons, such as they argue from, would confound the title of many a writer to his own works. The resemblance they cite may be casual coincidence, unconscious recollection, plagiarism or proverb, painting retouched or an altered sketch. A man's genius is certified by his intrinsic quality, as is a coast survey by the base line. Shakespeare stands alone.

C. A. BARTOL.

Verdict for the defendant.

VIII. HENRY GEORGE.

I have read the articles published in THE ARENA as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, with the unclouded conviction that these plays are properly attributed to Shakespeare, and that nothing but perversity could attribute them to Bacon. If, in your tribunal of literary criticism, there is in use any phrase that will soundingly declare the allegation preposterously false, and the "allegators" wanton and pestilent disturbers, record it as my verdict in this case.

Yours truly,

HENRY GEORGE.

Henry George renders a verdict in favor of defendant.

IX. FRANCES WILLARD.

My opinion is, that to neither Shakespeare nor Bacon do the laurels of authorship belong. That is, I think the works were composite. It seems perfectly reasonable to me that Lord Bacon and a number of other brilliant thinkers of the Elizabethan era, who were nobles, and who, owing to the position of the stage, would not care to have their names associated with the drama, composed or moulded the plays, and Shakespeare, possessing, as he unquestionably did, a master dramatic power, readily recast them for the stage. I do not believe the prosaic Bacon could have written anything which partook of the universal mind so largely, as the works attributed to Shakespeare; neither do I believe that a man with the little learning that Shakespeare possessed, even with the cast of the old plays before him, could have produced as scholarly a work as these dramas; and I doubt

very much whether he had a nature fine and sensitive enough, to give many of the most wonderful touches to the works. If Shakespeare wrote the plays ascribed to him without the assistance of other human beings, the only explanation, in my mind, would lie in the fact of inspiration of a high order; for as Emerson; I think it was, said, "If Shakespeare had created the human heart, he could not have better understood human nature."

Believe me, yours with high regard,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Frances E. Willard inclines to the belief in composite authorship.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUICIDE.*

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

It was midnight when I reached the water, and over London Bridge two thin and straggling human streams, which flowed as restlessly on as the running of the river beneath the arches, poured incessantly in opposite directions. I had very little recollection of how I came to be there. I remember a time — was it possible it could have been only that morning! — when my life lay not all unjoyless before me; but between then and now, there yawned an impassable gulf, and I seemed to have lived centuries since the blow had fallen.

The news reached me while I was sitting at breakfast in the morning, and evening found me lying humped in the same chair, with head on breast, and hollow, haggard eyes a-stare, and the letter, which was answerable for all, still fluttering in the fingers of the nerveless arm that drooped over the chair back. I was as one paralyzed. My brain had stopped — just as a drowning man's watch stops on coming in contact with the water — at the moment when I had received the blow. As the hands of the drowned man's watch indicate only the time when to him time ceased to be, so on the dial of my consciousness there was recorded but one fateful fact; and into one fierce focal point of light — the consciousness of my misery — all the thoughts which passed through the burning glass of my brain were concentrated.

Suddenly I started convulsively, catching my breath, and clinching my hand, until the letter which lay in it was crushed to a ball; for, like the dart of a serpent's tongue upon a sleeping bird, the thought that I had it in my power to end my misery, darted through my deadened brain. Just as I had been previously dominated by the one thought of my wretchedness, so now, I was alone possessed by the one thought of suicide. All the slumbering hounds of consciousness gave tongue at that thought, and swept on at full cry in wild pursuit; and that

* NOTE BY THE WRITER. — These experiences came to my knowledge some years ago; but for reasons which it is scarcely necessary to enter upon here, I was not at liberty to make them known. Now that those reasons no longer exist, I am glad of an opportunity to put the facts upon record. The story was told me while it was fresh in the narrator's memory, and while he was in a condition of intense mental excitement. My paper is transcribed from notes, which I made immediately afterwards, but I have given it very much as I heard it, the last sentence only being an addition. Readers of "A Dead Man's Diary" may be interested to know that upon the experiences here described, that book was entirely founded.

thought I set before me as the runner sets the mark towards which to press. Self-interest, expediency, and religion sprang up clamoring, and, knocking at the door of my brain, cried out, "What will it profit thee if thou doest this thing? Knowest thou not that punishment will await thee hereafter?" But I let them knock at an unopened door; and when conscience arose, and, placing herself in my pathway, strove with despairing hands to drag me back, I would not as much as let my eyes rest upon her, but, turning from her, cried out, "This thing I will do and must!"

How or when I left my lodgings, I have no knowledge; but my next recollection is that of finding myself in the street. Stooping and slouched, with head on breast and burning eyes a-stare, and choosing always the darkest street and crossing, I slunk doggedly on, shrinking from, and yet scarcely heeding, the passers, until at last I reached the bridge, and, with shoulder hunched to the wall, dragged myself slowly along to the first recess, and paused to peer over the parapet upon the water.

Westward the Cannon Street viaduct barred the view of the river, and through the cold shine of the electric lights, the gas-lamps on the distant embankment burned yellow and dim. A train, laboring like a blown runner, puffed panting over the bridge. For one second the electric light flickered from glare to gloom, and then flared out into a dazzling purplish-pink, which lit every carriage with such startling distinctness, that the features of the passengers were plainly visible. A face looked out across the water into mine, and I saw that it was the face of the woman who had broken my heart. Forgetful of the fact that the blaze of light by which she was surrounded would effectually blind her to all that lay outside; forgetful of my wrongs, and of the ruin she had brought to me, and forgetful of everything except my wretchedness and my love for her, I stretched out my arms with an eager and passionate cry; but even as I did so, she smiled and turned to speak to a companion in the compartment, and in another moment the train passed on, and was lost under the huge half-cylinder which roofs the station, leaving me alone upon the dark bridge, and in the night — as alone as I had been before she had come into my life, as alone as I should be in the death which I was there to seek. Alone we die; alone we live and suffer, and sympathy can avail us as little as hate. Your sympathy is powerless to avert one pang of the pain which tears me, for sympathy is but the stretching of hands across an impassable gulf. Even love resembles less the blending of clouds upon the blue, than the sad vigil of neighboring stars. We are companions one to another, we are affected by the nearness or distance of the loved one, but never, ah! never do we touch.

Sick in soul, and faint in body (for I had had no food since the morning), I turned and crossed to the eastward side of the bridge. Below me, in naked majesty, and with blear lights ranged on the right hand and on the left, like death candles by a negro's corpse, brooded the black mystery of the river. As I looked down upon the waters—here flowing with snaky and treacherous swiftness under a surface as smooth as glass; there foaming in eddy and swirl, or sliding as sullenly on as molten pitch, and barred by the broken reflection of lights on steamer and barge—my excited fancy seemed to see the mouth of hell lying before me. I had always thought of hell as a place far distant; but now I localized it immediately beneath the water, and believed that I had but to plunge to the other side of those inky waves to find hell and all its horrors awaiting me—horrors, which I was, of my own will, and not by the decree of God or devil, about to seek. I hugged myself with a hideous pride as I thought of it. Yes, the life, which men murder and lie to prolong, which they sell their souls to save, I was about to fling unvalued from me. The hell, to escape from which they shuffle and whimper and cringe, and portion out their days in petty rounds of fasting, church-going, and prayer, wherein neither song nor art nor anything which gives joy to life, has place—this hell, I was of my own accord about to seek.

“Do thy worst, O God!” I shrieked. “Thou mayest be cruel, but thou canst not be more cruel than I can be to myself. I fear not the death with which thou frightenest us here; the hell with which thou threatenest us hereafter; and wert thou, thyself, to open for me the gates of heaven, I would spurn thy offer, and fling myself of my own will into hell. Of my own choice I came not into the world, but of my own choice I can and will leave it; and thou, O God, the omnipotent, art powerless to prevent me! Behold, the thing which thou madest mocks thee and defies thee! Thou gavest me life, O God, and thus do I fling thy vile gift back!”

With a cry like the cry of a wild beast, I sprang at a bound upon the parapet. For one moment I tottered, swaying betwixt river and sky, above me the wan, white face of a swooning moon, below me the dark mystery of the river; and then with impious hands upthrust to the silent heaven, and with a shriek of blasphemy upon my lips, I sprang out, far out, into the night.

* * * * *

I remember that a momentary contraction of the stomach and a sense of sickness followed the leap. I can recall the hissing of hot blood in my ears, the cold rush, as of a mighty wind, but have no recollection of striking the water.

Then there came a sudden and deadly shock of an all-envelop-

ing cold, which sent such torture of cramp to every muscle, that my limbs were drawn up distortedly to my body; and in the next moment I was battling and beating for breath, fighting for life, and clutching at the unsubstantial water in such frenzy of fear, that it was churned, as it closed over my head, into crackling bubbles of foam. Blood and fire were in my ears and mouth and nostrils. My eyes were balls of flame, which lit up the cup of my brain, and I saw red blood whirling round and round in it, as water whirls in a whirlpool.

But slowly and surely, and with paralyzing numbness, the cold stole through body and limb. My struggles became less and less fierce, and the fires flickered and went out. From my brain the blood had cleared, and it was now an empty chamber, into which I looked, as one looks into a room through a window; and I saw pictures come and go upon the walls.

* * * * *

A motherless, brotherless, sisterless child sat alone in a little dark garret, so near the roof that he could hear the rain-drops pattering upon the tiles. The side walls of the garret slanted upward and onward from the floor, so that there was scarcely room to stand upright, except where they met in a point overhead; and the little leaden-paned window, by which he sat, with his head upon his hands and his elbows upon the sill, was set so far back into the room, and had such thick and slanting walls on either side in front, that his view was limited to the sky and the upper windows of an opposite house. But it was a warm, wet, summer Sunday evening, and one of these windows, from which there floated the words of an evening hymn, was open, and he could see a group of happy-faced children gathered around an old piano, in a small and shabby but homelike room. He could see the uplifted, worshipping face of the young mother, and her white fingers wandering reverently among the time-mellowed, time-yellowed ivory keys. He saw her turn with a loving smile to slip an arm around a little pinafored, pink-cheeked fellow of his own age at her side; and then the picture faded out and was succeeded by another.

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A heavy-mouthed, dark-eyed lad, sallow of complexion, and with straight, stiff hair, thick-massed and growing low down over scowling brows, sat with his feet upon the fender and his elbows on his knees, looking sullenly and fixedly at the fire that burned in the grate of a dingy parlor. His chin was rested upon the cup of his right hand, his fingers being hooked till the tips touched the teeth; and as he sat, he bit steadily, almost viciously, at his nails. His left hand was buried in the shaggy hair that was brushed over his ears, and on a chair by his side lay an open

Bible. Some strange emotion stirred within him. His nostrils dilated and quivered, and in his eyes there was a dull and lurid glow, like the reflection of subterranean fires upon the belly of clouds that hang over the mouth of a volcano. Suddenly he flung himself, rather than rose, to his feet, and began to pace the room restlessly.

"It is to the abject fear of death, the fear which makes us crave for something superhuman to cling to, when the human can avail us no more, that the world owes its conception of a God," he cried. "We are cowards who would rather lull our fears to rest with a lie, than face the inevitable facts. All the religions of the world are rivers that rise from one selfish source; and were there no death, God would be but a subject for the curious speculation of the philosopher, and the majority of men would concern themselves as little about him as about the plurality of worlds. But death is, and must be faced; and so we try to bolster up our failing courage, by dogmatizing about a divine being, who will do and be for us, what we cannot do and be for ourselves. And we are not even honest in our thoughts about the Deity we fable. Events are daily happening which cannot be reconciled with our theory of an omnipotent and benevolent ruler; but rather than make use of our god-given reason, and think for ourselves, we profess a bland faith in the divine justice, and declare that what is, must be right, because it is of God's ordaining. There is a good deal of the Roman Catholic in each of us; for just as the Catholic evades the responsibility of forming his own opinions, by accepting, in the place of his abdicated reason, an infallible church, which thinks, prays, believes, atones for, and absolves him, so we try to escape the questions which confront us, by referring them back to that sort of dead-letter office, the will of an almighty Creator, to which we relegate all the disquieting problems and undelivered mental packets, for which we cannot find any place in the sorting office of our reason. Our minds are like so many oysters, each of which is perpetually perplexed with an unanswerable problem in place of a grain of sand; and as we cannot get rid of the gritty cause of our uneasiness, we cover it over with a coating of fine words and call it our conception of a God. I look down at this marvellous body of mine, — these fingers which open and shut at my bidding, these limbs which so anticipate my wish, that they act in accordance with it, before I am aware of having put my will into action, — and I look in at the mystery of this strangely self-conscious shade — this 'myself' as I call it — which from behind the window curtains of a little chamber, at the back of my eyes, looks out, unseen, upon the world, and I ask myself who I am and where I came from; and when I cannot find an answer to my own question, I put it away from me unan-

swered, by falling back upon the figment of a divine Creator, knowing all the time that to account for the unaccountable by presupposing the existence of an infinite and omnipotent being, brooding in lonely grandeur athwart the waste spaces of eternity, or hovering, birdlike, over the world, as over a nest, and with outstretched wings that span the universe, is but attempting to dispose of one mystery by hiding it in the shadow of another, a thousand-fold more unfathomable; is but seeking to set the mind at rest by asking it to believe something which is monstrously incredible. Why should there be a Supreme Being? Who gave God the right to be God? And is there any justice in one All-greedy, All-grasping Power, arrogating omnipotence to himself?"

He stooped, and, taking the open Bible from the chair, flung it face downward upon the fire; and as he did so, the picture faded out and was succeeded by another.

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It was early summer, and two lovers were following a path through a meadow thick-sown with tender corn, over which there rose and sank, as the wind swept the tremulous sheen of the emerald banner-blades to shivering silver, a soft and willowy stirring, which was like the sigh of a soul passing out on its way to God. The face of the man was the face of the lonely child and of the lonely lad; and the face of the woman was the face which had looked out at me that evening across the river. At the sight of that face, the last of the pictures faded away, and I was back in my room again, and reading the fatal letter; I was slinking doggedly on by street and crossing, with brain on fire, and all my thoughts bent on ending my misery; I stood upon the bridge with hell in my heart, and hatred to God in my thoughts; and I was battling and beating for breath, fighting for life, and clutching at the unsubstantial water in my drowning agony. And then it seemed to me that I had drifted out into the open sea, and lay buried beneath such intolerable weight of water, that I could stir neither hand nor foot. I could see, through a softened and subdued haze of greenish light which swam around me, the little hollows and hills among the shingle and shells, the banks of white and shelving sand; and overhead, like a sheet of ice or silvered glass, the under side of the surface of the sea. Bubbles floated upward from my mouth, and coated this under side with shining pearls. Here and there the water-atmosphere of this submarine world was shot with silvery streaks and spears of refracted light; and I could see filaments of seaweed combed out in long ribbons upon the water, and floating and fluttering above me like emerald pennons streaming in a breeze.

After a time the weight upon my breast lightened, and finally passed away into a dreamy peace. I closed my eyes, and a delicious drowsiness stole over brain and limb. My body swayed in unison with a gentle undulation in the water, as though the kindly sea had stooped to clasp her strong arms around me, and to rock me to sleep upon her breast. There was the singing as of a sweet slumber song in my ears. One by one the record of the years faded out from my brain. I was a lad—a child—a babe. My cheek nestled against a warm, soft, pulsing bosom; my brow was light-brushed by a waving ringlet, as lips, which whispered a prayer that God would keep me innocent and pure, were pressed upon mine. For one moment I opened my eyes to look up into the beautiful face, and into the love-filled and luminous eyes of the young mother whom I had never seen; and then, with one deep sigh of infinite content, I closed my eyes and fell into a dreamless slumber.

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Slowly but surely thought and sensation came back to me, and I awoke, with a nameless horror at my heart, to find myself lying on my back, and staring up fixedly at the ceiling of my own room—the room in which I had received and read the letter, and which, when I set out to take my life, I never expected again to see. I strove to raise myself to a sitting posture; but though my brain was clear and active, I seemed to have lost all control over my limbs. Next I tried to turn my eyeballs in their sockets, that I might look around me; but I found that they were stiff and set, and that I had as little control over them as over my body. And then a great cry of shuddering and unutterable horror welled up in my heart; but my drawn lips gave no utterance to it, for I was lying dead in my coffin, and the footsteps of those who came to bear me to the grave might, even then, be upon the stair.

For this is the judgment which awaits the suicide: that, though he kills the corporal life, he cannot disentangle the dead body from the living spirit, but must lie there a conscious corpse, aware of the coming interment and decomposition, which he is powerless to hinder or avert.

The will of God cannot by mortal cunning be evaded. The Creator may not by his creature be outwitted and defied; for our life, as well as the length of it, is of God's and not of our ordaining, and can be terminated, not by any act of ours, but only by His decree.

At last the time came when I knew, by the rattling of the earth upon the lid, that the coffin was being lowered into the grave. I remember that then, when it was too late, God or the Devil mocked me by restoring to me some measure of power over my limbs, and that I clinched my hands, until the dry nails

peeled off like wound-scabs, and the putrid flesh fell away in flakes from the bone.

"Kill me, O God!" I shrieked. "Kill me, O God or Devil! and I who curse thee now, will bless thee and worship thee — thee God, or thee Devil, if thou wilt but kill me, and cast me out into everlasting night!"

Like the rattling of teeth in a skull, my voice rattled from the hollow sides of the coffin, and died away, unechoed, amid the dull, dead walls of clay which closed me in; and though I heard the startled worms steal slaving from their banquet, neither Hell nor Heaven gave answer to my prayer. Though there was scarcely room to turn or move in the coffin, I managed, by one supreme and frenzied effort, to double my straightened arms with the fists under my chin and the elbows outward, and then, with the superhuman strength of a madman, I strained against the boards which shut me in. The strings of my eyeballs cracked, but the oaken walls gave slightly, and as, once more, I wrenched my arms apart and against the sides, there was a sound of breaking timber, and — my God! — was it possible? — light! — light! — and the light of day!

I was in a room — it looked like a hospital — and I heard the sound of a voice: —

"He's had a hard time of it, doctor, but I think he's coming round at last. Don't hand him over to the police, poor devil! No one can swear it was suicide but me, and I'm damned if I'll appear against him!"

"It's a risky thing you're doing, my boy — condoning an offence of that sort; but if he promises never to attempt anything of the sort again, I'm willing to keep the secret."

And I promised.

THE CHARITIES OF DIVES.

BY A. R. CARMAN.

THE clergyman had just raised his reposeful, mild face from under cover of his delicately veined hand, behind which he had been silently praying as the soul of John Parker passed away, and said, in a rich voice, perfectly modulated to clerical sympathy, as in explanation of the physician's movement away from the bed, "Our brother has gone." The wife's head sank lower yet on the other side of the couch, as she let her silent crying become more audible and visible. The assembled family stood or kneeled in the hush of first grief, while the benevolent though strongly marked face of the father lay white and ghastly, in the relaxation of death, on the wrinkled pillow. A friend left the room, with noiseless purpose; and all knew, with a shudder, that he had gone for the undertaker. Now a little movement came into the group; and as the clergyman led the heart-bleeding widow away, steadier hands came, and the elegant chamber of death witnessed the beginning of the dread preparations of burial.

John Parker had been a philanthropic millionaire, living well, giving nobly, a prominent figure in a city church, and interested in all good work; and he had died amid an aroma of modern evangelical religion,—hymn singing and prayer. But John Parker need not be spoken of with the melancholy cadence of a past tense. John Parker, at this moment of family grief, is; and is now treading the new paths of the new life beyond the veil. By the time the streamer of crape had been formally attached to the front door, and the business of mourning set about as the mourning of such a man should be, John Parker, the real, the *ego*, the immortal,—not the stiff mask that lay in the darkened bed chamber, but John Parker himself,—was journeying out into an unfamiliar land. Entirely lost at first, it was not long until he fell in with other men, apparently bound, like himself, for some unknown realm in this gray waste of trackless space. As if hardly knowing how it came about, quite a little company had soon come together out of the yielding mists, and under a but half-realized guidance were travelling toward an unrevealed domain. The talk, like that of chance travelling companions

meeting on board ship, was casual and shiftily — now of this or that topic of the world left behind, but constantly betraying an intertwined desire and fear on the part of all to discuss the possibilities of the future.

It occurred to John Parker, presently, that this was not the attitude of mind for a man who had made his “calling and election sure,” and who had vouched for this assurance to “seeking souls” for many a year. These other strangers might not have, like himself, obtained “the priceless gift” and lived a life full of charity and good works; and, at all events, this was no time, with the hazy unknown all about him, to lose hold of the anchor of faith. Putting the result of this thought into speech in the exhortatory form so customary to him in life, he said: —

“Well, it is a great comfort to me, in this hour of trial, to remember that my Master has enabled me to do much on earth for His cause and people. I have not hesitated, and I thank God for it, to use the means He has given me to help on His work.”

“Ah, yes!” said a scholarly looking old gentleman not far from him, his face brightening up at this indirect avowal of a future hope. “It is now that his charities come back to one with interest. How true it is! ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters!’ How true!”

A heavy-browed man, with ponderous gait, looked up at this with a new interest, and said: —

“Gentlemen, you are right. Now is the time that a fellow’s loans to God should fall due” —

He intended to say more, but the irreverence of the speech struck him now as it had never done in his business office, and he paused to try and better it. His mind found it hard, however, to fall into the channels of speech he had always so rigorously dammed up as but the runnels of “cant”; and there was quite a silence before John Parker again took up the theme. A little more force and importance in his voice evinced his intention to let the last speaker know that his blasphemy had shocked all good men.

“A little over a year ago,” he said, “I was divinely led and enabled to build a new wing to the hospital in my city. It had been long needed, for many poor patients had been turned away of late and compelled to bear their infliction — heaven-sent, no doubt, for their own good — in their — ah — very unsanitary homes in the factory district.”

Two tall, masterly figures were walking in the very front of the little group, and one of them looked back at this for the first time, but said nothing.

“God had prospered me exceedingly of late,” went on John

Parker, "and I fitted up this wing of the hospital with all the modern appliances, and the clergy and the press thought it in every way admirable. That great satisfaction should" —

But here the tall figure in the front, who had looked back, spoke: —

"Did not God care to prosper the poor in the factory district?" he asked.

There was silence for a moment; and then John Parker, wrapping himself about a little more sternly in an invisible cloak of authoritative mystery, replied: —

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable, my brother. We cannot venture to interpret them."

"Ah! yes; and you must not forget, my friend," said an eager-faced clergyman with wavy hair and quick, nervous hands, walking quite away at the other side from John Parker, and addressing himself to the tall figure, "God does not will that all shall prosper in worldly affairs. To some He gives riches; to others, knowledge; and others, again, He chasteneth. Some must go through the fires of affliction and poverty and suffering, that they may come out as gold tried in the furnace."

But the tall figure had turned quietly away and moved on.

"Yes; and I can tell you, my brother," said John Parker to the clergyman, "that wealth brings perplexities and trials which are quite as heavy as any the poorest can know."

A thinly clad woman, with a young though care-creased face, who had shivered much at first, and whose finger tips were dotted with needle wounds, looked up doubtfully at this; but the wan infant in her arms moved, and she forgot the others in a moment.

The scholarly old gentleman was the next to speak. "My charities," he said, "have generally been given through the church. There is a system about it there, and no undeserving person gets too much. We have a committee, you know — you can't do much without a committee — and 'visitors' who go about to the paupers' houses, and then the approved families send a member each Tuesday and Saturday to the charity office to get bread or coals or a bowl of wholesome soup — very good soup, indeed." And he smacked his lips like a zealous *restaurateur* recommending his *cuisine*.

A workman with sharp, rebellious eyes and a firm mouth drew near at this, and asked, in a distinctly aggressive and quarrelsome tone, "Did you never do nothin' to stop the manefactur' of 'pawpers,' as ye call 'em?"

"My!" said the old gentleman, evidently startled. "I meant no offence, sir; no offence."

"I guess I'm beyond takin' offence," said the workman, in a

hard voice and with a harder smile; "and now that we're all out of the world, I guess I'd better keep out of this talk."

"No! no! my good man," said the old gentleman eagerly. "I want to tell you what we did do in the way of giving work to those who wanted it. We leased a yard and bought wood and paid men by the cord for cutting it, and then sold the wood. We tried oakum picking, too, but that did not pay very well."

The two stately figures in front, whom now all recognized to be leading the party, looked toward one another when the old gentleman was speaking, as if interchanging thought through the eyes, and then the one who had spoken before turned and asked:—

"Is there a scarcity of work now on the earth?"

"Oh, yes," rejoined the old gentleman, with a committee-room air, "the 'out of works' make our most perplexing social problem."

"The 'out of works'?" repeated the questioner, doubtfully. "Ah! you mean those who have secured taxing privileges, and eat the food of others' raising."

The penetrating tones unnerved the "committee man," and rendered his reply more like a student's answer than an expert's dictum. "I mean those who are poor and are willing to work, but can get none," he said.

"They can always till the soil," returned the stern, tall figure.

"Can they?" broke in the workman. "That's all you know about it. There is no land to be had at livin' rates and within livin' distance of a market."

The strong face of the stern questioner melted into the utmost kindness at the interruption of the workman, jagged and hostile as it was; and something of a quizzical look came into his eyes as he asked, with what seemed mock curiosity:—

"Is the earth so full, then?"

"Full of rent-takers and mortgage-holders," growled the workman under his breath; when John Parker, fearing that this ill-informed stranger might take this answer literally and fail to comprehend it, volunteered:—

"The most desirable farming lands have been taken up, you will understand, sir. Somebody owns them, though they may not use them."

Again the two leading figures exchanged that look which seemed so full of speech for them both, and the spokesman said:—

"It is the old trouble, then: the strong have usurped a taxing power; and though the poor do plenty of work—far too much—the idle tax gatherers, like the old 'publicans' and those they served, reap the benefit. Your charities, my good friend, only gave work to those who had too much. Their need was

justice. And as for land! You who had families, tell me this: could one child at your table obtain a claim to more bread than he needed, while another was hungry? Bread, in that case, was a father's gift. So is the land."

And the tall figure moved on again, and all was silent.

When their spirits had been revived a little by mutual experimental and tentative chat, a tall, serious-faced gentleman, who had hitherto not spoken, remarked that he was interested in the educational work, and that he had given quite freely to it toward the end of his life.

"That was my line too," said the heavy-browed man, who had not spoken since he was so severely snubbed for his blunt pseudo-blasphemy at the opening of the conversation.

The first speaker did not look as if he relished the coincidence, but soon both got to telling the particulars of their beneficence. The burly individual had favored mechanical and scientific schools, while the serious-faced philanthropist had interested himself exclusively in theological colleges. They had both evidently been large and generous givers. Ever since the last masterful interruption from the mysterious leading figures, they had talked with an uneasy eye on their dim shapes through the shadows, and were not startled, though none the less uneasy, when the same one turned around.

"You gave away a great deal," he said, at length. "How did you manage to earn it in a lifetime?"

The burly gentleman plainly took this question at once to himself. He acted like a man who had answered such a query—at least in the privacy of his own conscience—many times before.

"Well, they took my money, anyway, and were mighty glad to get it," he blurted out, in conscious defiance. "I made it in beer; that's how I made it. And beer is one of God's good creatures." And he looked around, challenging contradiction. None came. Men do not willingly jostle each other when floating on a few thin planks over an unknown sea. But the refusal to be classed with this beer brewer shone unconquerable from the faces of his fellow-philanthropists, and presently his serious-faced colleague in the educational work said, with peculiar emphasis, addressing markedly all but the man of malt:—

"My money was made legitimately in an honored business. I was a maker of agricultural implements."

"So was I," laughed the keen-eyed workman; and the laugh jarred.

"A—eh—a manufacturer?" asked the educationalist.

"No," returned the workman bluntly. "I did the work."

"That is—you—eh—you did the mechanical work," interpreted he of the serious face.

"That's what I said," was the reply. "I didn't have nothing to do with tariffs nor taxing the farmers" — this with a swiftly hostile glance — "nor searching out markets; I just made the machines. I'm not sayin', ye'll understand," he went on, shaking an argumentative finger, "that the manufacturer doesn't work; but he don't work any harder than I do, at least, than I did," remembering that he had lately changed worlds, "and I doubt, if you count out as not true productive work the time he spends raising prices and screwing down wages, whether he works as hard as I do. And yet he makes millions; and I" — his eyes blazed red, and he gasped as he spoke — "well, my wife died of consumption a year ago because I couldn't send her to a dry climate; and now I've folleyed."

"Ah! you were a publican, then," said the tall figure from the front, who had followed this speech carefully, addressing the manufacturer. "You had a right to take taxes from the farmers."

"Oh, no!" expostulated the agricultural implement manufacturer. "We in our country had a protective tariff on agricultural implements, it is true; but if I had my price lists with me, I could show you that it added very little to the cost of our implements to the farmers."

"*And yet,*" said the tall figure, musingly, turning round again, "*the workmen are poor; the farmers are poor; and you make millions.*"

And thus, as the time wore away, did others tell of the wealth they had given to good causes or left behind them now at their departure; while about them, sad and mournful, countless figures flitted in and out of the shadows, listening sometimes, but never speaking; for they had endowed no colleges, founded no charities, left no monuments; done nothing upon earth but managed to live, and that only in pain and penury. They came empty-handed, and they were abashed at the "jewels" of good works which the great ones of two worlds were carrying. Poverty on earth had left them poor beyond it; for in the crowded tenement and on the barren fields, tempers had soured, intelligence had been dimmed; love and gentleness and brotherly kindness — what room had there been for the growth of these virtues in the mad struggle for bread? They had travelled "steerage" over life's sea, and they were foul with the smells of it. There had been time in the cabin for good deeds, for kindly courtesy, for benevolence and religious service — they had even monopolized the giving of a cup of cold water up there. But down in the reeking hold of the ship, men fought like dogs for clean water, that the fever-red lips of their babes might taste it. Brute passions had sucked rank life out of the miasmatic air, and

their nerves had not ceased to throb with them yet. Envy had grown into their natures; petty jealousies and class hatred, born of class wrongs, had thrived, not to be put down even by the visitation of Charity in furs, nor the erection of a special mission chapel, where the Elder Brother could be introduced to his "poorer relations." It was too terribly plain that there was no escape from the heritage of poverty.

These two classes of beings, the philanthropists and the paupers, were by no means the only figures that flitted through the shadows; for this scene on the farther side of the water-shed of death was a world in misty miniature. Many other faces looked out of the wreathed night shades — the close-lipped face that neither asked nor gave quarter in the game of life; the careless face, now shadowed with apprehension; and very often the unworldly face of one of the mutely following flock of the many and varied religious shepherds. One of those latter, a patient woman with suds-bleached fingers, disturbed by the stories of good works told by the Parkers of the party, drew near, in sheer wanton search for the help of the strong that she had always yearned for in religious matters, to the tall figure in front who had not spoken. Her story was that she had done nothing, while these had done so much.

"My sister!" said the voice of the figure, and it reached in mellow cadence to the uttermost realms of shade, "you are only like unto an unhappy One who lived long centuries ago near blue Galilee, who gave nothing of man-made wealth, *for He took nothing.*"

And as He spoke, He raised a hand as if to bless the woman, and the palm of it was drawn into a glassy scar. In a moment He was gone; and but one tall figure remained, and he was an angel.

WHO BROKE UP DE MEET'N' ?

A NEGRO CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

AUNT SYLVIA told the story, as she sat on the doorstep one soft afternoon in June. She had come to return the "cup o' corn meal" she had borrowed a few days before; and while resting a moment, she related the story of the "scan'l" that had "broke up de meet'n', de *big* meet'n' ober at de Pisgy meet'n' house, an' tuk Brudder Simmons inter de cote, an' plumb made dey all furgit all about de feet-washin' what dey allus winds up de big meet'n' wid, ever' onct a year."

"A 'feet-washing' ? What is a 'feet-washing' for, Aunt Sylvia ?" I asked.

"De Lor', honey, don't *you* know ? But den I furgit you's a Meferdis', en de feet-washin's am Babtis'. De Meferdis', dey habs de fallin' fum graces instid. Well, honey, it's dis er way. De sacrament, hit's fur de cleanin' ob de soul; de feet-washin', hit's fur de cleanin' *ob de body*."

"Ah! I see. And did the 'feet-washing' break up the meeting ?" I asked, somewhat startled at this unusual interpretation of the Scriptures. She laughed; her fat, black face dropped forward, her eyes closed, her body swinging in that odd way which belongs solely to her race.

"De feet-washin' break up de meet'n' ? Naw, honey, dat it didn't, *dat* it didn't."

"Then what did ?"

"Dat's *it* !" she exclaimed, "dat's dest it. Dat's dest what we all wants to know. Dat's what de cote wanted ter know; *who broke up de meet'n' ?* Some sey hit uz Brer Ben Lytle; en some sey hit uz Brer Ike Martin; en some sey hit uz de widder Em'line Spurlock; en some sey hit uz jes' Ike's fise dorg; end en ag'in some sey hit uz de singin'; some sey de preacher hisse'f done it; en some sey dis en some sey dat, till dey fetches it ter de cote. En de cote figgered en figgered on it, en den it sey 'cord'n' ter de bes' hit kin *extra*' fum de eminence befo' it, wuz dat de one ez broke up de meet'n', en oughter be persecuted en incited by de gran' jury fur de disturbmint ob de public worshup, am ole Mis' Goodpaschur's big domernicker rooster, what nobody aint never s'picioned, case'n o' hit livin' 'way cross de creek, on de side todes de railroad, wid ole Mis' Goodpaschur. En de cote, hit

noller prostituted de case agin de preacher, what de sisters inferred aginst him in dey charges; en dey tuk en laid hit on de domernicker instid.

"Hit uz dis erway: You see, Ike Martin, he wuz 'gaged ter chop wood fur Mis' Goodpaschur, 'count o' lett'n' uv him haul off'n her lan'. Ike, he gits a load fur ever' load he cuts. En hit 'pears in de eminence how Ike went by ter cut some wood mighty early in de mawnin', de day ob de feet-washin', 'count o' goin' ter meet'n'. En he fatched little Eli, his boy, 'long wid 'im ter pick up de chips, case'n Mis' Goodpaschur allus gibs de chile a bite o' warm bre'kfus' when he pick up de chips fur her, seein' ez Ike aint got no wife ter cook fur him. En Eli he fatched his fise dog — thinkin' 'bout de bre'kfus', I reckon. En Mis' Goodpaschur, she axed Eli ter keep off de calf off. En while Eli, he uz wraslin' wid de calf, en nobody ain' never thought ob de domernicker up in de yaller peach tree, all 't onct dar wuz a mighty fluster up ober dey haid, en de big domernick come teetlin' en clawin' down on ter de roof ob de cow-shed wid a pow'ful healfy 'How-dy-do-oo-hoo!'

"Ole Mis' Goodpaschur, she uz dat upsot she tumbled off'n de milkin' stool, forrards agin' de cow; en de cow, she kicked little Eli in de haid, en Eli, he hollered till his daddy come ter see de incasion' ob de fuss. En he tell Eli ter shet up; but he say he ain' gwine shet up tell he kill dat cow; he say he 'boun' ter bus' it wide op'n'.

"En den Mis' Goodpaschur, she say she sholy have him tuk up en jailed ef he tetch dat ar cow. En so Ike he tuk en tuk Eli off ter de feet-washin' fur ter keep 'im out o' mischief.

"En de fise dog, hit went 'long too wid Eli, 'cause dat dog sho' gwine whar Eli go. En dat's jes' how it all come 'bout; ef dey all hadn't come ter meet'n', ober ter Pisgy, dey ain' been no fuss, en no scan'l, en no talk.

"De domernick skeered ole Mis', ole Mis' skeered de cow, de cow kicked Eli, Eli hollered fur his daddy, his daddy tuk him ter de meet'n'! *en* dar wuz de fuss all wait'n' en raidy.

"'Twuz de *big* meet'n', hit ez don't come 'cep' onct a year. Brudder Simmons wuz holdin' foath, en jes' a-spasticerlatin' ter de sinners en denunciati'n' ob de Scriptures. En he wuz jes' p'intedly gibbin' de gospil, bilin' hot, ter de gals en boys, de ongodly young folks ez wuz at de dancin' party down ter Owlsley's Holler de night befo'.

"Dey uz all dar, gigglin' en actin' mighty bad. En de preacher, he telled how he rid froo de Holler goin' ter Brudder Job Sawyer's house fur ter put up, en he heeard de trompin' en de singin', en he telled 'em how bad it all sound. He sey, dey uz singin' somefn bout "Granny, ull yo dog bite." Een he mek de p'int ter tell 'em uv dat ez'll bite more badder en any dog — it air de

wraf! de wraf ter come! de fire dat'll burn, en burn, en neber stop burnin'.

"En the Chrischuns, dey wuz seyin' 'Amen!' en dest waitin' wid dey mouf wide op'n fur de trumpit ter blow fur ter start 'em all home todes de glory. En dar wuz de sinner convicted, moanin', wait'n fur de call ter resh ter de moaners' bench. En dar wuz de dancin' crowd, col', col', col' ez ice, and not thinkin' ob de jedgmint day. Yes, dey wuz all dar — de worl', de flesh, en de debbul, *I reckon*.

"En dar wuz de moaners' bench — fur de feet-washin', hit come las' — en de moaners' bench wuz dar, stretched plumb crost de house, wid some clean straw thowed roun' bout'n it fur de consolation ob dem ez wuz come ter wras'le like Marse Jacob.

"En Ike, he uz dar, en Eli uz dar, *en* — de fise dog uz dar. Yes, de fise uz behavin' mighty well; a pow'ful frien'ly, onhankorous lookin' little critter, curled up on de fur eend ob de moaners' bench jes' in front ob Eli, en not seyin' a blessed word ter 'sturb nobody. En de widder Spurlock, she uz dar, in her new moanin' dress en a raid ribbin in her bonnit. She done been sett'n' up ter Ike eber sence his 'oman died; en Eli, he jes' p'intedly *despises* de groun' she tromps on.

"Waal, den, when Brudder Simmons, he begin ter exterminate de Chrischuns ter go out inter de byways en de hedgerows, en ter furrut out de sinners en impel 'em ter come inter de gospul feast, ever'body knowed he uz talkin' 'bout de boys en gals what danced 'Granny, ull yo dog bite' all de night befo'. Ever'body knowed dat, *inspectin'* ob de widder Spurlock; she plumb mistuk de meanin' ob de call. Fur 'bout dat time, some ob de wraslin' ones down 't de fur eend ob de moaners' bench fum der fise, foun' grace, en begin ter shout, en ter claw de a'r, en ter roll in de straw like.

"De fise he looked up, much ez ter sey, 'What dat mean?'

"En *den* Mis' Spurlock, she *jumped* up, flung off her bonnit, en wen' tarin' cross de house ter whar Ike wuz sett'n' by Eli on de bench.

"Down she flopped, en flung hersef onter Ike's shoulder en begin ter holler, 'Glory! glory! Bress de Lord! I loves ever'-body, ever'body, *ever'——body!*' en jes' poundin' Ike on de back lack same's he uz a peller, else a bolster she uz beat'n' up.

"De fise dog riz ter a sett'n' poscher, sett'n' on de hin' laigs, his tail sorter oneasy like, en his mouf workin'.

"Den I see Eli lean ober en put his mouf ter de fise's year, 'en sey, sorter easy like, sez he, '*S-i-c-k 'im!*' Land o' Moses! ef dat dog didn't fa'rly fly. He danced, en he yelped, en he barked, *en* he barked. He lit inter dat widder-oman like a mad hornet. I tell yer, he made de fur fly. En den dat Eli, he jes' tilted ob his haid back en *lauffed* out loud.

"De gals fum Owlsley's Holler giggled, en de moaners peeped fum behin' dey's han'kercheefs ter see what uz de matter; en eben one ob de dekuns hisse'f smiled, while Brer Ben Lytle, ez wuz kertzort'n' ob de moaners, he jes' drapped down in de straw en roared till he had ter hol' his sides, fur ter keep fum bust'n' wide op'n. Yer could a heeard him haff'n a mile, I reckon.

"Dar wuz *one* didn't laff; dat uz Brer Simmons. He jumped up quick ez he could, en sez he:—

"Sing somethin';" thinkin' ter drown out the fuss. 'Sing, bredderin! Sing dat good ole song, "Granny, will yo' dog bite."

"En afore he could see what he had sed, dem Owlsley Holler gals set up ter singin', loud nuff ter raise de daid, while de boys, dey begin ter pat:—

Chippie on de railroad,
Chippie on de flo',
Granny, will yo' dog bite?
No, chile, no!

"Brudder Simmons' eyes look lack dey boun' ter pop out'n his haid; he lifted up his han' up, so, en motion 'em ter stop. But dat only mek dey all ter sing de more louder, en ter pat de more harder:—

'Possum up a 'simmon tree,
Oh, my Joe!
Granny, will yo' dog bite?
No, chile, no!

"Den de Chrischuns, dey got mad. Dey 'low Brudder Simmons been et de dance his own se'f, else dat song wouldn't slip off'n his mouf so 'ily. Dey wuz plumb scan'lized. Dey wuz, shore. En someun sey, out loud:—

"Put 'im out! Put him out!" En de word uz tuk up by de whole band o' Chrischuns, exclud'n' de very moaners deyse'ves. En afore he knowed it dey jes' lit inter 'im, drug him out'n de pulpit, en pitched him out'n de meet'n' house door, en shet it to, *in his face*, namin' ob him all de time fur a Joner. En den dey fotched it up in de cote, persecuted ob de preacher fur disturbin' ob public worship. Dey sho' did.

"En when dey fotched it up, de preacher sey he ain' done it. Den de cote p'intedly ax, 'Who bruk up de meet'n'?' En some sey dis un, en some sey dat, en dey *all* sey dey reckon de preacher wuz de *mos'* ter blame—de witnesses all sey dat.

"But Brudder Simmons, he sey he didn' mean ter gib out dat song. He uz dest a-thinkin' about dat wicked dance dey all been habin' in de Holler, en he uz frustrated by de fise dog barkin', en when he went ter sey 'Sing dat good ole song, "*Gret God, dat awful day ob wraf*," he furgot, en sed, "Granny, will yo' dog bite," bein' frustrated 'bout de fise en de dance."

"So den de cote axed him, 'Who bruk up de meet'n'?' En he

sey ef he bleeched ter lay de blame he ud lay it ter *de dog*. He sey de fise dog bruk up de meet'n'. Den I gibs my intestiment, en I sey it wuzn't de dog, it uz Eli fur sickin' on de dog, 'case I heeard 'im. En Eli he sey it uz de widder Em'line Spurlock fur huggin' ob his pappy. En de widder sey it uz Ike fur fetchin' Eli ter meet'n'. En Ike sey it uz ole Mis' Goodpaschur fur tryin' ter jail Eli, else he wouldn't a-fotched de chile ter meet'n'.

"Mis' Goodpaschur sey it uz Eli, fur sayin' he 'u'd kill de cow.

"En Eli, he sey de cow uz ter blame fur kickin' uv 'im, en ole Mis' Goodpaschur fur kickin' ob de cow.

"En *den* ole Mis' Goodpaschur, she sey t'wuz de *domernicker* crowed on de roof ez skeered her off'n de stool en made her bump ag'inst de cow.

"Now, den! de cote hit sey de eminence am all in, en it begin ter argerfy de case. En it argerfied might'ly; do de lawyers kep' a-laffin' en laffin', tell de judge shuk a stick at 'em; en he hit on de pulpit ob de cote-room wid it, en looked mighty ser'us, where his mushtash didn't shake, lack it sorter done.

"En one ob de lawyers riz up en made out de case:—

"'De rooster crowed! ole mis' jumped ag'in' de cow; de cow kicked Eli; Eli want ter kill de cow; ole mis' want ter jail Eli; Ike fotched him ter meet'n', wid de dog; de widder hugged Ike; de dog bit de widder; de gals laffed; de preacher gin out de wrong chune; de sisters fit de preacher, en de meet'n' bruk up. En now,' sez he, '*who* bruk up de meet'n'?"

"Den de judge riz up, en sez he, 'Ef de preacher hadn't gib out de wrong chune de gals wouldn't a-sung it.

"'De preacher wouldn't done it ef de dog hadn't barked.

"'De dog wouldn't barked ef Eli hadn't sicked 'im on.

"'Eli wouldn't set 'im on ef de widder hadn't hugged his daddy.

"'De widder wouldn't done dat ef he ud stayed et home wid Eli.

"'Ef he'd stayed at home wid Eli, ole Mis' Goodpaschur 'u'd put Eli in jail.

"'Ole Mis' Goodpaschur wouldn't do dat ef he hadn't sey he 'u'd kill de cow.

"'He wouldn't sey dat ef de cow hadn't kicked 'im.

"'De cow wouldn't kicked 'im ef ole mis' hadn't kicked de cow.

"'Ole mis' wouldn't done dat *ef de domernick* hadn't crowed on de roof?"

"Den de judge sey, 'Wid all de eminence afore me, de exclusion reached am dat *de domernicker* am de culvert, en de case ag'inst de defender am noller prostituted.'

"En *I* sey ef de *domernick* am de culvert, lack he sey, den *who* broke up de meet'n'?"

PURE DEMOCRACY VERSUS VICIOUS GOVERNMENTAL FAVORITISM.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

A CONTRIBUTION from the pen of Mr. F. B. Tracy* appeared in a recent number of the *Forum*, entitled "Menacing Socialism in the Western States," which is worthy of notice, as the subject matter is a magazine presentation of views which have been promulgated by editorial alarmists among conservative writers for many months, and because it affords an opportunity to state some fundamental distinctions between the views entertained by two important schools of economic reformers to-day, and the great issue made by both against the present system of governmental favoritism. The confusion which exists in the minds of many as to the radical distinction between progressive individualists and nationalistic socialists is largely due to the fact that up to a certain point both journey together, although they arrive at the same conclusion from entirely different premises.

The wonderful strength manifested in the revolt† of the thinking toilers against a formidable threefold opposition — that of the

* We are informed by the editor of the *Forum* that Mr. Tracy is an editorial contributor to the *Omaha Bee*, and that he contributes to other dailies, and this may account for his revamping the old-time cry which has so often in the past served to deceive the unthinking voter. "In a few years," he assures his readers, "the wealth of the trans-Mississippi commonwealths will be the boast of the nation."

† It is rather significant that a movement which in February, 1892, was contemptuously denounced by such a staunch reflector of present unjust conditions as the *New York Times* (see editorial in *New York Times*, Feb. 25, 1892), as a movement which would make less impression in the ensuing presidential election than any third party within the memory of the oldest living American, and which was inferentially designated as an association of "knaves and fools," should now force from an equally strong representative of conservatism in review literature such a panicky paper as Mr. Tracy's, in which we are gravely informed that, after the Omaha Convention, "*Over all the city during the succeeding months brooded the spectre of nationalism, socialism, and general discontent.*" And, further, this special pleader for conservatism seriously informs us that "*Unless the spread of socialism is checked, one of two conditions will appear: One is thorough paternalism of our government; the other is the political separation of the West from the East.*" It may impress some persons strangely that an eminently conservative review should publish such intemperate expressions as appear in this paper, the following being an apt example: "that furious and hysterical arraignment of the present times, that incoherent intermingling of Jeremiah and Bellamy," referring to the Omaha platform.

A few weeks ago the readers of the daily press throughout the East were regaled with a lurid description of the revolutionary condition of Kansas, given out at Washington by a representative of those who favored paternalistic favoritism in government, as opposed to "special privileges to none." These are by no means isolated examples of what seems to be a systematic attempt on the part of those who, however much they may disclaim the intention, are conveying very unjust and false conceptions to the masses of people in the East, by use of intemperate and contemptuous epithets, and through misrepresentation as to the real condition of the West, and the aims and desires of a large proportion of the most thoughtful people of our land.

practical politicians of both the great parties, the great daily press, and intrenched monopoly — challenges an honest hearing and a fair presentation.

The contention calls to mind many notable struggles in the past, and reminds us of the significant observation of Buckle, that *"No great political improvement, no great reform, either legislative or executive, was ever originated in any country by its rulers."*

We are gravely informed by Mr. Tracy that what he regards as dangerous socialism is not confined to the People's Party of the West, but has permeated both the *Republican and Democratic parties*. That such discontent as is intimated exists, no careful student of social problems, acquainted with Western and Southern politics, can doubt; and that a large proportion of the members of the old parties are in sympathy with the People's Party, in its central demands, is doubtless equally true; but I am satisfied that Mr. Tracy makes a grave mistake when he identifies the great popular uprising of the South and West — which is, I believe, destined to triumph — with the socialism advocated by the German school of socialists. I am thoroughly convinced, from a careful study of this movement from its early days, that the great revolution now in progress is individualistic in the

WHAT THE
POPULAR REVOLT
REALLY IS.

broadest sense of that much-abused term. It is a revolt of the millions against the *assumption of paternal authority on the part of the general government, and the prostitution of this authority or power for the enriching of a favored few*. It is the life cry of a half-strangled republic, in which, through class legislation, a once popular government is rapidly passing into the absolute control of moneyed aristocracies and privileged classes, who, being the beneficiaries of the government, have acquired colossal fortunes at the expense of the toiling millions.

THE SPIRIT OF THE
MOVEMENT
IS DEMOCRATIC.

The spirit of this great movement which has crystallized into the People's Party is unmistakably democratic in the truest and broadest sense of the word. Its advent was occasioned by the presence of giant evils resulting from governmental paternalistic power exerted in behalf of special classes, and its central demand is "Equal opportunities to all, and class privileges to none." *It is a revolt of intelligence and industry against injustice and favoritism*. It is not only republican in character, but is in many respects the most remarkable movement in the history of the republic. I have observed its growth and tendencies with profound interest, and I am convinced that it is not only the most purely democratic party in America to-day, but that it *possesses a moral energy not present in the spoils-seeking parties*. I believe it contains in the South and West far more true Jeffer-

sonian Democrats and Lincoln Republicans than can be found in either of the parties which uphold special privileges and class legislation, and which yearly vie with each other in the lavish expenditure of hundreds of millions of the people's money.

The central demands of this movement, which is silently but steadily growing throughout the republic, are in alignment with pure republicanism; and, indeed, it is the one great power which menaces a *system of paternal governmental favoritism, which, unless checked, will destroy every vestige of free government save the shell.*

It is individualistic, rather than socialistic, if we use the term "socialistic" in the sense implied by Mr. Tracy, which contemplates the German ideal of absolute paternalism, or what in America is known as nationalism, a fair idea of the ideal side of which is broadly outlined in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

POPULAR CONFUSION IN
REGARD TO THE
MEANING OF THE TERM
SOCIALISM.

But just here it will be well to pause a moment over this word "socialism," owing to a confusion existing in the public mind regarding this term, which is leading thousands of people to confound the most pronounced and consistent individualist with the most ultra socialist. Thus many English writers invariably refer to Mr. Henry George as a socialist; and in the minds of many who do not study social problems, all persons who believe in the taxation of land values and governmental ownership of the "natural monopolies" are socialists, although the position of the single taxers is the most purely individualistic of any body of economists, excepting those who adhere to the views of philosophic anarchy. The single taxers hold, on the one hand, that the land, like the air and water, is the common gift of the beneficent Creator to *all his children, and that primarily from it man must obtain his physical sustenance*, while on the other hand its increase in value is dependent upon society. Hence they insist that it is eminently just and proper that the community should receive a return from the individual for the values accruing from the use of this common gift, whose value the community enhances. This method of taxation, they claim, would be scientific and just, in perfect alignment with the law of equal freedom, and that it would impose no *fine on industry*, as does the present method; while it would destroy the possibility of acquiring fortunes through unearned increment and speculation in land, and render it unprofitable for men or syndicates to hold mining lands idle. They are, above all other leading reformers, pledged to the *abolition of all special privileges, and to the maintenance of individual freedom.* They hold that the evils of the present are the result of special privileges, and that, other things being equal, where justice and

the widest freedom exist we must necessarily find the greatest progress, and the most perfect development of manhood. They point out the important fact that all the great progressive steps taken by humanity have at first been considered by the masses as heresies worthy of suppression. Thus they insist upon the maintenance of freedom in its truest sense, and in the name of freedom demand that all special privileges be abolished; or, to use Mr. George's exact words, "They would take from the community simply that which belongs to the community, the value which attaches to land by the growth of the community, leave sacredly to the individual that which belongs to the individual, and treat necessary monopolies as functions of the state."*

There are hundreds of thousands of people who believe most strongly in governmental ownership of the railway and telegraph, and who are resolute in their advocacy of the state and municipal ownership of those great monopolies which naturally belong to the community in common, as public lighting, water supply, street franchises, etc., but who are unalterably opposed to governmental interference with the individual freedom of the citizen in the honorable pursuance of any lawful avocation. People holding these views are much truer representatives of democracy than those who uphold special privileges of any kind whatsoever, on the one hand, or those who, on the other hand, would place every printing-press in the land in the possession of the government, and make every citizen a part of a machine, to be controlled and made subject to laws enacted by the majority of the citizens, who, unless transformed in nature, would soon become the prey of wily classes, who would control government, and, with a printing-press under their autocratic sway, would be far better able to compass their ends than any aristocracy, fed on special privileges, is to-day.

My investigations have satisfied me that a very large majority of the people who are now in revolt against the old parties belong to those who demand the abolition of all special privileges, the control by the people of natural monopolies in the interest of individual freedom, and for the protection and service of the individual, but who are unalterably opposed to what has been termed military or compulsory socialism, in contra-distinction to voluntary socialism.

Here, then, are the points of agreement and disagreement between the two schools. The individualistic reformer, who, like Jefferson, has faith in freedom when no class is privileged or protected, demands:—

(1) The abolition of all special privi-

POINTS OF AGREEMENT
AND DISAGREEMENT
BETWEEN INDIVIDUAL-
ISTIC AND SOCIALISTIC
REFORMERS.

* "Condition of Labor," p. 68.

leges. (2) The city, state, or national ownership of what are popularly termed "natural monopolies," that the freedom of the individual may be better conserved. Now the socialist (using the term in the strict sense implying absolute paternalism) also demands these radical changes, and works with the individualists, although with different ends in view, since he regards the accomplishment of these measures as stepping-stones likely to lead to a more complete system of governmentalism, in which things will be automatically arranged by laws enacted by the majority of the people. Thus, though the ultimate in view is radically different, both these schools are a unit on the supreme issues of the hour — the abolition of all special privileges, and the governmental control of natural monopolies; and, indeed, many of the ablest socialistic leaders urge that nothing beyond these demands be advanced at present, for they hold that socialism can only be successfully introduced in a gradual manner, as humanity comes to recognize the necessity for each step.

Here, then, lies the fundamental difference between the two great schools of political reformers, which the present unjust conditions have called forth in the republic. In both ranks may be found chosen spirits, men of splendid intellectual power, who are moved by the highest altruistic sentiments. But I believe that a very large majority* of those who to-day demand the abolition of all class legislation and the control of natural monopolies by the people, occupy the individualist's position, *believing that with comparative equality of opportunities, freedom will accomplish the rest*; while a second class demand these first, but aver that should these fail then they would favor the socialistic alternative; a third class, constituting, I think, a very small proportion, would push their views to the extreme of absolute paternalism with all possible speed.

The burden of Mr. Tracy's argument is that this movement is unrepugnant; that it is a menace to free government. In a word, to use his exact language, it is "social lunacy." It is not my purpose to indulge in epithets of contempt. I wish, rather,

* During the past year I have taken pains to inquire of scores of analytical, thoughtful, and in every way representative thinkers in the present industrial revolution as to whether they would favor the press of the land passing into the absolute control of the government, even if the government represented a large majority of the citizens; and in every instance, with two exceptions, they have answered in the negative. In various other ways I have sought to catch with certainty the drift of this current, and I am thoroughly convinced that the spirit of this wonderful industrial movement is individualistic in the highest sense, and that it is headed toward a nobler freedom than has ever before been realized.

Furthermore, it is not strange that in an attempt to correct the great wrongs which have resulted from governmental favoritism or class legislation, by which a few have been enormously benefited, some legislators have erred in seeking similar artificial or unrepugnant means to aid millions who have suffered at the expense of the favored. But these exceptions to the rule do not represent the trend or spirit of this movement, and would not deceive any thoughtful, unprejudiced person who had carefully studied the spirit of the revolt. The present social revolution is a war against special privileges. It is a conflict for individual freedom no less than a *battle of the masses against the classes for justice and equality of opportunity.*

to point out in as few words as possible the real grounds for the deep-rooted discontent of our day, and thereby show that this industrial revolution is founded upon a clear perception of evils, and an irrevocable determination to abolish them, that liberty may be preserved.

The past thirty years might justly be termed the era of class legislation. Shrewd men banded together from time to time, and captured state legislatures and the United States Congress. In each instance their plans were plausibly presented, strong lobbies worked, and not infrequently tools of the business combinations were elected to Congress or the Senate; and unfortunately, these methods were often the least demoralizing employed. Hence the great land grants and subsidies were given away by the government with criminal recklessness,* and without any wise provision looking to the interests and protection of the people. Now, while it is conceivable that a statesman might conscientiously believe it wise to favor a grant of land to a railway corporation, to aid in the construction of a railroad to some remote part, as, for example, to the Pacific Coast, it is difficult to see how any single-minded and far-seeing statesman could have favored the giving away of vast domains of fertile land, as well as enormous amounts of the people's money, to pay for the construction of railroads, without, on the other hand, making provisions which would prevent the toiling millions from becoming the helpless victims of corporate greed, instead of the beneficiaries of governmental concessions. If the government had forbidden the inflating or watering of stock, and had provided that only equitable freight and passenger rates should be levied, there might have been some justification for the action of our lawbreakers. Unfortunately, however, the government

* A striking illustration of this point is found in the following simple statement of the Union Pacific Railroad made by Honorable S. S. King in his admirable work "Bond Holders and Bread Winners": "During the war (the beginning of the era of corruption) the Union Pacific Railway was conceived. The National Legislature had chartered the company and given it 20,000,000 acres of land. But the subsidy was not enough to satisfy the eastern capitalists. Then Congress offered to loan the company for each mile of road built, \$16,000 a mile over the prairie country, \$32,000 a mile over the mountain slopes, and \$48,000 over the mountains. Here was land worth \$50,000,000, estimating it at \$2.50 per acre, or worth \$100,000,000, estimating it at its selling price of \$5 per acre. The loan offered was more than \$60,000,000. Did the eastern millionnaires accept the offer? No. Why? Because they knew they owned Congress and could get a better deal; and they did get a better one. Congress then offered to give them all this land, and loan them all this money, and in addition thereto allow the company to issue first mortgage bonds and sell to other eastern capitalists to the same amount per mile as the government loan — \$16,000, \$32,000, and \$48,000 — the eastern capitalists to have the first lien, and the government the second lien. This offer was accepted and work began. Eastern capitalists now took hold of the vast enterprise, putting less than a quarter million of their own capital into it. Estimates showed that the building of the road would cost less than the money loaned by government, saying nothing of the value of the lands. It was built, and the patriots who built it divided among themselves, as profits during the building, more than \$100,000,000, with all their land left! To-day the Union Pacific Railroad owes the national government in principal and interest more than \$130,000,000! Ahead of the government lien is a mortgage to eastern capitalists for more than the road is worth."

assumed the attitude of a viciously partial and *recklessly prodigal parent, giving, without restriction, El Doradoes of wealth to special classes*, and leaving the millions of her struggling children to suffer in future years, that conscienceless railroad monopolies might water stock many times over, and compel the farmer and consumer to earn interest on this inflated stock, that gamblers and speculators might realize millions of acquired money. On this point the position of the People's Party may be briefly stated as follows:—

The rights of the people have been infringed upon; nothing is clearer than that the masses have suffered great injustice, that a few might acquire millions and thus corrupt government. Individual rights, which should have been carefully guarded by a government pretending to be a democracy, have been ruthlessly disregarded. Now, to secure the equal freedom and justice which are due to all citizens of the republic, let the great arterial and nervous system of the nation pass into the hands of the government; that no longer the producer, on one hand, and the consumer, on the other, be plundered, to enable a few score of men to squander millions of acquired wealth in Europe, or to further prostitute legislatures at home, with wealth which has been acquired, not earned. In treating these "necessary monopolies as functions of the state," the freedom of the individual will be preserved, justice accorded the producer and consumer, and the net earnings will go to the people, instead of further enervating a mushroom aristocracy, who regard gambling in Wall Street as legitimate business, and whose highest social aim is to indulge in criminal ostentation, and ape the corrupt aristocracies of European monarchies. There is nothing in this proposition which is undemocratic. On the other hand, it is eminently republican, for it seeks to protect the citizen in his earnings from the rapacity of a privileged class, and to enable the consumer to enjoy the product of labor, without having unjust tributes levied to swell the purses of the few who are becoming Cresuses *through special privileges*.

Another illustration of this vicious governmental favoritism is seen in the special privileges granted to the bankers; class privileges, which, in the end, must compel the people to pay a double tribute to a small class. For it must be remembered that the government pays a larger interest to the banker on the bond held as security, than the banker pays for the use of the national bills he receives, and on these bills the banker is enabled to levy a princely tribute from the people.* Here again, in the granting

* It was to relieve millions of people from the great injustice resulting from this usury which led to the demand for the sub-treasury plan as a method of disseminating a medium of exchange based on actual values, and received by the toilers without their having to yield the fruit of their toil to the government's pampered and specially

of these privileges, we find another example of class legislation, which carries seeds fatal to pure democracy.

On the question of money, the People's Party stands unalterably for the abolition of the national banks. It fully agrees with the vast majority of sober thinkers, that any return to the irresponsible system of state banks, which proved so disastrous in the past, would be an exhibition of political folly, little short of criminality. It admits that the national bank bill is a safe money, *because the national government makes it safe*. It recognizes the right to issue money a legitimate function of the national government, but it opposes the government giving a monopoly in money to speculative syndicates, who farm it out in such a way as to take from labor the fruit of its hands.*

Now the People's Party demands that the government issue the money directly to the people. They also favor governmental savings banks in connection with the postal department, which shall be absolutely safe depositories for the people's savings.

DEMORALIZING INFLU- ENCE OF CLASS LEGISLATION.

The instances cited of railway and financial legislation in favor of classes are fair examples of a most vicious species of legislation which has flourished during the past generation, and which rests upon the assumption, first, that the government had the right to assume paternal function; and second, that she could in this rôle lawfully discriminate in favor of small classes, and thus utterly disregard the fundamental rights of the majority of her citizens. It is a noteworthy fact that the very people who are loudest in their denunciations of governmental control of "natural monopolies" as paternalistic, have amassed fortunes from the

favoured class. This plan, while open to grave objections, is incomparably more democratic than the present vicious system, for it would provide for the government issuing money on real values, thus securing the promise to pay, and it would abolish the objectionable features of the national banking system, whereby the people who sow and who reap are at the mercy of the usurer enjoying special privileges from the government.

* On this point General Weaver, the late candidate of the People's Party for president, pertinently remarks: "Our national banking system is the result of a compact between Congress and certain speculative syndicates, Congress agreeing to exercise the power to create the money, to bestow it as a gift, and to enforce its circulation; while the syndicates are to determine the quantity, and say when it shall be issued and retired. No currency whatever can be issued under this law unless it is first called for by associated usurers, and then they may retire it again at pleasure. If they decline to call for its issue, the affliction must be borne. If issued, and speculators desire to destroy it, the disastrous sacrifice must be endured. The power of the government to issue lies dormant until evoked by a private syndicate. Then the money flows into their hands, not to be expended in business or to be paid out for labor, but to be loaned at usury on private account. It cannot be reached by any other citizen of the republic except as it may be borrowed of those favorites who arbitrarily dispense it solely for personal gain. To obtain it, the borrower must pay to these dispensers of sovereign favor from six to twenty times as much (according to locality) as was paid by the first recipient. It is a fine exhibition of democratic government to see our Treasury Department create the currency, bestow it as a gift upon money lenders, and then stand by with cruel indifference and witness the misfortunes, the sharp competitions, and the afflictions of life drive the rest of its devoted subjects to the feet of these purse-proud barons as suppliants and beggars for extortionate, second-hand favors. This system was borrowed from the mother country, where it was planned to foster established nobility, distinctions of caste, and imperial and dynastic pretensions; and those who planned it have always been satisfied with its operation."

most vicious kind of governmental paternalism. The parties who are now horrified at the thought of the government exercising any influence in behalf of the freedom of the individual, who through class legislation is being ground under the wheel, are the very parties who have grown rich, or who hope to be benefited through the governmental paternalistic legislation which has brought a nation of unequalled wealth and measureless resources face to face with the bitter cry of want sounding through the republic, from crowded cities to sparsely settled country districts, and which is nation-wide and growing more pronounced with each year. These are facts worthy of careful consideration.

Moreover, it is impossible to estimate the demoralizing influence of this class legislation on the manhood of the nation. *It has lowered our ideal of liberty, and blunted our sense of justice.* Furthermore, it has made us as a people reckless of the rights of the individual, when the individual was poor, or held unpopular views, and it has given capital such power that it has time and again prostrated justice. It has, moreover, lowered the standard of manhood, and fed the selfishness of man. Other classes, seeing those favored by special privileges acquiring wealth, began in a no less specious and plausible manner asking for class laws. *For let it be remembered that in all cases special legislation has been enacted ostensibly for the good of the people.*

THE BALEFUL INFLU-
ENCE OF CLASS
LEGISLATION EXTENDS
TO THE PROFESSIONS.

The fatal virus even entered the professions, and regular doctors who found homœopathy becoming a great school through wise and just freedom, and eclecticism, water cure, and other remedial methods saving scores of lives where in many instances the old and approved methods had signally failed, approached legislature after legislature asking for *class laws*, giving them a more or less close monopoly, and preventing the *free American citizen from employing whomsoever he desired to treat him in the hour of sickness.* Had the physicians been sincere, and merely desired to protect the people from charlatans, they might with propriety have requested that all persons professing to cure have on their office walls and in their waiting-rooms official certificates signed by the county clerk, or some other duly appointed officer, giving the qualification or lack of qualification of the practitioner; but so far as I know, whenever this has been suggested it met with savage opposition from the physicians who were begging for special privileges, while in some states where they succeeded in enacting laws they proceeded to prosecute as felons persons who cured those they had failed to relieve.*

* An illustration of this character is found in the prosecution of Mrs. Lottie M. Post, Dubuque, Ia., who, after the orthodox physicians had pronounced two cases in a neighboring town absolutely hopeless, was called to minister to them. In each in-

Thus, for a generation or more, laws upon laws have been enacted, not *for the people, but to enslave the people*, that classes might flourish. Moreover, the special privileges granted to classes, without any proper restrictions, have led to acts essentially dishonest in intent, as, for example, the watering of stock, and to unjust oppression, such as levying all the freight charges the "traffic would bear" that a princely interest might be paid, not simply on the capital invested, but on inflated stock, and that certain stocks might be bulled in the markets by the gamblers controlling them.

FOSTERED THE SPIRIT
OF GAMBLING.

It furthermore favored an unhealthy spirit in business life. The old methods of earning money were too plodding to suit the feverish passion for riches which seized thousands. It fanned the flame of the gambler's lust for gold. *Wall Street became a throne of power, and is to-day a controlling influence in American politics.*

We must also remember another great factor in this problem of unjust conditions due to special privileges. The land which, by a just and equitable system of taxation upon rental values, would become a beneficent source of wealth and happiness to all the people, has fallen very largely into the clutches of landlords and land speculators, and thus again the few fatten on unearned increment, while the many suffer; the few grow rich in money not earned, but which they acquire through values created by the community. The melancholy spectacle is everywhere noticeable in our great cities, of thousands swarming in stifling tenements, while the same cities are walled in by vacant land held by speculators until the community doubles or quadruples the value of these vast idle tracts, which are often taxed as pasture land. The spectacle of thousands of acres of fertile land remaining practically uncultivated in various parts of the country, which should be under cultivation, further impresses the lesson of this grave injustice to the masses.

On the question of land the People's Party platform declares that "The land, including all the natural resources of wealth,

stance the patient consigned to the grave by the regular physician recovered under the gentle ministrations of this simple, pure-lived Christian Scientist. As soon as the cures were assured, Mrs. Post prepared to return to her home. Before she could take her train, however, she was arrested as a common felon, prosecuted, and fined fifty dollars, because, to use the exact words of the indictment, "she had practised on one Mrs. George B. Freeman, and others, contrary to the law of the State of Iowa." And this is true. She had violated a most infamous law; she was branded as a criminal, though the only crime she had committed was ministering to those supposed to be dying, and calling them back to life. Numbers of other instances might be cited where the individual liberty of intelligent American citizens has been thus shamefully interfered with by these class laws, and where law-abiding citizens have been made law-breaking citizens by curing those that the protected class failed to cure. Here again the law for equal freedom has been shamefully violated, and the rights of every American citizen outraged in the interest of a certain class belonging to a profession whose practice is noted for being experimental, and which at most can only claim to be a progressive art.

is the heritage of all the people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes." Personally I do not think the platform goes far enough upon this point, believing, as I do, that the land is at the root of far more of the evil conditions of the hour than many reformers imagine, and because I believe that taxation on land values is fundamentally right; that it is perfectly consistent with the highest justice and the law of equal freedom.

VOLUME
OF CURRENCY.

Another contention of the People's Party which Mr. Tracy regards as heresy is the demand for an increase in the volume of currency. Ever since the demonetization of silver, early in the seventies, times have been growing gradually harder and harder. Our population has rapidly increased. There has been wonderful development of resources. The aggregate output of those things which men require, and which is the true wealth of a nation, has enormously increased, but the volume of the medium of exchange has not kept pace with this wonderful increase of wealth. On the other hand, under the pernicious influence of England's selfish monetary policy, our legislators, at the behest of that privileged class who, since they have grown to be a powerful aristocracy, are popularly called financiers, have steadily sought to prevent the healthy expansion of the volume of currency. And so powerful have the money-lending lords become that only the rise of the People's Party has prevented their complete mastery of the millions by methods which suggest a repetition of the policy by which the De Medici gained control of Florence, and overthrew all vestige of republican government save the skeleton. Now, since the leaders of the People's Party have resolutely demanded an increase in the volume of currency, the parties of special privileges have denounced them as lunatics, while the increasing bad times among the masses have been charged to (1) bad crops (under supply); (2) good crops (over supply); (3) too little protection—before the passage of the McKinley Bill; (4) too much protection—after its passage; and since all these have failed, it has been the "Sherman Bill," which the money-lending power through both the great parties have made the scapegoat for financial depression. Now, however, the unparalleled financial disasters of Australia (bank failures, with liabilities aggregating over five hundred million dollars), and the terrible financial depression in Great Britain have rendered this excuse no longer tenable, especially as France, with fifty-five dollars per capita, is as prosperous as England is depressed.* The servants of Wall Street are in a dilemma, and their confusion has been greatly increased by the recent utterance of the greatest

* See paper by Jose de Navarro in the *Forum*. Mr. Navarro, though an advocate for the gold power, admits that France has a per capita circulation of fifty-five dollars, and that she enjoys wonderful prosperity.

authority among the gold advocates of England. The editors of the great papers of the East, which have been indulging in epithets of abuse against all who demanded an expansion of currency, and who have been parroting for years every word emanating from the officials of the Bank of England, must have experienced a sickening sensation when they read the opinion of the Rt. Hon. William Lidderdale, who last year was governor of the Bank of England, when on May 19 this high priest of the gold power admitted that the United States had not *enough currency for its people's needs* — his exact language, as given to the representative of the New York *World*, being, "*The increase in population and commerce has been so great and so rapid that the output of properly guarded legal tenders has not been sufficient to keep pace with the demands of the country.*"* For this same declaration the leaders of the People's Party have been denounced by the shining lights of the two parties of special privileges as lunatics. Can it be possible that the great apostle of the single standard has also lost his mind, or may we not be justified in harboring a suspicion that under the circumstances our statesmen and our great dailies have in some strange, unexplainable manner come under the spell of that privileged class who acquire millions by loaning to those who earn the nation's wealth? †

If we run over the list of those in the United States who possess more than five million dollars, we will be startled to find

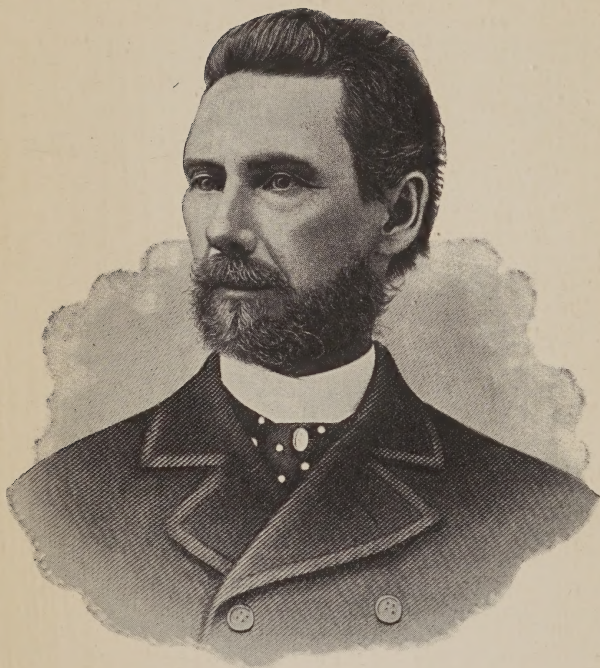
* In this connection the following extract from the weekly circular letter of the banking and brokerage firm of A. R. Chisolm & Co., 61 Broadway (published May 29), will prove interesting. It contains some things well worthy of the careful consideration of those who have so long permitted the servants of the money lenders to do their thinking: "We note that the Rt. Hon. Mr. Lidderdale of the Bank of England agrees with our views, so often expressed during the past ten years in our market letters, that this country needs more legal tenders. France, a stationary country, has sixty dollars per capita. The director of the mint places the per capita in the states at twenty-two dollars. But two hundred millions of gold have disappeared, and no estimate is made of the loss of paper and coin during the past twenty-five years. It is known that silver wears out and is renewed once in thirty years. We claim that, deducting amounts in United States treasury and banks held as reserves, and losses in paper currency and coins, gold exports and hoardings, this country is down to the actual famine circulation of less than six dollars per capita, counting our population at sixty-five millions. The national banks owe their depositors nearly two thousand millions of money, and yet they are in favor of further contraction. The municipal, state, county, and individual debts of the United States exceed the legal tender, coin and paper, twenty times over. The business man who could not make a better showing would be considered broke; and yet our bankers want the little expansion of the Sherman bill cut off."

† There are no toilers on the face of the earth more intelligent and hardworking than our industrial millions who are to-day suffering under the curse of man-made injustice; and Mr. Tracy's sneering remark is ill-timed when, referring to the single taxers who belong to the People's Movement, he designates them as persons "ready to accept any panacea for hard times cast upon them by *fortune and indolence*." Nothing could be more unjust than this implication. The conditions which have given rise to the discontent in the South and West are not due to idleness and fortune, in the sense used above. They are results springing from unjust conditions, unrepblican legislation, and the contraction in currency, at the behest of the gold power, and the intelligence of the people has at length recognized this. The remedy, if Mr. Tracy would succeed in holding the allegiance of the people to parties who directly or indirectly promote legislation at the behest of small coteries or classes, lies, not in teaching his theories of government, as he suggests, in the public schools, but in closing, not only the public schools, but all schools, and forbidding the industrial million thinking "out loud."

how many of the fortunes are due to the giant evils of the present — class laws, gambling, or unearned increment.*

The great revolution now in progress is primarily aimed at the abolition of special privileges, arising chiefly from iniquitous legislation, by which classes have been favored, and which has flourished, under the sway of the two old parties, for a generation. Its great aim is to establish equal freedom and to preserve the republic.

* The favorable reception given the great Swiss innovations — the Initiative, Referendum, and Proportional Representation — by the People's Party press is another fact which should not be overlooked in noticing this problem, as it indicates the purely democratic trend of the People's Party. These measures, better than any other governmental experiments ever made, are calculated to insure pure democracy in place of representative government, which may become an oligarchy with classes wielding more or less despotic sway.



A. C. Fisk

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THE NEW CRUSADE.

BY BENJAMIN HATHAWAY.

BEHOLD! the bannered hosts go forth amain;
Their pennons float from many a beacons hill;
Hark! bugle notes far stir
A million hearts; as one they, yearning, thrill:
Not with the old heroic valor vain —
Not to recapture from the Infidel
An empty sepulchre!

But, joy supreme! to bloodless battle wage;
Their cohorts arm to vanquish human need;
Grief, pain, wrong, poverty, —
A horde of nameless ills; to fearless lead
Man to regain his long-lost heritage;
And from the grave of Gold, of Caste, of Creed,
The living Saviour free.

True heroes! they go forth to sacrifice,
For him, the sore oppressed, the outlawed boor,
The utter-vanquished man;
He who has learned all suffering to endure;
Who, wounded, in unsuccored anguish lies;
Down-trodden, famished — the despairing poor,
We dare to curse and ban.

What need like his, the homeless vagabond?
Whose sore misfortune still as crime we blame;
Him, bane of every land!
In whom true life is an unkindled flame;
To larger love shall he not, too, respond —
To wider freedom, to ennobling aim,
And brother's helping hand?

Was ever phalanx of such noble men ?
 The New Crusaders come, not to subdue,
 But to uplift the mob;
 Their mission, not of death, but to imbue
 The dead, long buried, with new life again;
 Restoring their inheritance unto
 The poor, we wrong and rob.

Our brothers still, though vile, though passion-led,
 Though schooled in vice, of every want the prey;
 The victims of all wrong;
 Of power, of place, of opportunity,
 Of all things good, the disinherited;
 Forbidden, save in paths of guilt, to stray:
 Oh, mournful, suffering throng!

O Charity! what good to succor want,
 With justice still denied the struggling poor ?
 The gold you free bestow
 Can but postpone a judgment swift and sure;
 The while, amid the sceptic's scoff and taunt,
 From out their toil, who live but to endure,
 Colossal fortunes grow.

Of what a God must it the temple be,
 Whose brick and stone a million dollars hide,
 If such his heart delights;
 While just beyond its costly aisles abide
 A countless throng in sin and poverty;
 Who have forgot — their rights so long denied —
 That they have any rights.

And what to him are ritual and creed,
 Whom ritual and creed perforce condemn ?
 Is there no virtue still, —
 No power of healing in His garment's hem,
 Who to the prisoned poor, as was their need,
 Aforetime preached Love's gospel, preached to them
 The gospel of good will ?

And not alone from out the city slums
 I hear the cry of want, of grief and pain,
 Of cursing and of prayer;
 Anon a moaning like the storm-swept main
 On alien shores, unto my ear there comes
 From far green fields in Nature's fair domain —
 The moaning of despair.

Alas! what evil spell has wrought such ills,
 Where, if in any land, through honest toil
 Idyllic homes should be !

Oh! why should they who till a generous soil, —
 Whose sweat with plenty the world's garner fills,
 Be forced to bear, the while they drudge and moil,
 The curse of poverty?

O loss in gain! that brings a double curse:
 To him whose endless toil the wealth has wrought,
 That others' coffers hold;
 To him through whom this woe and want is brought
 Unto the Sons of Toil: a stolen purse
 With worse than bitter penury is fraught
 To him whose God is gold.

There other toilers be, who, toiling for
 The larger wage, the lesser burdens bear;
 Though they no want endure,
 So nigh to him who takes the lion's share,
 Whate'er their hire, they ceaseless war for more;
 They would as hardly press the millionaire
 As he the homeless poor.*

Oh! bootless conflict of the powers of Wrong;
 What matters, rich or poor, alike they take
 The crust from needy toil.
 Let all true, loyal hearts combine to break
 Combines alone in selfish purpose strong;
 In theft they but conspire to larger make
 Their portion of the spoil.

Oh, pitiless! the war that knows no truce:
 Can bloody conflicts that our hearts appall
 Have aught to fear more dread?
 While idle hordes at Want's imperious call,
 Would willing serve in all ignoble use
 For any pittance, howsoever small,
 To earn their daily bread.

When shall we learn, and at what fearful cost
 Of conflict fierce and suffering intense,
 The truth that one of old —
 A savage counted, with the finer sense,
 The sense of justice to the nations lost! —
 Bold thundered forth in stern, rude eloquence:
 "The land cannot be sold."†

* If the class of farm laborers should successfully strike for one half the wages the striking classes get, it would not be long before all the yet unmortgaged farms in the land would be sold under the hammer.

† My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be taken away. — *Black Hawk*.

Our country was given to us by the Great Spirit, who gave it to us to hunt upon, to make our cornfields upon, to live upon, and to make down our beds upon when we die. And he would never forgive us should we bargain it away. — *Speech of Me-tey-a, in Chicago, in 1821.*

If not the land, not what the land enfolds!
 Alas! until grown arrogant and strong
 Through spoil of our estate,
 Have we submitted to the hoary Wrong:
 All wealth the land, the sea, the mountain holds,
Earth's hidden treasures, unto all belong:
 Not to a syndicate!

Ah, me! how long, how long, through troubled years, —
 Of ancient ills so slow to make an end!
 For power to turn the mill,
 To speed the rolling wheels, that Toil befriend,
 For light that flames in million chandeliers,
 For warmth upon our hearth, — must we depend
 On Man's untrammelled will?

The despot, Gold, puts Liberty to scorn!
 The king of kings! Shall we supinely stand
 Beside our patriots' graves,
 And let him rule us with an iron hand? —
 Our happy country ruined and forlorn,
 Our great Republic evermore the land
 Of plutocrats and slaves?

Oh! none too soon, if not, alas! too late,
 Up to the rescue of the People, throng
 An army of the brave:
 With evil patient, as in virtue strong;
 With heart of love, as with the hand of Fate;
 With life, if need, they shall set free ere long
 Each custom-fettered slave.

And haste the time, to poverty unknown,
 When none so rich in their ill-gotten gain,
 They shall the poor enthrall,
 And hold them, being poor, in proud disdain;
 When none so poor they shall not have their own,
 And to some honored place and use attain,
 And plenty be for all.

* * * * *

The path of Progress is a perilled way;
 The New Age comes to birth through conflict sore,
 Whose travail now we see;
 If not in vain, its anguish we deplore:
 Yet turns the World unto the Better Day,
 When Right shall be the master evermore,
 And Power the servant be.

MONOMETALLISM REVOLUTIONARY AND DESTRUCTIVE.

BY HON. W. M. STEWART, U. S. SENATOR FROM NEVADA.

THE gold standard means that ultimate payment must be made in gold. Commercial credit is based on the assumption that gold can be obtained when required for ultimate redemption. Previous to 1873 silver coin was as good as gold coin for the purpose of ultimate redemption. Commercial credit then was based on the coin of both metals. The difference between bimetallism and monometallism is, the former uses coin made of both metals; the latter, the coin made of only one of the metals.

From 1853 to 1867 the monometallists advocated the single silver standard. Then the gold fields of California and Australia were productive, and the output of silver was small. The discovery of the Comstock and other silver mines indicated that silver might become more plentiful than gold. The monometallists then changed their contention, and argued that gold was the better metal, and that silver bullion ought not to be coined into money. The avowed object of rejecting one of the metals was to make the coin of the other more valuable by reducing the supply of the material out of which standard coin could be manufactured.

Chevalier and Maclaren, the leading monometallists thirty-five years ago, proved beyond controversy that the single silver standard would be beneficial to all persons enjoying fixed incomes. The income class being the ruling class in Europe, their arguments were very potential. Germany, Austria, and Holland adopted the single silver standard by refusing to coin silver. But England, having stopped the coinage of silver in 1816 for the benefit of bondholders and others enjoying fixed incomes, hesitated on account of the uncertainty of the continued yield of the gold mines of California and Australia. English financiers were not satisfied that silver would remain the scarcer metal. An English commission visited California and Australia, and ascertained

that the wonderful yield of gold which alarmed the bondholders of the continent could not be of long duration. They feared that silver would again become the plentier metal. Their object was to use only the scarcer and dearer one.

After the close of the Russian-Turkish, the Prussian-Austrian, the Franco-Prussian, and our great war, speculation in the debts growing out of those wars centred in London. In 1867 Mr. Sherman, chairman of the Committee on Finance of the Senate of the United States, visited that city. After spending some time in London, where he had the opportunity of consulting the manipulators of bonds, he appeared in Paris, where a conference of nations was assembled to consider the unification of coins, weights, and measures. While in the latter city he wrote to Mr. Ruggles, the American delegate to the conference, in favor of monometallism. He did not advise silver monometallism, which had been so popular on the continent, but accepted the English doctrine of gold monometallism. His letter to Mr. Ruggles advocating the gold standard was published in French and laid before the emperor. The conference was so impressed with the English view of the question, that it unanimously recommended the single gold standard.

Mr. Sherman returned to the United States, and as chairman of the Committee on Finance secured the printing in the statute of a law which omitted from the list of coins the standard silver dollar, and thereby deprived the owners of silver bullion of the right, which had been enjoyed from prehistoric times and which was recognized by the Constitution and laws of the United States, to have their bullion coined into money.

The limits of this article will not permit a detailed statement of the manner by which the Mint act of Feb. 14, 1873, became a law.

Germany, on account of the \$1,000,000,000 indemnity extorted from France, became a creditor nation, and, believing it was for her interest to enhance the value of bonds, followed the bad example of the United States, and in August, 1873, closed her mints against silver. In 1875 the mints of France and the Latin Union ceased to coin silver. The other minor nations of Europe were from time to time forced to follow suit and discard silver as a money metal.

A large proportion of the demand for silver was the coinage demand in the western world, which was cut off by the suspension of silver coinage. Silver bullion then depreciated in market as compared with gold, or, more properly speaking, the market value of gold appreciated by reason of the increased demand for coinage. The coinage demand was not diminished by the suspension of silver coinage, but there was nothing with which to supply that demand except gold. Consequently the demand for gold to coin into money was more than doubled, which has enhanced the value of gold in the last twenty years fully 50 per cent. The commercial world is now beginning to realize that there is not gold enough to supply the legitimate demands for money of ultimate redemption, and that, if silver cannot be used for that purpose, disaster is inevitable.

After gold appreciated and the market value of silver bullion declined as compared with gold, the banks and governments of the United States and all Europe, except France, ceased to treat silver as a part of their reserves. France, whose population is not increasing so as to make a large increase in the volume of her circulating medium a necessity, by treating the \$700,000,000 of silver coin in that country as suitable for reserves, has avoided much of the distress which is afflicting the industrial interests of every other country in the western world.

The fact that as much as 95 per cent of the exchanges in the commercial world are effected without the transfer of coin misled the people while the pending disaster was sapping the foundation of credit and enterprise. Superficial observers contended that the volume of coin or money of ultimate redemption was immaterial, because most of the great transactions were effected by checks, bills of exchange, and other credit devices. They did not investigate deeply enough to understand that credit can only exist while confidence remains.

Confidence cannot continue after the discovery of the fact that the ability to pay does not exist. If the United States should agree to pay \$100,000,000, no one would doubt the ability of the government to perform; and the bonds or other evidence of indebtedness issued in pursuance of such undertaking would be received without question, and held without fear of failure or default. But if the United States, with all

the wealth and resources of 65,000,000 at its command, should undertake to reverse the course of the Niagara River and make the waters of Lake Ontario flow into Lake Erie, no one would believe the undertaking could be accomplished, and no confidence would be inspired. Take another case. A few years ago the Sioux Indians could easily have collected and delivered 10,000 buffaloes, all raised on the prairies of the West. If the United States should undertake to deliver that number of buffaloes raised in the United States within the next five years, everybody would know that an impossibility was undertaken, and there would not be the slightest confidence in the ability of the United States to perform such a contract.

Twenty years ago the nations of the world had agreed to deliver to their creditors, at various times in the future, \$25,000,000,000 of gold and silver coin, and corporations and individuals had contracted to deliver at least three times that amount; since which time governments, corporations, and individuals have continued to make similar promises aggregating an untold amount.

From 1850 up to the failure of the Barings, full faith and confidence existed, on account of the continued supply of the precious metals, and the people believed that the great mass of national and other indebtedness could be paid or redeemed in coin. Up to that time the world did not realize what the monometallists had accomplished. They knew that the solvency of governments and individuals depended upon their capacity to obtain standard money of ultimate redemption to meet maturing obligations. They did not know that the current coin which could be used as reserves in the final emergency had been reduced fully one half by the refusal of the United States and Europe to manufacture money from both gold and silver, as was the case during all the ages, and that dentistry and other arts of modern civilization were absorbing nearly, if not quite, all of the annual output of gold.

The extraordinary demand for gold made upon the great house of Barings, in consequence of the bankruptcy of their debtors in South America, disclosed the fact that the coin reserves, which were confined to gold, were insufficient. The Bank of England, with all the immense resources which that great institution has at command, was compelled to borrow \$15,000,000 of France to provide for immediate payment of

demands against the Barings. If gold could not have been obtained from France, a commercial crash must necessarily have followed, which would have produced disaster throughout the commercial world.

As soon as arrangements to provide for the liquidations of the Barings' affairs were perfected, Mr. Goschen, then chancellor of the exchequer, notified the bankers of England that they must increase their gold reserves and curtail their credit to maintain solvency. The failure of the Barings and the proceedings necessary to provide for payment of their obligations, called the attention of the business world to the small amount of gold coin upon which rested the vast fabric of business and credit. The discovery was made that confidence had existed, in ignorance of the fact that the basis of circulation and credit had been seriously impaired by the schemes of the monometallists.

Every financial institution, for more than two years and a half, has been engaged in most vigorous efforts to curtail credit and increase gold reserves; but it has become apparent that there is not gold enough to sustain the vast fabric of credit depending upon it for ultimate payment. The trouble has been largely increased by the political condition of Europe. The great powers are jealous of each other, and are maintaining vast armies, in anticipation of war. The support of such armies and other military preparations are creating the necessity for more credit, which is constantly increasing the danger.

To meet the probable contingency of war, and to strengthen credit for immediate use, all the great governments of Europe are making enormous sacrifices to increase their gold reserves. There are only about \$3,500,000,000 of gold coin in the world. About \$1,200,000,000 of it is supposed to be in Asia, where it is hoarded or used for non-monetary purposes. About \$1,800,000,000 is locked up for reserves in banks and government vaults. The remaining \$500,000,000 which is supposed to exist, is mostly hidden away in private banks and other places, out of general circulation. Very little gold is transferred in effecting exchanges of property, but all business men realize that business and credit are endangered by an insufficient supply of gold for ultimate payment.

The strain has become so great that the slightest movement of gold is watched with feverish anxiety. Every day

we read in the stock reports of falling prices, in consequence of the export of gold. The slightest rumor of departing gold affects most seriously every business interest in the United States. Self-preservation compels the banks to hold what money they have, unless it can be used on call. Such use commands very little interest, because the borrower must at all times hold himself in readiness to return it without notice. *There is no money for new enterprise, and the business of the whole world is stagnant, and the energies of the people are suppressed.*

The business of the world received a mighty impulse from the output of gold from California and Australia, and the new silver mines of the interior states and territories of the far West, which increased the wealth and prosperity of the world, between 1850 and 1875, without a parallel. But when the coinage of silver was suspended, the shrinking supply of material from which standard coin could be made retarded progress, and development was hindered by falling prices and hard times. The diminution of the basis of circulation was gradual but constant. General prices have fallen during the last twenty years fully 50 per cent, or, what is the same thing, gold has appreciated in value, as compared with the general range of prices, fully 50 per cent since 1873, when the Mint act, omitting the silver dollar from the list of coins, became a law.

The farmers, planters, and other producers have struggled nobly against the inevitable until hope is well-nigh exhausted. The great World's Fair is in progress in Chicago. The mass of the people have not sufficient ready money to spend for the education and enjoyment which that great institution offers.

The bondholders of Europe, with the great house of Rothschild at their head, have undertaken a vast enterprise in reorganizing the finances of Austria. Austria has agreed, and reduced her agreement to law, to fund her \$2,400,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds payable in silver for the benefit of the bondholding combination. The agreement which Austria has made is a hard one for the people of that country. Her 5 per cent silver bonds are being exchanged at their face value for 4 per cent, non-taxable perpetual gold bonds. The new bonds are exchanged for the old at 92 and 93 cents on the dollar, while the old bonds are taken in at par.

A necessary part of this scheme is the resumption of gold payments by Austria. The Rothschilds and others are selling these 4 per cent, non-taxable gold bonds of Austria to obtain about \$180,000,000 of gold. They have already accumulated a large amount, but not half enough for their purpose. These gold bonds are sold for about 91 or 92 cents on the dollar to buy gold. If the scheme can be carried out, the bondholding fraternity engaged in the enterprise will make hundreds of millions of dollars. The only difficulty is to find the gold.

Russia, which has about \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000 of gold in her war chest, will not furnish it. France, which has more gold than any other country in Europe, exercises the option which the statutes of the United States confer upon the secretary of the treasury, to pay in either gold or silver. France, when gold is demanded for export, exercises that option for the benefit of the government, and offers payment in silver. Germany, although she has comparatively little silver, also protects her gold from export by offering to pay demands for gold for export in silver. England pays a premium on gold by favorable rates of exchanges, and prevents the export of gold, whenever it becomes excessive, by an increased rate of interest.

The United States is the only nation where the bondholding combination expect to obtain gold to carry out their Austrian scheme. They have plenty of American securities which they can afford to sell cheap for gold on account of the great profits anticipated in the investment in Austria. The sale of such securities in our market does not necessarily procure gold. Payment is ordinarily made in greenbacks and treasury notes, which are presented to the treasury and paid in gold until a draft on the government's gold is unnecessarily alarming to the business community. The bondholding fraternity demand that the United States shall sell bonds and offer an investment which will bring in the gold to enable them to convert their other securities into greenbacks and treasury notes and withdraw the gold for export. In other words, they demand that the national debt shall be increased for the purpose of collecting gold for export. The unreasonableness of the demand is shown by the fact that on the 1st of May, 1893, there was outstanding only \$428,000,000 of greenbacks and treasury notes to be

redeemed, because the greenbacks have been outstanding for thirty-one years and no allowance has been made for loss. Consequently, there can never be presented for redemption more than \$300,000,000 of greenbacks, and there were only \$128,000,000 of treasury notes in circulation on the 1st of May of this year.

For the redemption of the greenbacks and treasury notes there were in the treasury, on the date above mentioned, \$308,000,000 of gold and silver coin and bullion in excess of the gold and silver certificates outstanding. All this gold and silver, under the statutes of the United States, is applicable to the redemption of both greenbacks and treasury notes. Besides, there is constantly accumulating in the treasury silver bullion to the extent of the difference between the market price and the coin value of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion received each month, under the provisions of the miscalled Sherman act of 1890.

It is said that the secretary of the treasury will not pay out silver. That may be true, but the statute makes no discrimination between gold and silver in the payment of any national obligations except gold or silver certificates. Besides, there is no authority for issuing bonds to buy gold. The resumption act of 1875, under which the authority is claimed, simply authorizes the secretary of the treasury to sell bonds to buy coin (not gold) "to the extent necessary" to redeem greenbacks outstanding on the first day of January, 1879. With \$308,000,000 of gold and silver in the treasury, it can hardly be claimed that it is necessary to sell bonds to buy more coin. It certainly cannot be claimed that there is or ever was any authority in the secretary to buy any particular kind of coin, because the law knows no difference in the coin of either gold or silver. The secretary's authority simply extends to the purchase of coin when necessary to redeem greenbacks.

The administration has wisely refrained from violating the law in issuing bonds. The gold combination are now clamorous for an extra session of Congress to repeal the so-called Sherman law and confine the basis of the world's money to gold alone. It is argued, with great plausibility, that if the Sherman law can be repealed, coinage in India will be suspended, and gold will be the only money of ultimate payment throughout the world. When this is accomplished

the \$4,000,000,000 of silver coin still doing duty as money for every purpose except reserves, will be eliminated as a medium of circulation, except for token money, and placed on a level with nickel and copper; and those who have gold in possession or within reach will enjoy a complete monopoly of the money of the world.

The various false pretences offered for this revolutionary scheme cannot be considered in any one article; but the intelligence of the American people ought to teach them that the destruction of one half of the world's metallic money is fraught with consequences more serious and detrimental than any other scheme of extortion and plunder invented by the genius of the miser and the Shylock. The only question is, Will the voice of the people be heard in time to prevent the consummation of the scheme of confiscation and ruin so vigorously advocated by the anarchists of wealth?

What difference is there in morals between the anarchists of poverty and the anarchists of wealth? The anarchists of poverty seek to divide among themselves and their followers the accumulation of others; the anarchists of wealth seek to absorb the earnings of the masses by cunning and fraud.

I am opposed to the destruction of property and property rights by the violence of the anarchists of poverty. I am equally opposed to the destruction of property rights and the robbery of the masses by the cunning and fraud of the anarchists of wealth. The 65,000,000 people who have made this country great must protect themselves against the anarchists who propose to use either force or fraud, if they would preserve their liberty and independence, and maintain and transmit to their posterity the greatest and best government ever organized by man under the providence of God.

OUR INDUSTRIAL IMAGE.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

The usurer dealing on certainties, and everybody else on uncertainties, in the end, all the money gets into the box. — *Lord Bacon.*

ANCIENT pagan history is repeating itself in our modern Christian civilization. The dream that troubled Babylon's king is being reproduced and fulfilled in our industrial realm.

The image, whose form was "terrible," towers above us, threatens us, intimidates us, dictates to our lawmakers, and rules us. Its "head of pure gold" symbolizes the gold standard. Its breast and arms of silver—representing the seat of vitality, including the blood-making and distributing organs—correspond to usury as embodied in the Rothschild banking dynasty, which depends upon silver as a circulating medium among the people, but, nevertheless, degrades it by subordinating it to the gold head or governing standard that dictates terms in every great crisis and in all large commercial transactions. The stomach and thighs of brass are represented in the various industries, corporations, syndicates, and trusts which are largely, if not altogether, dependent upon usury for nourishment and existence. The legs of iron, and feet, part of iron and part of clay, represent our producers, wageworkers, and masses generally,—including over a million unemployed, outcast men,—who combine strength with weakness, who will not unite for mutual protection and defence, and upon whom the entire structure depends for support.

The stone, cut out without hands, that is now smiting the image upon its feet of iron and clay and which is to break in pieces and level with the dust its head of pure gold, is the Christ idea of human brotherhood, reincarnated in the new life struggling for practical expression in the minds and hearts of the people the world over as never before in all history.

The foregoing interpretation may not exactly harmonize with that of Daniel and the commentators, but it is, in the light of fact and experience, a rational one.

Prophetic dreams, allegories, and myths are for all times and conditions rather than for special periods and limited application. They belong to every phase of human evolution into which they appropriately fit. Baron Rothschild is the "king."

And now let us see what relation he, as the representative usurer of the world, sustains to silver, the breast and arms of the image.

First, Rothschild not only knows no north, south, east, or west, but he cares especially for no nationality or race; second, as a usurer and financier, representing cosmopolitan interests, he regards nations only in the light of "business," weighing and measuring them by the single gold standard. To him the whole world is an interest-bearing bond.

The uninitiated looked on in astonishment, recently, when he proposed a more liberal silver policy than that advocated by other foreign members of the International Bimetallic Commission. They wondered at his generosity toward the white metal.

He was simply liberal and generous toward Rothschild and his "craft," and did not propose to kill the silver goose that laid the golden egg. He realized that, no matter how much the world's silver may be degraded and depreciated in the interest of usurers, it must, even under the single gold standard, always remain a necessity as a circulating medium among the very classes who contribute most largely to the profits of usury.

It was the king who had the "dream," and the king who first saw the handwriting on the wall.

He knew that some of the nations most deeply in debt to him might not only fail to pay the interest on their bonds, but perhaps would be compelled to repudiate both principal and interest, in case the policy of the gold-standard exclusives should be generally adopted. He knew better than to trip the feet of the image.

It is fitting that the king of usurers should be a baron and an imperialist. Usury and imperialism are one and inseparable in spirit and purpose. The "divine right of kings" — no matter whether of civil realms or of great accumulations — and the divine right of professional money lenders to rule over and rob the people are twin superstitions, conceived and begotten by human injustice, born of social

slavery and necessity, sanctioned by ignorance, and joined together by a single ligament, that forms a connecting link between the vitals of both. Destroy the one, and the other ultimately dies, through the operation of a law that binds demons no less than angels.

Usury is the tap-root of unrighteous caste, no matter whether the latter inheres in "royal" or "noble blood," so called, or in the vulgar snobbery engendered by hoarded or inherited wealth.

Aristocracy based on moral and mental worth is possessed of both heart and conscience, because it is a normal social product. It may be exclusive, but is never a war-breeding force. But an aristocracy which makes money the key to position and consideration is an unnatural creature, void of human sympathy and conscience, and therefore a constant menace to the spirit of democracy and the peace of society. Knowing that it has no valid title to special distinction and power, it is always jealous of the assumed and fictitious claim, and will not hesitate to maintain it with force and murder if necessary.

The usurer's love of money for money's self, and for the undue power and position it yields him, is, indeed, "the root of all evil" — a root that supplies with malignant energy and sap all other material and economic evils and iniquities of civilization. It is this species of usury that forms the motive power of our competitive industrial system, which is beginning to show marked symptoms of death from "heart failure."

The thoughtful and philosophical social reformer sees in the legal-tender power of government the only available avenue of escape from usury. The issue between the advocates of the two ideas is radical and unmistakable, the difference irreconcilable, and the gulf between them as impassable as the legendary one that separates Dives from Abraham's bosom.

The legal-tender right is in direct line of progress with the force set in motion by our forefathers in the Declaration of Independence — one of the legitimate blossoms of the new departure made in civil government at that time.

It is a doctrine which the party of the future must accept and assimilate without deviation or compromise. To do less will be to shut its eyes and turn its back upon the logic

and trend of social and economic evolution, and reject the promised fruit of a tree whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations."

This nation can neither walk backward nor stand still, as regards the money question, but must either go forward to higher expression, or shrivel and die in the very bud of its ideal.

In the meanwhile every other economic problem awaits the solution of this. Hence, our next advance step in governmental progress must bring emancipation from the precious metallic standard myth, which forms the mainspring and source of usury. This, in turn, is the natural and prolific parent of large accumulations gathered by the few, at the expense and through the impoverishment of the many.

The mightiest economic question of the day is, "How are we to induce and maintain healthy circulation in the body politic, whose condition is constantly growing more congested and unbalanced?"

THE ARENA for February contains a thoughtful article by Rev. Minot J. Savage, on "The Power and Value of Money," in which that gentleman, while moralizing in an exceedingly pleasant and suggestive vein, commits himself at the very start to the conservative view of the subject in the following paragraph:—

The love of man and woman has been the root of all kinds of evil from the beginning of the world. Shall we therefore abolish love, as many would abolish wealth, if they could?

Industrial reformers are frequently accused of attempting to "abolish wealth" because they insist upon some system that will tend to a more equal and just distribution, not only of the natural, undeveloped wealth, which belongs to the people in common, but of the acquired wealth, which grows out of mutual effort.

It would be equally proper to accuse men of attempting to "abolish" water because they propose to conduct it from lakes and streams, where it is evaporating or running to waste, and distribute it over thirsty lands for irrigating purposes.

When Mr. Savage, in his implied defence of the private individual's moral right to large accumulations, claims that it is the abuse which constitutes the evil, and that every

other good thing, including "love of man and woman," can be likewise abused, he calls to the stand a dangerous witness against the policy of permitting unrestricted "individualism" on the part of any one man in the power to monopolize any of life's necessities.

King Solomon, Brigham Young, and other ancient and modern saints are condemned now for being no less greedy and grasping in "love" than our capitalists are in finance; and the same "board of equalization" that has abolished "plural marriages"—not because the husband "abused" his wives, but because polygamy allowed man more than his just and natural proportion of womankind—will sooner or later settle the millionaire problem.

There is no question as to the power and value of money, which, as the representative of nearly all useful material things, is necessarily the most powerful of all the inanimate agents of civilization, and hence, when lawfully gathered and rightly utilized, the most conducive to human welfare, but when improperly employed the most potent for evil.

As members of a government of, for, and by the people, we have ceased to ask whether good and wise kings and chattel slaveholders are desirable, and have settled both questions by repudiating the civil institutions that make them possible.

We have done this on the solid bed-rock principle that it is crime and folly to intrust with any set of men the power to control the lives and destinies of their fellow-men. The question as to the good or bad characters of the men from whom such power should be withheld is no longer considered by us. We are beginning to apply the same common-sense logic to our industrial slavery and slave overseers.

The question that confronts us as American citizens is not whether vast wealth can be made available when properly disbursed, but whether it is wise and safe for this republic longer to tolerate a policy that permits private parties or corporations to create and control such wealth.

If condemned by experience as oppressive, and as a menace to the integrity and existence of the nation, it is certain that the policy must, through some means, be discontinued and succeeded by one that responds more perfectly to the needs and will of a progressive people.

We are already in the midst of an irrepressible conflict

between legalized and strongly intrenched wrongs and natural rights.

Competition among laborers is more bitter and intense than at any previous time in our history, while competition among those who subsist and get rich off the product of labor has virtually expired in giving birth to corporations and trusts.

The latter are growing more exacting and defiant, while labor is becoming more enlightened as well as helpless and, hence, more discontented and rebellious.

Every thoughtful, observing mind realizes that we are rapidly nearing a crisis, and that some third factor can alone save the nation. Out of every such crisis is born the supreme question, "How shall we avert calamity?"

Governments have been in the habit of answering and settling similar questions with "blood and iron." But a government whose seed was the Declaration of Independence, whose trunk is the Constitution of the United States, and whose diet for over a century has consisted largely of Fourth of July orations, cannot permanently answer and settle great questions with its citizens in that manner.

We must bear in mind that this government was not designed and fashioned after old monarchical ideas and models, but was the result of a new and wide departure from them; and that old heroic remedies, which other governments usually prescribe for popular discontent, and which may agree tolerably well with old systems that are unaccustomed to democratic, hygienic treatment, may, nevertheless, be met as usurpation and high-handed treason when administered under the stars and stripes.

We have at last reached that dangerous point where a comparatively few millionaire owners of rich corporations, which are protected by special laws, not only refuse to arbitrate their disputes with their armies of employees, but demand that government shall, at the cost of the tax payer, co-operate with its courts and its state and national militia in a war whose avowed object is the destruction of labor unions, and the unconditional surrender and complete subjugation of American labor to private capital.

None except selfish, cruel, and un-American men could be guilty of assuming such an attitude; and no power save that which inheres in large private wealth, unlawfully gathered

and placed, could either persuade or force a republic like ours to stultify itself by yielding to the monstrous proposition.

All of these millionaire commercial lords are animated by a single inspiration and purpose, no matter how widely they may differ socially and in personal organization.

Some of them are in their public capacity "philanthropists," who have, with a small proportion of their stolen wealth, established free libraries, endowed theological schools, founded or built universities, or purchased seats in our national Senate by virtue of votes in state legislatures, for which they paid as high as three thousand dollars. Many of them are model church members, and most of them are kind and considerate men, socially and in their families.

But all of them, from east to west, and from north to south, without a single exception, shirk their just taxes; and the burden thus shirked is necessarily transferred to the lands and homes of the laborer and producer as an addition to an already crushing and increasing "burden grievous to be borne" in the way of mortgage indebtedness, where it hangs over the victims day and night, until it falls with a final crash in the form of foreclosure and eviction.

And what, let me ask, has lifted these men out of the ordinary walks and ways of common average life, and transformed them into bold dictators of their fellows, and cold, indifferent witnesses of a constantly moving and enlarging panorama of misery, for which they and their system are responsible?

I answer, The pursuit and possession of vast private wealth, through which they have become morally emasculated.

Usury is cannibalism, civilized and Christianized. It formerly captured, fattened, killed, roasted, and ate the body of its enemy. Now the same spirit inspires a man who captures his friend and fellow-Christian, robs him of the only available means of getting fat, starves him in filthy garret and tenement cells till his last penny is gone, and then kicks him into the street, where he is arrested as a vagrant and put to work in the chain gang for being without money, food, or shelter, owing to his inability to find work in a land where there are, on an average, not more than three jobs to divide among four or five applicants.

When the founders of this republic took the initiative in the creation of a government of, for, and by the people, they

opened the door of escape from other evils besides kingcraft and taxation without representation.

Chief among these evils is usury, which has already become blood poison to our democratic institutions.

It is for the present generation to act as independently of old economic forms and models as the signers of the Declaration did of established ideas in civil government. Usury is either radically wrong, or it is right. If wrong, it is the most gigantic, destructive, and terrible crime of civilization. If right, then universal bondage of the many to the few is right; and the more slaves in proportion to the masters, the better.

Oh! the bowers of Babylon are rare,
 And the tinkling fountains play
 Over gardens hung in the drowsy air
 Where the careless youth and maiden fair
 Are dreaming the years away,
 And the kings of Babylon are bold;
 For the realms before them fall,
 And they rule the world from thrones of gold,
 While the people's lives are bought and sold
 Like the herds in the butcher's stall.

Oh! the towers of Babylon are strong,
 And their dungeons damp and deep;
 And the rich rejoice in the reign of wrong,
 And the princes join in the reveller's song,
 While the toilers work and weep.
 But stern and still, like a troop of Fates,
 'Round the city's roar and din,
 The invading host of the conqueror waits
 In the midnight hush outside the gates
 As the feast goes on within.

Oh! the walls of Babylon are high
 And their arches grim and low,
 And the birds of commerce scream and fly
 While the proud Euphrates wanders by
 In its dark, relentless flow;
 But the river that rolls in Mammon's pride
 Shall the people's servant be;
 By the toiler's will shall be turned aside,
 And the channel surge with a grander tide
 Than the pulse of the Persian sea.

THE OFFICE OF THE IDEAL IN CHRISTIANITY: VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY CAROL NORTON.

DOWN through the ages, men have recognized the value of ideals to human existence, and purpose, and the necessity of founding all upward movements in religious and secular thought, in art, government and invention upon these ideals, even if centuries should elapse between the original discernment and the acceptance and attainment of them by men.

Emerson, as far as he discerned the actual, held firmly to the ideal in the deep things of life, and on one occasion pertinently said, "Hitch your wagon to a star," thus presenting the same truth that is expressed so tersely in the homely, but significant adage — "It is better to aim at the sun than at the church steeple." History contains many noble and conclusive examples of the value of ideals to religion, nations and individuals. It is the office of ideals in religion that we wish to consider in this article.

In Hebrew religious history it is the ideal of Law, of One God and of the ultimate triumph of Justice and Right, that enriches the history, life and writings of this wonderful people. The exalting of this ideal eventually led this nation to the recognition of one Supreme Deity, under the teaching of its greatest spiritual leader — Moses. The Grecians, in their efforts to idealize learning and sculpture, expressed this same tendency to enthrone in the minds of all men the value of the ideal. The Romans most vividly manifested this same natural turning to the ideal, above the chaotic and imperfect in their finely constructed ideas of citizenship and government, out of which shone in bold relief the ideal of human protection, order and military might. Later in the centuries, it was this same dissatisfaction with existing wrong and imperfection, that actuated the Reformers to launch out upon

the storm-tossed sea of human thought, already turned from the popular tendencies of the professing Christians of the day, a new ideal, namely, that of a church freed from servitude to any single earthly personality, a church whose walls should engirdle the world, and whose teaching should accord to all men mental freedom and independence. After the Puritans of England had in vain tried to attain their much coveted ideal of freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and had emigrated to Holland, only to find there no more of an asylum than England had afforded, they went out entirely from their environment of continental narrowness and dogmatism, into the great new world of America. And then, amidst new dangers, began their systematic labors to rear ideal freedom of opinion and daily life. Nor did the establishment and successful maintenance of the great American Commonwealth end the pronounced effort on the part of men to reach the ideal of freedom.

Freedom in religious thought being largely gained, bodily slavery must go down, that man's nobility and independence as a child of an Infinite Father be practically established in Christendom. A certain writer has said that men must realize the ideal, and not attempt the idealizing of what *seems* real to erring personal sense. The ideal or the real must of necessity exist above and apart from the fluctuating forms of error that exist as a hedge about material existence. By rational thought it is seen, that according to the faithfulness with which men hold to high and noble ideas of right, do they make substantial progress and gain the true and best in life. The higher the ideal, be it that of civil, moral, or spiritual selfhood, the higher will man rise. And the lower his aim, the deeper will he sink into chaos, immorality, and materialism. Without the ideal of divine perfection, men would fall by the roadside of daily life. The goal of perfection is to earth's pilgrims as the north star to the lost mariner. By keeping it continually before him, it guides him to the haven which he may have long and despairingly sought. John Locke saw the value of loving the ideal in all things, when he said, "To love Truth for Truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other *virtues*." Men must love true manhood for its own beautiful component parts, not because they fear

punishment if they do not. The mission of practical idealism is not to encourage false mental pictures of an unattainable state of perfection, nor is it a type of teaching that would prompt vain speculations about God, man, matter, mind, and the universe. Instead, its purpose is to convince mankind that the ideal is the common sense and practical in life. To mortals governed wholly by physical so-called laws, it appears vague and impossible. They persistently hold with a firm grasp of the left hand to the unreal and material, while the right is vainly outstretched to reach the reality of being. Consciously or unconsciously, we all have our ideals. All of us picture a state of living which approaches somewhat that divine plan, which the great Architect has created, and has always known, and which will be ultimately unfolded to all men. There was a time when a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" was vague and speculative, but is not such a government to-day a realized fact? The basic principles of our national American Constitution are in themselves ideal: but can any of us truly affirm that American life, institutions, and politics, at this epoch approach the actual and pure conceptions of the men who implanted these fundamental principles in our Constitution? Yet as ideals, how valuable they are, and will they not be eventually realized? Justice is practical idealism on the moral plane. Is Justice unattainable therefore, because of this fact? In the world of invention,—the idea—conception, must of necessity, precede the formation of the object. And if it were not for this perfect model in the mind of the inventor, we should never have the invention. In fact, what we call the ideal, is but another name for the perfection, which to us as mortal men, does not at the present appear to be our own natural selfhood. One has said, that the ideal is *now* a fact, not will be, and that man has but to awaken from the lethargy of imperfection, to see that the Infinite Perfection has, co-existing with Himself, a perfect creation. When this recognition of Being appears, evil and chaos become less real and gradually disappear, while the real and eternal, a perfect God, a perfect universe, and a perfect man, *appear*. To the impure, dishonest materialist, purity, honesty, and spiritual insight and might, constitute distant idealism. Not so to the man who loves and reveres the best and purest in life. To him these characteristics go

to make the true man. Should that which is simply above our immediate mental grasp be termed unreal? Yet many would have us think that because perfection in man's character, and in his daily living is apparently a future fact, man will never attain his ideal. In other words, the assertion that idealism is simply theoretical, must be met with the declaration, that it is the only reality that exists, for it is synonymous with perfection, and all thinkers agree that the First Cause, whatever its exact nature, is perfection's selfhood. It must therefore follow, that all which emanates from this First Cause, must be of like nature, perfect, because like produces like.

In Christendom to-day, three lofty ideals are gradually with steady step forcing their way to the front,—namely, the practical demonstration of Christianity, “with signs following,” the brotherhood of man and the unity of Christianity, and true science. Humanity demands that Christianity be proven what it truly is, namely, practical and demonstrable idealism. One has said in speaking of certain of the great teachers of religious and moral philosophy, that all have practically embodied their ideals in a single word, and that their followers have perpetuated these ideals through the ages. He speaks of the ideal of Buddha as, renunciation, of Zoroaster, as purity, of Confucius, as moderation, of Moses, as law, and Plato, as harmony. We are in the midst of a great upheaval in religious thought. Materialistic dogmas and mysteries have had their day, and thinkers are looking forward to that new Christian Church and Brotherhood, of which Emerson spoke when he said: “There will be a new church founded on moral science; at first cold and naked, a babe in the manger, again the algebra and mathematics of ethical law.” The founder of Christianity established demonstrable idealism, that is, he proved it was possible for men, by working in accord with divine law to lay hold of permanent health, holiness, and immortality here and now. Jesus of Nazareth was an idealist in the fullest sense of the term. To him the ideal was the real. Man's spiritual perfection, individual dominion over all things discordant, and his immortal oneness with God, were by him recognized facts. Speculation never once entered into his teachings, which were ever declared as Eternal Truth, capable of demonstration. He did not look upon man, the

creation of the All Perfect, as a fallen image of Deity, but as a perfect Son of God, partaking of the same divine nature of the Father. Hence his word, "Now are ye sons of God," meaning if men would recognize ideal perfection to be their natural and true selfhood, and would become cognizant of this great truth, they would see in the ideal, the actual and true, and the imperfect would disappear. All correct reasoning must begin with the actual or positive. We cannot successfully compute a problem in mathematics by beginning with the minus sign, or solve life's problem aright, by commencing with a negative assertion, that would have us believe that man can know nothing of the plan of divine existence. In revealing to human consciousness man's eternal and perfect nature, it is fatal if we commence with the assertion that the divine man, reflecting deific perfection has within himself, one iota of evil or incompleteness derived from the All Good.

To-day Christendom presents a strange spectacle, a phenomenon not without deep significance. Christian thinkers are bursting the bonds of dogmatism and creed, and are reaching out for that broad and spiritual type of Christianity, that will bring into harmony, upon a common premise, all phases of spiritual thought. The recent movement called the Laymen's or Christian Brotherhood movement, is a notable example of the trend of thought toward the recognition of the universality of the truths residing in the teachings of Jesus. It purposes the union of Christians, on the simple acceptance of Christ as the spiritual leader, without creed or doctrinal test. To-day, we have in our midst, in the religion known as Christian Science, what can be truly called practical idealism. Not in any sense to be confounded with the speculative idealism of Berkeley, Kant, Spinoza, or certain other past or present philosophers.

Christian Science exalts the ideal through the unity of Christianity and Science. Material, so-called natural science is not the science to which we refer. It is the Divine Science of God, as the eternal Principle of the universe, which it teaches and practically demonstrates. It is here in our midst because the hour has come for the advent of a religion that will unite in itself, all Science, Theology, and Medicine. This Science will be that of the Founder of Christianity which was also his Theology. The Science of Being which

rightly understood, casts out evil and heals the sick, not with drugs or material means, but through the power of Divine Mind, which is the true Medicine and which destroys every form of disease and sin. From Papias and Irenæus, in early history, and from Gibbon, Rawlinson, and Burton in later, we learn that the ability to demonstrate Christianity in the healing of all disease, unquestionably existed in the Christian church from the close of the earth life of Jesus, to the time of the union of church and state by the Emperor Constantine, near the end of the third century. This most certainly shows that that which Jesus lived and taught, was the rational and spiritual understanding of a divine law, superior to, and apart from, the so-called laws of matter and physics; that this understanding would be the possession of all men through all time, on one condition, namely — that Christian teaching be kept strictly within the limits of its original simplicity, purity, rationality, and divinity.

If three centuries retained the power to prove that Christianity had a scientifically divine basis, the truth of Jesus' utterance, "The works that I do ye shall do also, and greater works than these shall ye do," goes to show the perpetuity of the ideal residing in his teaching, and also the possibility of its perpetual demonstration. Jesus certainly revealed the ideal of true manhood as purity, honesty, meekness, love, and spiritual, not material might. Yet to-day how prevalent the teaching, that the possibility of repeating the works which ushered Christianity into existence, converting the strict Jew, and the idolatrous Greek and Roman to its high and lofty teachings, is an utter impossibility, and that we must content ourselves with Christianity to-day, as a religion of abstract faith. That life, at its best, is a deep mystery, above and beyond the reach of any solution by man.

The demand of the religious thought of to-day, is, that a spiritually rational religion (capable of demonstrating Christianity as its early representatives did) take the place of the existing forms of popular religion, which lack the living, vital force of primitive Christianity. No longer will men be contented with visionary ideals and mystic theology. Practicability and Science, must form the keystone of the religious structure of this age, else religion cannot hope to successfully cope with the increasing materialism and scepticism of the hour. Men must be shown, that in the Science

of Being, the Science which deals with, and treats wholly of Divine Mind as God, the Creator and First Cause, exists the only true solution of the problem of human existence. Most men formulate an ideal state of being, where sin, disease, sorrow, and death shall no longer hold sway. This state is invariably portrayed as obtainable only after a life of sorrow and discord, and as existing on the other side of the great gulf created by the change called death. Christian Science claims, that this state is not only an actual possibility, but affirms it to be a present one, hence its affirmation that if Christianity is rightly understood, it means immunity from disease, here and now, as well as sin. If, as Bronson Alcott said, "Our ideals are our better selves," should not all men hail with joy, that type of Christian philosophy which will reveal in a practical way, this better selfhood? Do we not all need to outgrow material selfhood, with its discord, limitation and death, and enter into the higher and diviner selfhood in which we shall find that eternal harmony and perfection for which the hearts of men have so long yearned? The founder of Christianity taught men that if they would enjoy the great blessings that bountifully flowed from his teachings, they must depend entirely and radically on spiritual power, as opposed to any physical or material force, based upon and born of animal strength, and courage. He never admitted a physical condition existed, that was beyond the reach of a proper understanding of the laws of Divine Mind, as he lived and revealed them. What he stated as Truth in word, he proved in deed, thus establishing the fact for all time, that his words and deeds were founded upon Divine Principle. Christian Science, in its declaration that Mind as Deity is Causation, is a successful protest against the tendency of the age to ascribe all causative action to matter and physics. Once it is admitted that sinlessness, bodily wholeness or health, and immortality constitute the nature of the ideal or true man, that man will be considered irrational who opposes the religion that shows, in a thoroughly common sense and demonstrable manner, the sure way of reaching this ideal. While we all love progress in its many phases, as it manifests itself in the world of art, literature, invention, sociology, and religious thought, yet is not the same old tendency of past ages, still strong in its citadel, formed of timid conservatism and opposition to any new unfolding of

Truth, even though inestimable good to humanity is to follow in the train of this development. If Christian Science had begun as an undemonstrable and speculative theory, it would have long ago sunk into oblivion, and "the places that knew it once, would know it no more." But because it has proven itself, it is to-day a living and rapidly growing household of faith, whose adherents are proving their faith by their works, — preaching the gospel (good spell), binding up the broken-hearted, and healing the sick. This healing is not accomplished through blind faith, or through the agency of the human mortal mind, but through the realization that the Divine Mind or God, is the sole curative power for disease and sin. In the words of the author of "Science and Health," * the text book of Christian Science, "God will heal the sick through man, whenever man is governed by God." Step by step, hour by hour, day by day, the time approaches when life, with all its glory and power, as lived by the Master, will be within the reach of all true Christians, for he commanded that all men be perfect, even as their heavenly Father. Purity of life, nobility of character, and the understanding of divine law, will make this possible. Then will the voice of Truth say to the follower of Christ: —

Be what thou seemest, live thy creed,
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

As we go beneath the surface of material living, the ghastly shapes of sensualism, vice, and selfishness, turn us instinctively to the ennobling influences of the permanent and lofty ideals to be found in the Christly character, born of the love, joy, and peace, of the Holy Spirit. Giving all power to spiritual thought and Divine Mind, above the immediate evidence of the personal senses, Christian Science succeeds where current theories, based upon the so-called laws of matter, utterly fail in their attempted reformation of human depravity. Christian Science recognizes that the reformation of man, and the healing of disease, jointly demand that the mentality and not the physicality of man be dealt with; because of the fact that the thought germ of disease, as well as sin, exists in the human mind, and must there be annihilated. The poet voiced this thought when he said, —

* "Science and Health," by Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy.

Every thought is an embryo,
Every word is a planted seed;
Look to it well, that the seed you sow,
Be for the flower, and not for the weed.

Only from the vantage ground of just criticism can men scan the movements of Christian Science as a Religion, practical and demonstrable—a religion whose adherents find it all sufficient, not only for their spiritual, but for their bodily welfare.

How fatuous is it, to depend on the evidence of the personal senses while reasoning about the deep things of God. From such erroneous standpoints, men have long portrayed an anthropomorphic God, a material heaven, a corporeal and imperfect man, and an ever-present, all-powerful devil. Is it not wise to encourage that form of religious teaching which builds on the basis of spiritual rationality, the idea of a God which can be understood as Divine Mind, a spiritual and present heaven, as Jesus said, “within the hearts of men,” an incorporeal and perfect man, the idea or emanation of the All-Perfect, a devil not all powerful and eternal but one recognized to be impersonal sin, evil, satan, and temporal in nature, because of the glorious fact that God shall at length rule all things absolutely; thus shall the devil, or evil, eventually be swallowed up in victory; the victory born of the destruction of all sin by Omnipresent Good. Religious thinkers freely admit that the spiritual life transcends the immediate life of material sense, yet many aggressively oppose the idea of putting this affirmation into present and practical use. Must this not be done, if we would demonstrate the Truth of Being, namely, that man is not a creature of sense, but an idea or child of the Infinite Father of Light? While the Mosaic Law dealt with effects manifested as outward acts of crime, and inflicted punishment for all wrong doing, establishing the maxim, “an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,” the spiritual law, formulated and lived by Jesus, not only discerned and punished the outward act of wrong, but recognized the mental conception of sin in thought. It was because Jesus recognized this fact that he succeeded so marvellously in his short ministry of three years. To-day Christian Science insists that if we would destroy vice, annihilate the myriad forms of evil in the world, and reform man, we must go directly to mental causation, and there wrestle with,

and overcome sin, disease, and death, in the human mind. Centuries of bitter experience have proven the fallacy of attempting the destruction of vice and vicious habits, by mere corporeal punishments and penalties. Men must be shown the way to destroy the conscious and unconscious thought germ of evil and disease, ere it would destroy them. Amidst the awful manifestations of depravity in human consciousness, can it be reasonably argued that the perpetual exalting of the pure and perfect ideal is detrimental to substantial progress out of evil and imperfection, into good and perfection? If not, then Christian Science must be freely accorded the right to continue its labors for the establishing of Christ's Kingdom of justice, love, purity, health and right on earth, by pursuing, along its well chosen line of action, its practical demonstration of divine law, in the train of which, follows the destruction of sin, the healing of disease, and the ultimate triumph of the high ideal of manly and womanly perfection. Truly sung our loved Lowell: —

Still through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished Ideal;
And Longing moulds in clay, what Life
Carves in the marble Real.

MASK OR MIRROR.

THE VITAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ARTIFICIALITY AND VERITISM ON THE STAGE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

THE theatre of recent years has been a mask rather than a mirror; that is to say, it has been afflicted with the gangrene of artificiality. At intervals some individual of transcendent genius has aroused the deeper feelings of the auditors by the magic of his power; but for the most part the grave or gay emotions have vanished from the brain of the listener before the theatre door has been reached. In other words, only the surface has been ruffled; the almost unfathomable depths of the soul have not been stirred. The pictures and voicings have lacked the true ring of life's verities in anything like a full or vital way. They have borne to the real much the relationship of the speaking doll to the aspiration-illumined soul; and this is one of the chief reasons why the theatre has failed to wield a more decisive influence upon public opinion. Only that which is true, only that which is real, or, if ideal, is in perfect alignment with the eternal verities as found in life, can produce a lasting impression on the deeper emotions of humanity.

It is only fair to observe, however, that the drama has not been the only sufferer from artificiality. Literature, religion, and art have come under the same baleful influence. The intellectual era which dawned during that period of marvellous mental activity and growth we call the Renaissance, owed as much to the shattering of ecclesiasticism and traditionalism which had long enslaved the brain of western Europe, as it did to the broader thoughts derived from Grecian art and literature unfolded after the siege of Constantinople.

The new life and wealth of thought, imagination, and expression, which characterized the rise of Romanticism, led by Victor Hugo in the present century, and which enriched



(1) Jas. A. Herne, author of "Shore Acres" and creator of character of Uncle Nat.

(3) The quarrel in the lighthouse. Act III.

(2) Uncle Nat and Helen. "Now, now, that ain't right." Act I.

(4) Uncle Nat in last act.

in such a marked degree the literature of France, was valuable and vital in so far as it was a protest against the bondage of ancient thought and hoary traditionalism which produced successive generations of imitators, and which prescribed arbitrary rules as ultimates in art.

The power of the work of our modern school of veritists or realists lies in its fidelity to life as it is; and though I do not think that Ibsen, Tolstoi, Howells, or Garland have ascended the mountain quite far enough to sweep the whole horizon, they are doing magnificent work, and work which is vital because it is true.*

That which fails to comprehend the eternal verities which make for civilization will fail to elevate or in any large way ennoble humanity — it matters not whether it be in the drama, in popular education, in art, literature, or in religion. That which is artificial, or if true is still encased in the mummy clothes of traditionalism, will fail to touch the well-springs of life.

Perhaps nowhere has the artificiality bred of imitation been more pronounced than in the drama. The free lance in theology, in literature, and art has ever had a far easier path to tread than the dramatists who disregarded the hard and fast traditionalism of the stage. The great expense incident to staging a play properly; the timidity of managers, who are, as a rule, wedded to conservatism; the critics, whose education has been entirely along the lines of the past, and who, as a rule, are very jealous for the old traditions; and lastly a public sentiment, which, when discriminating, is usually prejudiced in the direction of conventionalism, render

* A friend of mine who heard a gifted lady read Ibsen's "Brand" some time since, when the reading was finished, said: "I felt like crying out, Stop! The piece pierced my very soul. It was so painfully terrible. Why? Because Ibsen's characters are not puppets, and the music of real human woe rang through this master poem."

I saw, some time ago, a letter called forth from a thoughtful person who had read Mr. Garland's "Prairie Heroine" in THE ARENA. This gentleman said: "I read this sketch more than a week ago, and have been miserable ever since. I knew such things existed, but I never felt *what it meant before*." That is exactly what true work does. It compels the reader to feel as well as to accept in an intellectual way. Now when our veritists appreciate that there is something needful beyond a statement of bald facts, we shall have the real with all its vivid power, reinforced and vitalized by realistic or truthful idealism. The time has passed when the builder is satisfied to lay the brick and mortar without holding the image of the splendid structure in his brain, as is seen by the hungry way in which the artisans gaze on the architect's plate of the finished edifice. So the human soul to-day is not content with the truth as it is; the vivid portrayal of the truth as it shall be must be given. This contains an inspiration no less marked than the power of mere portrayal of facts in a vivid way. The man is more than matter; beyond the flesh and blood which remain when death supervenes, we have that something illusive but very real, which thinks, aspires, hopes, and loves; true ideality bears much the same relation to realism that the brain or soul does to the body. The trouble with the past has been that either the idealism given was false, or was so divorced from its proper relation to the real as to act as an anæsthetic on the people, and from this pseudo-idealism, religion, literature, and the drama suffered.

it well-nigh impossible to present a dramatic work which is strongly unconventional. It is therefore far more than a personal triumph when a dramatist succeeds in spite of these obstacles. Especially is this the case when the production is artistic throughout; when it is free from all taint of sensualism, or of all suggestions of an unhealthy character; when the coarseness of the variety stage and the high sounding mock heroics for which the galleries are supposed to yearn, are alike absent; and finally, when the subtle atmosphere of the play is so charged with truth that, consciously or unconsciously, every auditor receives a moral uplift when witnessing the drama. We are only beginning to study psychology in a scientific way, while for most investigators the psychic realm is as yet an undiscovered country. Still we are learning day by day to appreciate more and more the subtle power of thought, and to understand that the sub-conscious mind often takes cognizance of the soul of that with which we come in contact when this vital essence entirely escapes our more blunted conscious perceptions. We are beginning to learn that every book, every sermon, every drama, indeed every thought, which comes before our brain in any real or vital way, elevates or lowers our moral being. Many conventional dramas, in which virtue is rewarded and vice punished, and which abound in high-sounding moral platitudes, are distinctly immoral in their atmosphere; for when not artificial and untrue, they are vicious in situation or suggestion.

II.

A play reflecting nature in a real and wholesome manner was enacted during the most of the past winter. I refer to Mr. James A. Herne's New England comedy-drama, "Shore Acres," which recently won such a signal success in Boston. The cordial reception given this play calls for more than a passing notice, because its successful presentation was a victory of far-reaching significance for the drama. It demonstrated the falsity of certain claims which have long fettered dramatic progress and prevented the stage from wielding a decisively educational influence, which might have been exerted had the drama been loyal to truth rather than the slave of traditionalism.

"Shore Acres" was placed upon the stage of the Boston

Museum the middle of last February, and scored an instantaneous and unqualified success. Its popularity, however, steadily grew as the season advanced. From the middle of February to the end of the dramatic season it was enacted before full houses. For months immense audiences laughed and wept over this truthful reflection of humble New England life, with its hopes and fears, its aspirations and prejudices, its love and jealousies, its sunny surface joy, and its deep, flowing content. For one hundred and thirteen performances the old historic theatre was thronged by the most thoughtful and sincere people of Boston; and what was peculiarly significant, the closing performances, enacted the last week in May, when actors usually play to empty benches, were given before crowded houses.

Had the play been simply a clever conventional drama, the success would merely have been a marked tribute to the genius and ability of Mr. Herne, in his double *rôle* of dramatist and actor; but the far wider significance of the triumph will be readily appreciated when we remember that "Shore Acres" is a radically unconventional drama, which boldly ignores many of the most cherished traditions of the conventional stage, and radiates an atmosphere charged with truth and rendered luminous, not by the fire-fly glow of empty words, but by the divine radiance of noble deeds shining through simple, humble lives; and, moreover, it is a play without a plot or a villain, dealing entirely with the lowly ones of earth — merely a section, as it were, taken from the every-day life of some poor farmers and fishermen living on the coast of Maine.

It has been claimed that no play which dealt with humble life, which ignored plot and excluded the vulgarities of the variety stage and the cheap jokes and claptrap of the minstrel and melodrama could succeed. The success of "Shore Acres" completely refutes this calumny against a theatre-going public; while those who have persistently asserted that in order to satisfy public taste, plotless and villainless dramas which make no illegitimate bids for the applause of the gallery, must be relieved by gorgeous stage setting and fashionable dressing in which rich gowns cut perilously low in front, and ridiculously long behind, make up for what is wanting in other artificial features, have been shown that beyond the tricks of conventionalism, beyond the

devices of artificiality, rises ART, which, when true, appeals to something deeper and finer than the surface whims of humanity, and which, even when she concerns herself with the humblest life, provided she is true in her delineations, proves absorbingly fascinating to all those in whom the current of human emotions flows in the deep nature-ordained channels, instead of over the shallow crust of conventionality.

It was not to be expected that "Shore Acres" would please the froth or the dregs of society, for the denizens of these strata, through education, environment, and the atmosphere of life, become unnatural; they live behind a mask, and to them the mask is more engaging than the mirror. The erotic atmosphere of a fashionable society drama, heavy with artificial perfumes and shadowing forth luxurious ease, intrigue, and the fever of a superficial existence, representing puppets of passion, connoisseurs of wines, and ornamented by inane scions of foreign aristocracies, best satisfies the butterflies of fashion; while plays dealing with plot and passion, in which villains are invincible until the final act is reached, and where the young are nightly shown how safes are blown open by professional burglars, and various other crimes are committed with ease and dexterity, appeal to another class whose point of view renders life's true visage as unreal as it is to the flippant children of fashion's careless world. To the dwellers in both of these social strata "Shore Acres" failed to appeal; while from the earnest feeling multitude who ever recognize the voice of truth whenever spoken, and who appreciate true art because their souls are sufficiently near the pulsating breast of nature to recognize the face of truth, it found a ready welcome.

I have known numbers of persons, artists, physicians, and scholars, who attended this play from six to eight times, experiencing the keenest pleasure at each performance; such is the virility of truth that one does not tire when looking into her face.

"Shore Acres" opens in an idyllic manner.* It is haying time in Maine; the flowers are blooming around the old

* The realistic atmosphere of the play is indicated by an incident which occurred one night when I was witnessing the performance. Behind me sat a lady and gentleman who appeared to be greatly interested in the production; the gentleman, however, seemed much worried because, as he observed a number of times, he could not recollect any "Berry lighthouse" along that shore. To each of them, as apparently to the vast audience, it was history rather than fiction which was being unfolded. Many illustrations of a similar character might be cited to emphasize the peculiar influence which this play exerted in taking hold of the real self of the auditor.

homestead of the Berry brothers, and in the distance we see the ocean, and the deep blue sky flecked with clouds. At some distance, on a reef which juts into the ocean, stands the lighthouse, which is later the scene of a terrible struggle between the brothers. In this first act the children making their mud pies are deliciously natural, as is also Uncle Nat when he gives them a wheelbarrow ride. Here we also see the land boomer enter this idyllic garden, and poison the mind of the owner of the farm by filling it with wild dreams of wealth to be acquired without the earning. We note the curse of American life — speculation — with its seductive allurements fastening itself upon Martin Berry, and henceforth his peace of mind is gone. The scene between the lovers in this act is also very charming, and seldom has anything appeared before the footlights so true to life as the little pleasantries indulged in by old Joel Gates and the hired men from the hayfield. It is a glint of sunshine before a shadow which is to follow. This banter and sport, though grim and savage, is one of those natural outpourings of farm life which relieve the monotony of existence. The great scene of this act is reached after the hands enter the house for dinner, and Martin, the younger brother, informs Uncle Nat of his wish to cut up the farm for town lots, because he is sure a boom is coming. Here it is that we begin to see the tremendous strength of Mr. Herne as an actor. There is nothing loud, nothing boisterous, about the words and actions of Uncle Nat. On the contrary, everything is exactly the reverse; but his wonderful recital of their father's drowning, of their mother's year of waiting, of her death, and the grave "out yander on the knoll," reveals consummate art, and the reserve power which fascinates the auditor and wins every true heart. But even here Mr. Herne does not reach the climax of his portrayal; it is not until Martin Berry disappears within the house, and Uncle Nat stands silently twisting a cord, that one realizes how much, to use a paradox, a real artist may say when he is silent. During these moments Uncle Nat's face is a study for a psychologist; while the emotions depicted call for no words, but tug at the heart-strings of strong-framed men no less than sympathetic women.

The second scene represents the interior of the house, and the moving panorama is delightfully natural; but it is not

until we reach the closing passages of this act that comedy gives place to the full play of the strongest emotions known to the human heart. As in life the gay and grave tread continually upon each other's heels, so in this drama we laugh and cry in almost the same breath. There is a wonderful mental study in the final scene of the second act, when Uncle Nat, with unconscious skill, impresses his thoughts and wishes on the tense brain of his niece, urging in a manner so natural that the art conceals the art for all save psychologists who have made unconscious hypnotic suggestion a study, and thus are enabled to appreciate the scientific accuracy of Mr. Herne's work in this remarkable portrayal.

The third scene takes place in the lighthouse, and at the close, through realistic stage effect, gives a vivid picture of an ocean in a storm. This scene has been criticised by some who imagine that simplicity excludes intensity, and who, because the ocean is usually calm, would deny the legitimacy of introducing the savage awfulness of the tempest without and within. The scene in the lighthouse is as true as any which precede or follow it. It pictures a supreme and terrible moment in life, and we catch a vivid glimpse of the incarnate god grappling with the aroused savagery of the animal — unselfish love battling with a nature rendered insanely blind through passion — *a scene which typifies the struggle of the ages*. The student of present-day events sees in it a miniature representation of the conflict now raging, upon whose issue hangs the civilization of the morrow. That no such idea as this entered the brain of the dramatist, is highly probable; for a genius continually reflects colossal thought upon his canvas, and deals with types without knowing the deeper significance of his own creation. There is nothing in this great act which is untrue or overdrawn. It is the embodiment of high art; and representing, as it does, the emotional climax in the drama, it is not only perfectly legitimate, but without some such strong exhibition of human emotion the play would have been artistically incomplete.

Great, however, as are the preceding scenes, for me, the charm of the closing act eclipses all which has preceded it; for here the saint always visible in Uncle Nat shines out so impressively that each auditor catches a glimpse of that love which some day will redeem the world. Then, too, in this last scene the artist's touch is everywhere visible.

It is Christmas Eve, the children are undressed, and the stockings are hung up. Bob is not the only boy who has wished to hang up his trousers instead of his stocking, under the vain delusion that quantity measures the pleasure of life; and Millie is not the first girl who has wished she wore pants. The radiant eyes, the innocent prattle of the expectant children; Millie's indignation at her older brother's scepticism in regard to the existence of Santa Claus; the sombre shadow cast by the sober, silent, and almost broken-hearted Martin; the absorption of little Nat and his mother in the exciting novel; then the home-coming of the loved ones, the reconciliation and the saving of the farm, the entrance of Joel Gates, and pathetic picture of little Mandy—all these and other scenes in this quickly moving panorama reveal behind the play a great artist and a *true man*. It is not, however, until one by one the actors retire, leaving Uncle Nat alone in the great farm kitchen, that one fully appreciates the courage of Mr. Herne, in throwing to the winds the traditions of the stage. Here, for ten minutes before the curtain drops, not a word is spoken. Uncle Nat is alone. He seats himself, and the auditors, in rapt attention, follow the train of thought, as his face reflects emotions which swell in his soul. The smile of the dear old face is something never to be forgotten. During these moments the audience becomes thoroughly fascinated by the wonderful play of human emotions; and when at length he rises, the spectators, as one person, regard him with breathless interest, as he locks the doors, removes the teapot, places the kettle on the back of the stove, raises the lid, and with candle in hand ascends the old stairway as the clock strikes the midnight hour.

This was the first dramatic performance I remember witnessing, in which the closing minutes of the play were not marred by vexatious noises incident to the departure of auditors; but during the four times I saw "Shore Acres" performed, the audience seemed rapt until Uncle Nat disappeared. It was one of the most remarkable illustrations of the unconscious tribute paid by the people to the genius of the artist and his fidelity to truth that I have ever seen, and to students of psychology it was an interesting and valuable study.

III.

And now a word in regard to the great creation of Uncle Nathaniel. It has been urged by some zealous defenders of realism, that in this masterpiece Mr. Herne has gone beyond the limits of realism—and if by this the critics mean that he has idealized to a certain degree the grand old man whose every smile reflects the divine ego which crouches, cowers, or rules in the brain of every human being, the observation is just; but if, on the other hand, we are to infer that the dramatist and artist has exceeded the bounds of the legitimate by creating an impossible man, or a life impossible in that station and with that environment, or that the character is not in perfect alignment with the real, the stricture is untrue. There is no character in “Shore Acres” truer to life than this noble-hearted old New England light-keeper, *but he is colossal*. I remember admiring the physical perfection of the late Phillips Brooks some ten years ago. He then seemed an almost perfect type of well-developed manhood, so far as his bodily form was concerned; but standing by an ordinary man his great proportions were at once noticeable. Now this is precisely what we find in the ethical portrayal in Uncle Nat. He is very real, perfectly natural, profoundly true; but he is colossal, revealing most vividly the *possible saint in every man*.

The popular or conventional pseudo-idealism of the past has been essentially immoral because it has been untrue, strained, and unnatural; or when possible it has been so divorced from the real as to carry little vital truth to the brain of those to whom it has appealed. Realistic idealism, when hand in hand with veritism, gives to life a moral uplift, subtle and illusive in character, but most potential for lasting good. It is the soul of progress—the inspiration of noble endeavor—the touch which floods the present with light, and reveals the next upward step.

Realism is vitally important; she depicts life as it is to-day; she is true, impartial, and mercilessly candid. But vital idealism complements realism; standing by her side, she radiates a light which is charged with vitality because it is divine; she is profoundly real and true; her every act and deed reflects more of the real soul than we have been accustomed to see; if her face is luminous it is because the saint,

possible in every one, is here triumphant. The relation between realism and vital idealism in the utilitarian economy may be compared to two influences acting upon the inmates of a building which is on fire. Realism sounds the alarm, she describes the true condition; while idealism leads the awakened victims from a death-trap to a place of safety.

I repeat, that in Uncle Nat we see exemplified the possible saint in every life; he is the *embodiment of human love*. The affection for the old home, owing to its associations; the tenderness shown for the memory of father and mother; the love for his younger brother, which led him to make the supreme sacrifice of life, that his brother might be happy; the wealth of affection for the children, which is in essence parental love, and the broad, tolerant spirit evinced toward the socially ostracized young doctor — these are all phases of the one supreme passion which illumines without dazzling, which warms but never scorches. In the degree in which this full-orbed love is revealed, we gauge man's progress from the animal to the divine. In Uncle Nathaniel, from his first entrance to the drop of the curtain, there is nothing strained or unnatural. Every act, every utterance, is true to the finer impulses of life; and every manifestation of the triumph of love over selfishness has found its counterpart in millions of lives. Not that all these manifestations are usually seen in a single individual, for, as I have observed, this creation is colossal; but it is also true, and being true, it carries with it a vital and uplifting inspiration.

THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM THE SUPREME POLITICAL QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

BY HON. W. H. STANDISH, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NORTH
DAKOTA.

UNLESS we have silver coinage, our wheat, cotton, and other products will become so cheap that we shall be ruined. Forty years ago, when silver was a standard of money, the gold coinage in the world amounted to about \$220,000,000 to \$230,000,000 annually.

Notwithstanding increased population and accumulating business, adverse legislation has destroyed silver as a standard of money, and the coinage of gold has decreased until the annual production is less than three fifths of the former amount, that of 1890 being only \$116,000,000 for the whole world.

Much of the gold now mined comes, it is said, from silver quartz, which quartz will not be mined after silver coinage ceases, in which case gold coinage will be less than half as much as it was forty years ago. The free coinage of all the gold and silver now mined, on the basis existing in 1873, would give us a less adequate supply of money to meet the world's demands than we had forty years ago, as the total amount of all silver and gold mined in the world annually is less than \$300,000,000, while then it was \$220,000,000 of gold alone, although the indebtedness now existing to be discharged by money is double what it was then.

The coinage laws of the world control all prices and values of the world. It has been demonstrated that the change made relative to silver coinage has already lowered prices 30 per cent in all countries, thereby increasing the value of every dollar in money, every mortgage bond note, and all state, national, city, and county debts by that much. Thirty per cent is not only added to private debts, but to taxation, to discharge all public ones, of which in national debts alone there are \$26,000,000,000 beside our own.

On the private indebtedness of our people we are said to pay \$120,000,000 in interest to England alone, and probably as much more to Europe, making \$240,000,000 interest annually sent from the United States to Europe.

The tribute of our Western debtor and farming population, who produce most of the food which Europe and the Eastern and Middle States buy and borrow, is still greater to these states, in interest, as well as in the 30 per cent reduction of value of food. The additional burden placed on the debtor and farmer by this reduction, caused by adverse legislation, is not merely 20 per cent, but 42 $\frac{6}{10}$ per cent.

Suppose, by way of illustration, that a farmer has \$100 to pay with free silver coinage, or as things would have been had free silver coinage been retained, and wheat been worth \$1 a bushel. Now say it is 70 cents. Instead of his being compelled to grow 100 bushels of wheat to pay that debt, or 130 bushels to do it, he must now grow 142 $\frac{8}{10}$ bushels. On a reduction in price of 30 per cent, he must produce of food, labor, or property 42 $\frac{6}{10}$ per cent greater quantity to meet all his debts, which in effect is stolen from him by the change already made.

The legislation against silver enacted years ago now compels us to send to Europe annually \$102,857,600 more in value than would otherwise be needed to meet annual interest on debts that we owe there. A still greater advantage is now obtained by New England and the Middle States from the debtors and producers of this country, especially from the entire West and the entire South, as those states receive more interest and more produce from the West and South than our total exportations.

The records of the London Stock Exchange of last year show that the English people held \$12,500,000,000 of foreign securities, and that their interest income in gold on them was \$600,000,000 per annum. *Two hundred and fifty million dollars of this has been the result of legislation against silver;* and this tribute will soon be doubled if the policy of Old England, New England, Wall Street, Cleveland, Harter, and John Sherman be carried out; the same kind of tribute will flow into the Northeastern states; the West and the South will be giving that annual tribute without receiving a farthing in return; and the price of farms, wheat, beef, stocks of goods on hand, and all other classes of property

will shrink in value and pass eventually into the hands of creditors and be absorbed by them.

In view of these facts, and in the light of opinions expressed by eminent authorities, it will be readily seen why silver was outlawed in 1873, and why in the last Congress a strenuous effort was made to stop all silver coinage and to pass the Harter bill; to sell all the silver bullion deposited in our treasury vaults in pledge for redemption of our silver notes, which act would leave the government to redeem these notes in gold coin, and, not having that coin, would require it to issue several hundred million dollars of gold bonds to get this gold, and so to sweep the silver notes out of existence; to add to the contraction that would be forced upon us by stopping all silver coinage, in order to increase the profits and robbery that the creditor class in this country has practised upon the public for thirty years by controlling the nominations and the press of the two old parties, duping and misleading the people, securing the control of Congress, and shaping legislation, and thus compelling the people to rob themselves to enrich Wall Street, New England, and Western Europe.

We cannot hope for any aid from President Cleveland to avert this attempted and threatened fraud. He is one of the most active participants in it.

As far back as February, 1885, Cleveland asked all the Democrats in Congress to help him stop silver coinage. That party during the whole of his administration opposed the request, stood between him and the people, and in a measure protected them from financial ruin. In coming back into the chair now, it is said that he does not request, but assumes to dictate, and that he is striving to compel obedience through the influence of official patronage. Be this as it may, we must appeal to our senators and representatives to resist his encroachments and stand by the people. We must assure them that if they do this we will throw down all party lines and stand by them, and let Mr. Cleveland go into the Republican fold, and the people of the West and South will band to crush the combination.

Mr. Cleveland informs us that it is necessary to stop silver coinage to prevent the depreciation of the poor man's money. Is it the poor man or the rich man who has the money to be depreciated? One half of one per cent of the

people of the United States possess one half of its wealth. One out of every ten who die in great cities like New York is buried as a pauper, and the condition of our country population is but little better. With more contraction forced upon them, their property being heavily mortgaged, their equities will be extinguished, payments become impossible, foreclosures follow, and a system of tenantry, such as now prevails through Europe, established for all time to come. But free silver coinage will enable the masses to retain their homes and farms, and not become tenants, will add to the stability of government, and relieve distress.

To establish free coinage will stop the downward tendency of prices, give our struggling people a chance to live, and, under the decisions made in the legal-tender cases, will wipe out all the gold contracts that have been made in this country, and subject them to payment in gold, silver, or greenbacks, either of which should be good enough for any American citizen, and equal to the others in value the world over, when free silver coinage shall be restored on the terms and ratio existing prior to 1873.

As to coinage regulating values, and that the cutting off from coinage of one metal that forms half the money of the world will lessen values one half, and rob the debtor and producer, and benefit the creditor and consumer to that extent, we ask you to read the opinions of the following able men, who are in no wise connected with this present move to stop silver coinage and wipe out the silver money we have on hand.

John Stuart Mill, page 301 of his "Political Economy," says:—

That an increase of the quantity of money raises prices, and a diminution lowers them, is the most elementary proposition in the theory of currency, and without it we should have no key to any other.

Again he says:—

If the whole money in circulation was doubled, prices would double. If it was only increased one fourth, prices would rise one fourth. The very same effect would be produced on prices if we suppose the goods (the uses for money) diminished instead of the money increased, and the contrary effect if the goods were increased or the money diminished. So that the value of money, all other things remaining the same, varies inversely as its quantity, every increasing quantity lowering its value, and every diminution raising it in ratio exactly in equivalent.

Coinage is the basis of the world's money, and fixes the circulation in Europe, which is our market, and thereby fixes our prices and the value of our property; and this matter of price and value is vital to us as a debtor and producing country.

The following is from Ricardo : —

That commodities would rise and fall in price in proportion to the increase or diminution of money, I assume as a fact incontrovertible. That such would be the case, the most celebrated writers on political economy are agreed. . . . The value of money does not wholly depend upon its absolute quantity, but on its quantity relative to the payments it has to accomplish; and the same effect would follow either of two cases,—from increasing the uses of the money one tenth, or from diminishing its quantity one tenth,—for in either case its value would rise one tenth.

Francis A. Walker, the well-known author and professor, says : —

The public indebtedness of the civilized world to-day probably stands between twenty-five and thirty thousand millions of dollars of American money. The volume of private debts, including the capitalized value of fixed charges, loans, annuities, etc., is vastly greater. Nearly the whole of this vast body of obligations is payable, principal and interest, in money. The question whether the supply of money shall increase or decrease, is, then, the question whether the burden of these more or less permanent charges shall be diminished or enhanced. It is the fact of a large body of indebtedness (some hundreds of thousands of millions) which gives its chief importance to the current productions of the precious metals.

Copernicus, the great astronomer in the sixteenth century, wrote a political treatise to the king of Poland, in which he said : —

Numberless as are the evils by which kingdoms, principalities, and republics are wont to decline, these four are, in my judgment, the most baleful: civil strife, pestilence, sterility of the soil, and corruption of the coin. The first three are so manifest that no one fails to apprehend them; but the fourth, which concerns money, is considered by few, and those the most reflective, since it is not by a blow, but little by little, and through secret and obscure approach, that it destroys the state.

These citations might be multiplied indefinitely. As stated by one of the above writers, all authors in all ages concur in the principles we have announced. This being established, Mr. Cleveland and the financial men of the world, if we give them full sway, can by legislation increase the value of the poor man's dollar to such an extent that he

will have to work, as in the time of our Saviour, for a penny a day. But will this benefit him, or does it benefit the rich solely? The poor man earns his dollars by day's labor, and pays them out at night for his existence. The rich man has his dollars that he can loan out, and draws in his interest, and eventually his principal, both of which grow in value before they come in by enforced contraction.

The key to contraction is excluding from coinage one of the two metals of which both now form a part, and that one the larger part of the two. The time has been reached, and the issue at hand is whether one or both of the metals shall be coined as money. There is no half way to solve the problem. It must be either free coinage of silver or none at all, and the extinction of all silver money in existence here and in Europe, which amounts to about \$2,000,000,000. Three fourths of these \$2,000,000,000 is now in Europe, and contains 3 per cent less of silver than our 412½ grain dollars, and all of these European silver dollars coined years ago float on a par with gold money throughout all Europe.

But if the Harter bill is passed, which will destroy nearly all our silver money here and stop all silver coinage, the western governments of Europe, controlled by the money class, — the common people having but little voice, — will melt down their silver money in order to increase the yearly revenues their creditor class is receiving from foreign countries, and to give their people cheaper food. But so long as we hold to free silver coinage, our commercial and wealth supremacy are so great that the bullion would be recoined by us and keep the world's coinage the same as now — increasing, instead of diminishing, in the future by reason of the coinage of both metals instead of one.

This would remove all inducement for Europe to melt up her silver money, as she would not cause any contraction, and would lose 3 per cent in weight by attempting it. The policy of Cleveland is that which produced the demonetizing of silver, is just as wicked, and should be resisted by all good citizens.

AT WHICH SHRINE: THE REAL AND UNREAL GOD.

BY REV. W. H. SAVAGE.

JUDGED by the standards in common use among good people, this is a sadly irreverent world. To say nothing of the daily speech of the people, the daily press is filled with things that would have been inexpressibly shocking to the fathers of New England. Even in the more stately and deliberate magazines and reviews, one may observe a fashion of allusion to the Divine Being and His administration of affairs that would have raised the hair on the heads of John Winthrop and Cotton Mather; and these expressions of individual writers are symptomatic of a general condition of the more civilized human mind.

This condition of things is distinctly modern. The mediæval world, and, indeed, the comparatively recent world, was rude and wicked and cruel; but it was ready to bow, with bated breath, before a church, a priest, or the mere name of God. Its kings were armed robbers of the weak and the poor, and its priests were the counsellors and confederates of its kings; but they would have made haste to send most of the scientific and literary leaders of modern Christendom to the stake, for their impieties of thought and speech. They had no regard for justice or for humanity, but they had great reverence for God. They would take the bread from between the teeth of starving children, but they dared not disobey a barefooted representative of Holy Church.

The reason of all this is easy to see. The God they worshipped — or, at any rate, feared — was a king infinitely more powerful than any earthly sovereign, and even more than any earthly sovereign intent upon his own glory. The one thing in this world that God cared for was religion. All things else were foreign to Him. Sundays and fast days were the only holy time; the church was the only holy place; the priest was the ideal holy man; and holy things were the

only things that God was interested in. All the rest He was going to burn up.

In such a world, the first law of nature was on the side of religion. The attitude of worship and the mood of reverence became the habit of human life. It was not a good world for morals to thrive in, and morals did not thrive, but religion had full swing.

But the old condition of things no longer prevails. We are accustomed to speak of the change introduced by Copernicus as a thing of sublime and far-reaching importance, and so it was; yet it was a trivial matter, when compared with the moral and religious readjustments that are coming in the train of modern thinking. Copernicus pointed out the true relations of several material masses that together make up the solar system. We are coming upon the vastly more momentous discovery of laws and relations that prevail in the realms of spirit.

In the universe of readjusted thought that begins to reveal itself to the modern seer, man finds himself in the presence of a Being quite unlike the God of his inherited theology. This Being is not the world's external king, but its indwelling soul and life; He is not law-giver, but law; not governor, but pervading spirit. The world's total of life, and not merely its churchly rituals and its theological devices for saving souls, expresses the environing and vitalizing God. The sweep of winds, the rush of rivers, the roar of machinery, are of God not less than the Hebrew Psalms and the hymns of Isaac Watts.

This advent of the secular God upon the scene of our modern life is commonly treated as an incident of more or less interest to religious minds, and as a fact to be made room for in the revision of theologies. But so far as I have observed, the change proposed amounts merely to this: In a convention of the ecclesiastical powers it is stipulated that the ancient Sovereign shall respect the feelings of the modern world; that His representatives shall reconcile themselves as far as may be to its forms of speech; it being understood that nothing in this agreement shall be taken to imply that there has been any real change in the nature of God, or in His relations to mankind. In all essential respects He remains the God of old-time religion, and of the old-time church.

The practical outcome of such a condition of things is the setting up of two rival deities. On the one hand we have the God of the church, the priest, and the Sunday; and on the other hand we have the secular God of the cosmic order and the mundane life. One of these is the external king, whose only interest in men and things is the religious interest; the other is the unescapable Presence whose ways are seen in the majestic beauty of the universe, and whose thoughts become vital and articulate in the story of humanity.

This dualism is not clearly defined to the popular understanding, and it has not been, that I am aware, clearly stated in the debates of the time; but it is, nevertheless, a very real fact. The two worlds and their rival deities are present on the field where history is being made, and they are contesting for possession of the human soul. It is felt, even when it is not seen, that they cannot be harmonized, and that there are vast interests at the back of each. The religious hopes and aspirations of mankind appear to be staked on the supremacy of one. The growing knowledge and the secular temper of the average man seem bent on enthroning the other.

The great majority of religious people declare that religion must perish if harm comes to the God of the church. A great multitude meets this assertion by declaring that no religion will be necessary when the divinity of the priest gives place to the God of Nature. Out of this confusion has come an unconfessed compromise which regulates the behavior of the larger part of the world. The God of the church is recognized and worshipped on Sunday and during Lent; and the nameless but omnipresent secular Power is recognized and obeyed all the rest of the time.

In most cases there has been no conscious double-dealing in this matter. People are mostly honest in both directions — as honest as they can be, when they either cannot or will not think things out. In both directions they act under compulsion. To change Shakespeare's line, —

He needs must go that Nature drives.

Man must worship, for Nature will have it so. But man must reason and try to make the universe rational, for Nature wills that also. And as most men fail to see how

they can do both at the same time, they do first one and then the other. On Sunday they bow in the consecrated places, and confess the lordship of the consecrated Power. On Monday they leave the shrines for the ways of the common life, and confess themselves subjects of the secular Power that was the first inventor of machinery, the organizer of society, the leader of armies, the inspirer of letters and arts and industries.

I have said that man must worship, for Nature will have it so. This statement needs qualifying, however. There come times when logic faces down sentiment, and requires it to justify its existence and behavior—a time when the hidden contradiction in the life emerges in consciousness and encounters the rebuke of the soul that desires to preserve its integrity. And when such a time comes, men become possessed of a kind of sacred anger against the very things they have held most divine, as if these things had led them astray and betrayed their trust; or they make a mock of them, to cover the heartache they feel, but will not confess. At such a time it appears as if the world were finding a rare pleasure in scoffing at the very things that keep it from being infernal, and in finding itself too sharp to believe any more in God or in itself.

Such a time has actually arrived for very large numbers of people, and the bitterness of their souls finds expression in the ironical trifling of much modern literature, and in the bitter despair of much more. The God of religion has been, for them, dethroned, and in the secular God they see only a blind and cruel Force, to which they must submit, but to which they yield no reverence.

Such a time seems to be coming to many who as yet refuse to surrender religious habit, and who still keep something of religious trust. The secular divinity looms larger and nearer with each day on the horizon of their lives. The Being whose sole interest is religion grows each day more shadowy and distant. The Sunday mood and posture of the life become more and more difficult to assume and maintain, and the soul's strength and peace are undermined by suspicions of insincerity and absurdity. It appears certain that it must presently come to a choice between giving up God and religion, and giving up the mind's integrity and self-respect.

And, right here, two questions face us: First, how came mankind in such a predicament? second, is there any sane and honest way of getting out of it?

I answer the first question by saying that mankind has been trying to act out a mistaken theory of life, and that we are seeing the natural failure of such an attempt. A fragment of human nature has been taken for the whole, and one half of the soul has found its rights ignored in the scheme of life. In other words, religion has been permitted to pose as the only human interest, and to keep one half of human nature under an expressed or implied censure of the heavenly powers. I might say that religion has been understood and administered in a fashion far too narrow. That would be true, if I should say it in that way, but I prefer the other form of statement. I prefer it because it says just what I mean, and says it plainly. Man has other interests besides the religious interests of what he calls his soul. His duty to ask questions is just as sacred as his duty to pray; his duty to know the Constitution of the United States is quite as sacred as his obligation to know the articles of his church. The laughter of an honest soul is as legitimate as the singing of psalms. Divine service may be seen in the exchanges of commerce, in the working out of inventions, in the lonely study of science, in the patient cooking of dinners and the patching of clothes, quite as really and probably quite as often as in the cathedral or meeting-house.

We often hear it said, nowadays, that such things are parts of religion. They are not parts of religion, as religion was formulated and stated by any of the great bodies of Christendom, and I incline to the opinion that we mix *things* and confuse *thought* when we talk in that way. The things mentioned are legitimate parts of human conduct, and they are necessary incidents in civilized society. But to label them "religion" is to attempt a reconstruction of the dictionary, such as no man or class of men can get accepted. It is to deny by implication the basal thing in the traditional religious conception of human history. There is no call for any man to add to the more than sufficient confusion by using words in a double sense. In any sense that the world will understand, man neither is nor can be always religious. The supposition that he may *have* to be so, if he goes to heaven, keeps most healthy and earnest people from desiring

to go there. Man is farmer, trader, inventor, poet, artist, musician, statesman, actor, soldier, scientist, *and worshipper*. He is the counterpart and complement of the world that is his home, his schoolhouse, and his gymnasium. It is right that he should be so. His environment compels him to be so, and the chief fact and force in his environment is God.

And this brings me to a second point in my answer to the first of our two questions, which is that the God of the church is only a fragment of the real God.

I make this assertion on the authority of divine revelation, and this revelation I find in nature and in man. Let any thoughtful person consider what the revelation of God in nature and in man has really been, and the temperate truthfulness of my statement will be apparent. The surprising secularity of the divine behavior is the most striking fact in the whole range of God's activities. If gravitation be not an act of God, it must be a contrivance of his thought. If what we call matter be not a part of God, it is a something which moulds in a fashion to fill all finite artists with despair. Is not a flower, if it is anything more than a dream of the soul, a miracle of invention and plastic skill? Must not God have thought all the wonders of architecture, all the masterpieces of art, before the vision of them ever arose before the eye of man? Had not God enacted all tragedies, smiled over the making of all comedies, and chanted all the harmonies of epic or lyric song before Homer and Æschylus and Anacreon and Shakespeare caught from him the secret of their art? Did he not kindle his lights along the avenues of heaven, and flash his beacons in the northern skies, before Franklin had tamed the lightning and Edison persuaded it to glimmer along our village streets? Yet — we may as well confess it frankly — the secular God was here before the Sunday God's arrival; and if some terms of peace be not found between them, the first will be last, and religion will prove, as Comte expected it would prove, to have been but a transient phase in the evolution of human history.

The sane and honest way out of the present predicament has already been indicated. Human nature must have fair dealing in the scheme of life, and the fragmentary God must give place to the true Eternal. In other words, a reverence for realities must take the place of reverence for theological assumptions, and this reverence must express itself in honest

thinking and speaking, as well as in honest banking and trading.

The religious relation is *one* of the relations that men sustain to God, and there must be that in him which responds to the religious mood and aspiration. When prayer is the genuine expression of human nature, it is good for man, and must be pleasing to God. When a hymn of gratitude and praise is the natural and honest language of the soul, then the hymn has place in the divine order. But the prayer is not always in the heart, and the hymn cannot always be on the lips. We were not made capable of keeping forever a single posture of thought and feeling; and if we had been so made, we should not have been in the image of God.

No one will venture to affirm that what we may term the nature-side of God is any less divine than the ecclesiastical side. Why, then, should man apologize for his nature-side? I feel quite sure that God would rather have me admire Him for the worlds and the flowers He has made than to have me glorify Him for a doctrinal scheme which He did not make. When I breathe my fill of the balm and vigor of the air, as I climb a green and tree-crowned hill, when I lie on the wind-swept summit and watch the clouds that come like ships, sailing out of skies that arched my childhood, freighted with such wonders as only childhood sees,—it is not necessary that I should get on my soul's knees before the formless abstraction set forth in church catechisms, or that I should try to turn my hearty human enjoyment into a hymn that would fit into a church service. There is more of divinity in all-out-of-doors than was ever seen in any cathedral, and we should meet God just as frankly as He meets us.

For a long time yet, the fragmentary Divinity of the creeds and rituals, whose mundane interests are summed up in churches and formal religion, will, like the Pope in the Vatican, lay claim to the world that has ceased to take Him seriously; but His tremendous rival is, inch by inch, crowding Him out of the regions of the world's real life.

And already, out of the confusions of the time, one may see emerging the promise of a higher and more beneficent order. The provincial divinities of heathendom and of Christendom, and the blind gods of force and law, are retiring before the advance of the true Eternal. A deeper seriousness and a diviner exaltation are taking possession of

minds best qualified to understand the meaning of events. A Presence, too near and too awful to be trifled with, majestic, inscrutable, and yet infinitely attractive, pervades and possesses all realms of thought, and is encountered on all the ways of the practical life. If one may not say that the kingdom of the Eternal is at hand, one may at least believe in the possibility of its future coming.

INEBRIETY AND INSANITY.

BY LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., LL. D.

IN the *Medical News* for May 6, 1893, is an article by B. D. Evans, M. D., entitled, "Keeleyism and Keeley Methods, with Some Statistics." Dr. Evans is "medical director of the New Jersey State Hospital at Morris Plains," and a member of the "Medico-Legal Society of Newport," etc.

To state briefly the scope and object of Dr. Evans' article, he seeks to prove that the author of the Gold Cure for Inebriety disregards the ethics of the Code of the American Medical Association, by using a secret formula; that the remedy is not a secret after all, and is published in full; that the remedy does not cure inebriety, and that it does cause insanity and that a few relapse.

Dr. Evans has certainly attempted a great feat. No doubt, to his mind, his propositions seem verified. He has taken great pains and expended great labor to prove these propositions. In fact, he and the *Medical News* have spent a year's time collecting the data which they use to prove that the Gold Cure causes insanity; at least, the *Medical News*, about a year ago, advertised for these data to be supplied by physicians, and they appear in Dr. Evans' article.

Dr. Evans indulges in some personalities which are below the dignity of a gentleman in his position, but a knowledge of his motives prompts me to overlook this unpleasant feature of his article. The doctor has a motive, which is to destroy the confidence of the profession in "Keeleyism and Keeley methods"; or he would like, if he could, to make one hundred and ten thousand cured inebriates believe that they are not cured of inebriety, but have simply stopped drinking and are insane. As Dr. Evans says that the Gold Cure will cause insanity, and these one hundred and ten thousand men have all been cured by the same remedy and method, then of course they are all lunatics.

I may as well remark, right here, that the variety of lunacy which these cured and reformed gentlemen are just

now enjoying, and the joy that they are daily bringing their families, and their industry in the world's work as bread-winners, is a happy exchange for their inebriety, which was lost at the Keeley institutes.

But I will reply to Dr. Evans' arguments and propositions in order; and first, then, is my remedy a secret? Dr. Evans says it is, or that I have not published nor revealed my method of treatment; and I likewise declare that I have not made all of the remedies public. This proposition is a fact.

But Dr. Evans next proceeds to publish my formula in full. This is scarcely consistent with his position to verify that I have violated the Code. If my remedies are public property, what more can the public or the Code ask for? It seems to me that this criticism must be based on the fact that I do not acknowledge that the analysis of the formula is correct. Well, it is not correct. Dr. Evans does not publish my formula. If his formula, as published, is correct, then Dr. Evans knows, as well as all his readers, the *Medical News*, and myself, that the remedy does not cause insanity. There is no medical author or authority or book which gives these drugs a place among the causes of insanity. The medical profession has used these drugs as medicines for centuries, — atropia, strychnia, and the rest of them, by the stomach, by the skin, and hypodermically, — and yet no such medical gentlemen have accused each other or themselves of ever causing, thereby, a case of insanity.

I deny that Dr. Evans or the gentlemen he quotes know what my remedy is, or that they have published it. I do not use the drugs they name, except the gold. I do not use atropia, strychnia, aloes, cinchona, apomorphia, or the other drugs in the formula, as published by Dr. Evans. The formula is not correct as published. It never has been published, and it is my present belief that while I live it will not be published.

Several physicians are now quoted by Dr. Evans, who unite in saying that Dr. Keeley's treatment is "dangerous." Dr. Graeme Hammond says, "It leads to insanity." Dr. Jackson, who so far forgot his "Æsculapian principles" as to write for the New York daily papers on the subject, gives the Keeley remedies as atropia, strychnia, codeia, caffeine, etc. — remedies, it must be remembered, used by all physicians

every day. If these remedies were used in the Gold Cure, and are used by all physicians, why do they not "lead to insanity" in one case as well as the other? Dr. Norman Kerr, Dr. Chapman, Dr. Elliott, and several others are quoted to prove that these drugs, all used by these physicians, are "poisonous" and "dangerous."

The truth is, as all these gentlemen know very well, that nearly all drugs that are used as medicines are poisonous. But they all know, as well as I do, that as medicines they are used to antagonize other conditions of antagonistic character, and that they are not used in poisonous doses—at least not always. Yet we never read, in clinical reports by asylum physicians, cases like the following:—

"A., aged thirty-five years, was adjudged insane and admitted to the asylum. Family history showed no taint of insanity; but clinical history developed that patient had some nervous trouble for which atropia and caffeine were prescribed by Dr. Evans or Dr. Graeme Hammond, which caused insanity."

Looking over the testimony of the physicians quoted by Dr. Evans, and his inductions therefrom, I conclude that if a doctor gives a patient atropia, and publishes his formula, the result will be highly professional and beneficial; but the same occurrence and use of the same drug, without a publication of the formula, will cause the patient to become insane. Such appears to be the fair induction from Dr. Evans' data and arguments.

I assume that the medical profession is ready to admit, or at least will not deny, that insanity is never credited to the use of drugs used as medicines. It is true, however, that the heroic doses prescribed by many of the regular physicians do cause temporary delirium; and it is also true that poisonous quantities of many drugs used as medicines cause delirium, and the physiological effect on the brain is to cause a mental aberration that is like insanity. If this were not true, there could be no homœopathic antagonism to the symptoms of insanity.

It is well known that ignorant people always credit the remedy taken during disease with all subsequent symptoms. If the pain of disease happens to increase after taking a dose of morphine, even a large dose, the patient will say the remedy caused the pain.

There is a great difference between a sequence in time and a causal sequence. A man may dress up in a new coat and hat, and the next day show symptoms of insanity. His insanity is a sequence in time, and ignorant people may say it is a causal sequence; but educated people would look for further causes for the insanity. They would, at least, try to learn, first, whether some of the known causes of insanity might not be present, before adopting a new coat and hat as among the possible causes of insanity.

Dr. Evans says that, as reported by thirty-seven physicians, there have been found eighty-eight cases of insanity among my cured patients. He then infers that the insanity of these persons was caused by my treatment, for the reason that they had been patients of mine, and were cured of inebriety. The doctor also says that one hundred and fifty-eight cases of relapses have been discovered of those who were cured of inebriety by my treatment.

I have treated and cured, through the institutes for the cure of inebriety, one hundred and ten thousand inebriates. If there are one hundred and fifty-eight relapses, then there is one relapse to six hundred and ninety-six cures, a small fraction of one per cent. I admit that five per cent of my cures relapse, and have never claimed better results. If there are eighty-eight cases of insanity among the inebriates treated by me, this gives one insane person to one thousand two hundred and fifty patients.

In 1880 the census verified that there were one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four insane persons to each million of the population, or one to five hundred and forty-five of the inhabitants of the United States.

It will be seen that the relative number of lunatics among the Keeley graduates, so far as discovered by Dr. Evans and these thirty-seven learned professional reporters, is less than half that of the general population. I speak modestly, I trust; but there is no other conclusion to be drawn from these figures than that my treatment prevents insanity, or cures it, in the ratio of fifty per cent.

But this is not a fair estimate. Statistics show that while the population of the United States has a proportion of lunatics as one to five hundred and forty-five, the class of inebriates shows a ratio of one to about three hundred. It follows, then, that while the treatment I employ cures ninety-

five per cent of inebriety, it also cures seventy-five per cent of insanity, or prevents it, which is far better. I am entirely satisfied with this showing, and am certainly under obligations to Dr. Evans for his patient and painstaking and, no doubt, accurate investigations.

The Keeley graduates do many other acts in addition to exhibiting symptoms of lunacy. They become industrious, grow rich, support their families, go to Congress, write books, become lawyers, physicians, judges, and ministers. They get married and raise families. They stop drinking. But they may die in time, as it is appointed unto man once to die. I do not know how many of my patients have died, nor from what diseases.

But I suggest here another feature for investigation by Dr. Evans. In the United States people die from suicide, consumption, Bright's disease, liver disease, typhoid fever, pneumonia, etc. There is no question that if Dr. Evans were investigating this question, he would claim that the death of any cured inebriate, treated by me, was brought about in some manner by my cure of inebriety.

My remedy has performed the greatest scientific miracle of the age, in curing one hundred and ten thousand inebriates and (according to the figures) several hundred cases of insanity; but I do not claim that it will cure consumption, typhoid, or pneumonia, nor can it or does it cause these diseases. Neither does it cause insanity. But I have nowhere claimed that my remedy or my treatment for inebriety will cure insanity. I remark that this is, however, a logical inference from Dr. Evans' figures. But the treatment will cure inebriety, no matter with what other disease the inebriety may be associated. Consumption, Bright's disease, mental disease, and nearly every chronic disease known have been associated with the one hundred and ten thousand cases of inebriety treated. A certain per cent of these diseases have had their fatal ending. I expect, before long, to see long lists of these cases of fatal chronic diseases reported by conscientious writers like Dr. Evans, in which the consumption, Bright's disease, hob-nailed livers, cancers, and other diseases will be credited to my treatment. If the Gold Cure will cause insanity, there is no reason why it will not cause tuberculosis.

Dr. Evans does not know the remedy or remedies I use,

except the gold. He knows that gold has been used for centuries as a medicine. He knows that Drs. Shurley and Gibbs, Dr. Angear, and others are using gold as a remedy for consumption. I have nothing to do with his claims for the action of strychnia, atropia, etc., as mentioned by him; but if Dr. Evans and others have any reason to believe that these medicines cause insanity, they should cease prescribing them at once. If a physician claims that these drugs do cause or may cause insanity, then such physicians must be criminally responsible for using them.

I do not believe for a moment that Dr. Evans or other like critics of my remedy, who base their virtuous sorrows on my violation of the Code, or holding my remedies secret, care anything about these allegations. Gentlemen who write as they do can have very little respect for any of the tenets of ethics, medical or general. Their grievance consists in the fact that I have suggested and demonstrated that inebriety is a disease and is curable, and that a personal supervision of the patient is necessary.

Instead of taking into account the vast number of cures, as they should in making a statistical exhibit of results, these gentlemen ignore the cures, but go prowling about asylums, searching for accidental and rare insanity, and grope through morgues if, perchance, they may find a Keeley patient among the list of unfortunates, who, tired of life and robbed of the solace of drink, has smitten, with his own hand, the spectral mystery which stands between human life and the great unknown.

But the insinuations of the *Medical News* and Dr. Evans' paper necessarily lead me to refer to the real causes of insanity, and the relation of alcohol and other drugs to this disease. What are the general and special causes of insanity?

Charles Mercier, in his work entitled, "Sanity and Insanity," gives the causes of insanity generally as follows:—

1. The first law of inheritance. This first law he defines as the old rule of reproduction, that like begets like, subject to variations.

2. The second law of heredity. The second law he declares to be the rule that mental, moral, and physical well being and soundness are proportionate to the sanguineous (blood) dissimilarity of the parents.

3. Direct stress. By this is meant the direct action of a noxious agent, as alcohol or traumatism or brain tumor, upon the brain centres, which can overcome their physiological action.

4. Indirect stress. By this is meant some remote internal or external stress or force which can produce the same result as bodily disease, or causes acting from the environment upon the brain centres through the mind—as disappointment or other mental trouble or worry.

Kirchhoff gives the more special causes of insanity as follows:—

Bodily causes:—

1. Diseases of the brain, membranes, cord, nerves, and sympathetic nerve.

2. Anæmia and exhausting diseases of the internal organs.

3. Diseases of the sexual organs, or their functional disturbance.

4. Febrile diseases and their poisoning, and other poisons.

5. Psychical causes.

Of these causes, I will refer to that only of insanity caused by poisons.

It is well known, as Kirchhoff says, that the contagious, infectious, or mycotic diseases may cause insanity. Delirium is a common accompaniment of fever, and is caused by the action of the germ ptomaine upon the brain centres. The development of insanity, after a fever, is due to the chronic poisoning of the ptomaine. In addition, certain mechanical causes, as indurations in the membranes or emboli of the vessels, may follow and be caused by a fever, and also cause insanity.

Kirchhoff also says that other poisons may cause insanity. Among these he enumerates opium, hasheesh, and like drugs, taken in poisonous quantities, from the formation of habit or inebriety. But the chief drug in relation to the cause of insanity, he says, is alcohol, and I certainly agree with this statement.

It may be true, as Dr. Evans says, that a few patients may find their way from the cure of inebriety to insane asylums. It is known that disease of the brain centres is one of the remote effects, or at least sequences in time, of alcohol. It is known that alcohol may cause, in the same way or indirectly, disease of the other bodily organs, which may cause

insanity. It is true that inebriety itself is a type of insanity (circular), and that a drunken man is an insane man. It is true that the direct effect of alcohol, in a large quantity or a drunken fit, is insanity.

If medical men are in any manner responsible for insanity, associated with or caused by alcohol, it is not because they attempt to cure or do cure the inebriety, or craving for drink, but because they prescribe alcohol as a medicine for other diseases.

Alcohol will cause inebriety just as effectually, when prescribed by a physician, as when taken without a prescription. It would be well for Dr. Evans and the *Medical News* to secure reports from asylum physicians on this question. It would be interesting, indeed, to know the per cent of lunatics who were made insane by a prescription containing alcohol. My own statistics on this question are startling, and will surprise the medical profession and the world when published, as they will be. In the meantime, I will say that the data are all-sufficient to justify the statement that physicians will do much more effectual work in the prevention of insanity by ceasing to prescribe alcohol, than by criticising my treatment of inebriety.

I do not deny that alcohol is a very effectual medicine. It antagonizes many symptoms. It is germitoxic. It is anti-pyretic, or it lowers temperature. It is a heart stimulant. It is a brain and nerve stimulant. But, taken in any condition, as a medicine for whatever symptom, whether prescribed by a physician or not, alcohol may cause inebriety, insanity, and organic disease, with all the individual and social miseries that belong to inebriety.

Alcoholic intoxication is insanity. The higher cerebral nerve centres are rendered inco-ordinate. The drunken man is a maniac, and quite frequently, in the excitable stage, requires restraint. When a young man drinks wine, at a party or convivially, he becomes excited, hilarious, more or less confused, inco-ordinate, then stupid; and then goes off into a comatose sleep, until the poison is consumed, when he is restored once more to sanity.

Viewed entirely from the standpoint of physical pathology, without a knowledge of the cause, this debauch can only be called an attack of insanity. Now it will be noted that the course and symptoms of a drunken fit resemble the whole

course and progress of insanity. In the first stage is "elevation" of the higher cerebral centres — exaltation of self and visions of grandeur. The man is conscious of everything, except that he is drunk. A few more drinks, and then the higher centres take on confusion, the lower centres become paralyzed, speech is thickened, the gait is staggering, the man reels, mutters, grows stupid, and relapses into coma and general paralysis, and is dead drunk. This is the typical course of the disease known as general paralysis. In the first stages of this disease there is mental exaltation, then mental perversion, then the lower centres become involved, and, finally, the scene ends with coma and general paralysis.

In a debauch, alcohol first attacks the higher nerve centres — cerebrum and cerebellum. The reason is because these centres have less resistance than the lower to alcohol. The lower centres are involved later, and are affected least. But cases are numerous in which the lower centres are poisoned with fatal effect. The debauchee sinks into deep coma; the poisoning fatally involves and paralyzes the lower nerve centres, which causes the heart and respiration to fail, and the coma fades away into oblivion — the inebriate is dead.

Nerve cells are very impressionable. They have the power of becoming educated. Repeated impressions made upon them from any source will cause this training, or conduct, or mode of action, or education. When the brain cells are educated, they perform their functions according to the form and type of this training. They act as they are taught to act.

Now, all inebriety is periodical, though, apparently, many cases may be constant or continuous; but in every case this periodicity may be found, though it varies from a part of a day to part of a decade in duration. The real reason of this is because the nerve cells were taught to demand and resist alcohol in this periodical manner. No man drinks just as much every hour. He leaves intervals between drinks, and between debauches. When he has established a craving for liquor, he will automatically imitate the method of drinking as it was first indulged.

But repeated debauches educate the cells into inebriety. The mental manifestations of inebriety are those of insanity. I consider an inebriate an insane person. I regard his insanity as the circular variety, and will give my reasons.

Kirchhoff says circular insanity is a periodical attack of mania, succeeded by an interval of melancholy, or even an interval of apparent sanity.

The periodical inebriate fills these indications. He is periodically a maniac. His debauches are followed by an interval of apparent freedom from liquor and mania. I do not say that all inebriates should be confined in an asylum; but I certainly do say that were they not known to be drinking men, their mental manifestations and conduct would convict all of them of insanity in the courts, and they would be sent to asylums.

I claim for the Gold Cure treatment that, with the exception of a small per cent, indeed, the cure of the inebriety, the craving for drink, permits the recovery from the insanity. But it must be expected that there should be a few cases of failure. From this data, then, that insanity is a symptom of all inebriety, and that my remedy is given under the personal supervision of physicians, all of whom are better learned in the treatment of inebriety than Dr. Evans, and that the remedy cures inebriety, as given by these physicians — from these data, I pronounce the criticism of Dr. Evans unscientific. In fact, knowing that his motives are malicious, and that he is entirely ignorant of the pathology of inebriety and of my remedy, his criticism is unworthy the attention of persons who investigate all things and phenomena from the standpoint of science, with honesty and without prejudice.

The cure of inebriety by my remedy has cured one hundred and ten thousand insane people as well — except in the alleged eighty-eight cases, more or less, given by Dr. Evans, as reported by asylum superintendents. I am entirely satisfied with the result. The world will be so, too. I trust Dr. Evans can so far divest himself of his insane prejudices as to join in the general satisfaction.

SOME IMPORTANT PROBLEMS FOR CONGRESS TO DEAL WITH IN ITS EXTRA SESSION.

BY A. C. FISK.

THE cotton planters in the Southern States have been holding conventions to consider the propriety of decreasing the acreage of cotton and diversifying the crops of that section. The object sought to be attained is the enhancement of the price of cotton, because they believe that the cause of decline in the price is over-production.

Prominent members of Congress have declared that one of the first acts of the Fifty-third Congress should be to repeal the bounty on sugar produced in this country, and restore the tariff.

All the old countries fostered the sugar industry; especially was this so in France and Germany. Napoleon issued a decree directing the minister of the interior to set apart certain tracts of land, and to raise a sum of money necessary for the formation of beet-sugar establishments, and the encouragement of the use of beet-root sugar. The king of Persia the same year ordered practical schools for instruction in the processes employed in the extraction of sugar from sugar beets, and ordered that a large sum of money should be appropriated to establish and maintain beet-sugar factories and schools, where beet-sugar chemistry should be taught. Napoleon, in his wisdom, continued substantial encouragement of this and other agricultural and manufacturing industries in France by the appropriation of several millions of francs at a time when the total revenue of his empire did not exceed \$200,000,000 in our money. With the downfall of Napoleon, the industry he had fostered and established received a check, but its value had been demonstrated. Its growth in both France and Germany, which has been phenomenal, was encouraged by giving bounties, and by a tariff to prevent competition, which was practically prohibitive in its character. Having been fostered by all means possible,

it has now reached a point where it is one of the chief revenues of those governments.

The world's total supply of sugar is 6,400,000 tons, of which 3,800,000 is made from beets and 2,600,000 from cane, and of which the United States consumes 2,000,000 tons of 2,240 pounds, or about 70 pounds for each person; 1,400,000 tons of sugar has been imported into the United States, at a cost of more than \$125,000,000.

If the bounty is allowed to remain for the term specified in the present law, to wit, until 1905, it is believed by that time that 1,000 beet-sugar factories will be established in the United States. Each factory will consume, say, 450 tons of beets per day, 75 tons of coal, 45 tons of limestone, and 12 tons of coke. To produce that quantity of beets would require 5,000 acres of ground for each factory, or 5,000,000 acres in all; the cultivation, harvesting, marketing, and manufacturing of the beets into sugar, the mining and handling of the coal and limestone, would require 13,000 people for each factory a portion of each year, or in all 13,000,000. Does it not seem the part of wisdom to encourage and promote this industry?

As the imported sugar is carried by foreign merchant ships, the price paid for sugar and its transportation would amount to at least \$145,000,000, which is added to the balance of trade against this country, and under present conditions must be paid in gold.

By taking off the bounty and restoring the tariff, we add two cents to the price of every pound of sugar consumed in the United States, which is paid by the rich and poor alike. Our statesmen pretend to legislate in the interests of all classes; but if the bounty is disturbed and replaced by a tariff, the burden will fall heaviest upon the laboring classes. The amount paid for foreign sugar equals the value of our exports of wheat and flour. Our statesmen and farmers declaim in favor of a more diversified agriculture and better farming. Here is a crop that will bring about both results. To produce more cane, more sorghum, or more sugar beets is not to increase an already existing surplus of these crops; it is simply to furnish sugar to take the place of what we now import.

There is another phase to be considered. The average increase in consumption of sugar will in a few years require

the payment to foreign countries of \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 annually for imported sugar if current prices are maintained. The limit of beet-sugar production in Europe is alleged to have been reached. The tropics would have to supply much of the increased demand; and if an increase is expected from those countries, it will come only through an advance in price. Prudence would therefore dictate the fostering of this industry in America, to provide against an advance in price. The value of lands in this country would be thus enhanced by millions of dollars, immigration would be increased, and money distributed among our almost impoverished farmers, who would be enabled to retain their farms and homes, which, under the present prices of wheat and cotton, are likely to be swept from them under mortgage foreclosures.

The demonetization of silver has decreased the value of all products in the United States more than 40 per cent. The census of 1890 gives the value of the products of this country at \$13,000,000,000. Were silver restored to its rightful place as money, these values would aggregate \$23,000,000,000, or practically the difference between the bullion and coined value of silver. The farmers and planters of this country are therefore compelled to pay a bounty of 40 per cent or more on everything they produce, for the reason that silver bullion is purchased at 83 cents and coined into India rupees, which gives it a purchasing power of \$1.37 with which corn, cotton, and wheat are purchased in India. The farmers of this country are thus compelled to compete with the producers in India, the difference in price being between 83 cents and \$1.37.

This bounty is extorted from the producers of this nation at the instance of the gold lords of the Old World and the Shylocks of Wall Street. This depreciation in silver bullion has depreciated the value of real estate and labor and the product of labor one half. It has thrown out of employment 2,500,000 laborers, inflicting a direct loss to the wage-earners in this country of \$1,500,000,000 yearly. It has filled our prisons with criminals and our asylums with paupers and lunatics. As the prices of the crops raised in this country for exportation will not now bring the cost of production, the farmers will be compelled to produce only such crops as are required for home consumption.

At the time of the Baring failure, England, in order to return to France the money which she was obliged to borrow to save every banking institution in England from closing its doors, drained this country of \$75,000,000 in a few months, and our country was very nearly convulsed with financial disaster. Yet that amount is only about one half as much as is sent out of this country every year for the one item of sugar, which does not create a ripple in the exchanges of our commerce.

Suppose the government were to pay two cents a pound as a bounty on all the sugar imported into this country, it would amount to only a little over \$60,000,000. This tax would fall largely on the rich, who have become so by reason of vicious legislation causing the demonetization of silver, which has taxed the farmer every dollar of his profits, until the burden has become so great that he is unable longer to endure it. The encouragement of the sugar industry would enable the farmer to realize a profit with which he could pay his interest and save his home. This should interest those holding the mortgages equally with the mortgage debtor; for unless some relief comes to the now over-burdened tillers of the soil, the creditors may look in vain for payment of either interest or principal.

Diversified crops, and the producing only of such as are required for home consumption, might tend to bring the money lenders of the world to their senses, and make them consent that Congress should restore silver, and thereby enhance the value of these crops so that they could again be produced in this country for exportation, as the foreign countries are compelled to draw on the United States for their breadstuffs.

The United States is the sugar country of the future. In Germany, where most of the sugar is produced, land is worth from \$250 to \$750 per acre; it costs at least \$25 per acre each year to fertilize it, and the sugar product does not average to exceed 13 per cent, while in this country the average is much higher. What is to prevent us, therefore, from becoming exporters of sugar instead of paying \$145,000,000 a year for foreign sugar and placing that amount to the debit of our trade balances, instead of an equal amount to our credit?

The party in power swept the country under the promise

of a tariff reform. That, like all the questions embraced in party platforms, was a mere subterfuge to catch voters. The money question is the principal issue before the American people, and the leaders of both the old parties and their confederates across the water know it. But tariff reform caught the votes; and the party in power may attempt, by repealing the bounty and imposing a tax on sugar, to raise a revenue; but when they do so, they may find that the laboring man, who pays 2 cents a pound more for his sugar, will fail to appreciate that kind of tariff reform. The tariff might be increased somewhat by adding \$1 per gallon to the 125,000,000 gallons of whiskey now in bond, and an additional tax of the same amount on other spirits, which would amount to as much more, or \$250,000,000, and no one would feel the burden.

The folly of decreasing the acreage of cotton is apparent when we consider that, were silver restored, the price of cotton would be enhanced in value as much as the difference between the bullion and coined value of silver. What the Southern planter desires is an increase in price, not a decrease in acreage. The decrease in acreage would have no effect on the price. Before the demonetization of silver, India was not a competitor in wheat, cotton, corn, or manufactured products; but as silver bullion declined, the trade of India increased, until now that country exports about 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and more than \$100,000,000 worth of cotton annually, which is at least one third of the value of the cotton crop of the United States. Therefore it would seem certain, with silver restored, that the United States could produce 1,200,000 bales of cotton at a market price not less than 16 cents per pound, which would yield the cotton grower more than three times what he now receives for his cotton crop.

Six hundred million dollars added to the bank accounts of the cotton growers of the South would enable them to pay their interest and principal to the gold lords in a few years. The restoration of silver as money would furnish this country with a market for more than double the breadstuffs it now exports, and the price would also be doubled, which would add at least \$500,000,000 to the value of the breadstuffs we export. This would enable the wheat grower of the Northwest to pay his interest and a portion of his princi-

pal. The exports of other farm crops would be correspondingly increased, so that the bondholders across the water and those in the East might feel reasonably sure of securing the interest, and, in time, the principal of their loans.

It is true that this enormous wealth production in this country would pay the national and private debts of the country, the very thing that the bondholders in Europe are trying to prevent. If they succeed a few years longer in keeping the price of the farm products of this country below the cost of production, the farms will all pass into the hands of those holding the mortgages.

This will produce absolute stagnation, bankruptcy, and ruin in this country.

The independent farmers of Great Britain and Germany, when the gold standard was adopted, entirely disappeared, just as they will disappear in the United States. Not only the United States, but the whole world, is bankrupt on a gold basis. If we depended on gold and silver, we should be bankrupt on both, as there is not now and never will be enough gold and silver in the world to transact its business. More than \$1,500,000,000 has been discarded and supplied for reserves with gold since silver was demonetized; and there are those who affect to believe that this must continue, and that the world must transact its business on \$3,500,000,000 — less than \$2 per capita.

There are those claiming to be bimetallists who advocate the free coinage of the American product only. If the spirit of the present law were carried out literally, and all the silver coined, that would be practical free coinage of the American product. This might possibly increase the value of silver bullion, but it would not bring material relief to the laborers and producers of this country. The free and unlimited coinage of silver is necessary to accomplish that.

The Mexican dollar is received for goods in Europe at about 64 cents, while the Central American dollar is received for 80 or 85 cents. If this country were to adopt free coinage, all the silver-using countries would coin their silver at our mints, for the reason that they could purchase 100 cents worth of goods in the United States for 371 grains of pure silver, while they could purchase only 65 or 75 cents' worth of goods with the same amount in England, Germany, and France. That would give this country the entire trade

of all the silver-producing countries of the world, unless the gold-standard countries rehabilitated silver.

This shows the fallacy of supposing that we require an international monetary agreement. What we need is a little courage and honesty on the part of our congressmen and executive officers; more legislation in the interests of our own people, and less in the interests of the Shylocks of the Old World. The gold lords have ruled us too long for our good. The legislation they have given us has been wholly in their own interest and against the interest of the debtors and producers. The bounty on sugar escaped their vigilance, but they must not be allowed to repeal it.

The merchants of this country cannot expect to maintain their business, for the reason that the producers cannot get money enough to pay their interest, much less buy goods. The manufacturer cannot hope to find a market for his manufactured article when there is no money with which to buy. It is a mistaken and short-sighted policy for the money lenders, merchants, and manufacturers of the East to burden the people of the West until they have no money with which to pay interest or purchase goods. The conspiracy which the Eastern States entered into with the Shylocks of the Old World to force down the value of farm products \$1,250,000,-000, so that the East might reap the advantage of about one third of the amount, has proved an unprofitable investment, for the reason that the producer can no longer pay interest nor purchase goods.

If silver were restored, the money lender would get his interest, and the Eastern merchants and manufacturers would sell billions of dollars' worth of goods more than they sell now, and their profits would more than double and quadruple the amount of which they rob the Western farmer by confederating with their allies across the water to depreciate the value of farm products. It is to the interest of the people in the East, to say nothing of the moral side of the question, to give the farmer justice.

The full remonetization of silver would simply place this country where it was before it was demonetized. That is what the people demand. It was demonetized without the wish, knowledge, or consent of the people of this country or their representatives in Congress. Only one man in the Senate and one in the House knew when it was done. The

people simply demand that that crime shall be undone. That would arrest the fall of prices, would give stability to merchants', manufacturers', farmers', and traders' profits, and induce them to enlarge their business. It would stimulate industry, revive trade, increase the demand for labor, and improve profits and wages in accordance with the natural laws of supply and demand.

The American carrying trade, which has steadily decreased for many years, should also be revived. In 1860 it was more than \$500,000,000. Now it is considerably less than \$200,000,000; while the foreign carrying trade has increased from \$200,000,000, in 1860, to \$1,200,000,000, in 1890. This accounts, in part, for the balance of trade against the United States. With this trade revived, with the increase in value of the farm products of this country, and the increase in trade from foreign silver-using countries, the balance would likely be billions of dollars in favor of the United States. We should no longer be a debtor nation; there would be no scramble for gold, no call for the issue of more bonds, and no oppression of the producing classes. We should manufacture our own sugar; we should save a billion dollars now being paid out in carrying trade, and another billion in the enhanced value of our products; silver, gold, and paper would all be money of equal value; and it would make no difference what kind of money we sent abroad to pay for our imports. Our exports would be such, that the rest of the world would be concerned to get our money to go abroad, that they might have something with which to buy our products.

As we are now the greatest producing nation of the world, we should then become the wealthiest. Instead of being a debtor we should become a creditor. Tardy justice would come, in part, to the producers, and peace and prosperity would again bless our land.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE MIND CURE.

BY JOSEPH L. HASBROUCK.

IF my neighbor wishes to employ a homœopathic physician for his sick child, he does not think it necessary to first inquire into the theories of Hahnemann and convince himself of their credibility. Neither does he, if inclined to allopathy, inform himself concerning the early sanguinary practices and the heroic doses of that much-respected school of medicine. His child is suffering. Dr. Brown has successfully treated one and another of his acquaintances. What are theories to him, in this hour of danger, if his practice be acceptable?

Electricity, massage, the water and rest cures, compound oxygen, Turkish and sulphur baths, not to mention innumerable proprietary remedies,—each and all have set up their claims as panaceas of human ills, and each bases its claim on a different theory. Yet over and over again, A buys a bottle of Runkle's Rheumatic Relief, not because he understands the theory advanced by its proprietor, or believes, if he understands it, but simply because he has B's evidence, founded on personal experience, as to its efficacy. The cure is all that he cares for; he wastes no time on the theory. He realizes the sharp twinges of pain, and an Indian medicine-man or a howling dervish would be heartily welcomed if successful in driving away the disease.

For more than two thousand years, men have been studying the action of drugs on the human body. The disciples of Æsculapius made votive offerings in the temples of the gods, of all new remedies discovered by them. Machaon, whom Homer calls "that much-honored leach," healed the wounds of Menelaus by applying soothing balsam. Hippocrates, "the father of the art of medicine," sturdily studied out weighty tomes of prescriptions, anticipating that they would be of untold value for centuries to come; but they are now little more than literary curiosities. The accumulated

results of all the medical men before the time of Queen Bess were so unsatisfactory, that Lord Bacon could write, and with truth: "Medicine is a science which hath been more professed than labored, the labor having been, in my judgment, rather in circle than progression. For I find much iteration but small addition."* And of the physicians: "Although a man would think, by the daily visitations of the physicians, that there was a pursuance in the cure, yet let a man look into their prescripts and ministrations, and he shall find them but inconstancies and every day's devices, without any settled providence or project."† Some, even many, of the most thoughtful and well-educated medical men of our own day, confess that much of their practice is experimental. The use of drugs, even those whose properties and effects have been most carefully studied, is often futile, and is so confessed by honest practitioners.

Since these theories, which have been undergoing the test of actual practice in the human family for two thousand years and more, fail in so many cases, he is a wise man who is willing to give, at least, a fair trial to a new method of dealing with diseases, represented, in this instance, by the metaphysical healer, who claims that the source of all physical disorder is to be found in the mind, and that the surest and most rational method of cure is that which is based on this principle.

The exceeding absurdity of very much that has been written concerning the application of mental science to the art of healing, cannot be denied. There are many blatant, would-be scientists, who are daily bringing reproach in this way upon the cause which they are attempting to advance. It cannot be denied that many having neither the ability to comprehend nor the good judgment to apply its principles, have attached themselves to this method of healing, as have many similar persons attempted to practise in the various schools of medicine, and with similar success. Like many another science in the days of its infancy, it has been wounded in the house of its friends. One of the most conscientious and successful mental healers in the country expresses a wise sentiment, when he says that hard work, not idle prating of visionary theories, is to make the mind cure a success, and

* "Advancement of Learning." Ed. by B. Montagu, p. 171.

† Idem, p. 177.

the metaphysician a respected practitioner, instead of a despised mountebank.

But what school of medicine has not passed through a similar experience? So late as the seventeenth century, Dr. Sydenham, "the English Hippocrates," with the experience of twenty centuries at his back, gravely writes out, for the benefit of beginners in the practice of medicine, the following prescription for the gout (and as he was a great sufferer from that disease, we may presume that he had tested its efficacy): "O Jupiter, aid us! [We use Charles Reade's translation of the astrological sign of Jupiter, still employed by physicians in the year of our Lord, 1889.] Root of angelica, sweet-flag, masterwort, elecampane, leaves of mugwort, lesser centaury, white horehound, germander, ground pine, scordium, calamint, feverfew, meadow saxifrage, St. John's wort, golden-rod, wild thyme, mint, sage, rue, carduus Benedictus, pennyroyal, southernwood, flowers of chamomile, tansy, lily of the valley, English saffron, seeds of penny-cress, garden scurvy-grass, caraways, and juniper berries." These are to be dried, mixed with honey and Canary wine, made into "an electuary of due consistence . . . *secundem artem* . . . and two drachms taken every night and morning."*

For the treatment of pleurisy, he quaintly says: "My sheet-anchor is venesection. As soon as I am sent for I bleed from the arm to ten ounces or more . . . and in rheumatism the same, followed by the same amount the day following, repeated a day or two after, according to the strength of the patient. Three or four days after, I bleed for the fourth time, and this bleeding is generally the last." He sorrowfully adds: "I have often tried to think out some plan of cure without such expense of blood. I have, however, failed in finding any treatment like the aforesaid."† For whooping cough, ophthalmia, colic, St. Vitus' dance, and small-pox, Dr. Sydenham finds nothing better than venesection. In the *Pharmacopœia Londonensis* of 1682, the famous "*Theriaca Andromachi*" is given, a prescription containing sixty-five ingredients.

In the year 1739, by act of the English Parliament, one Joanna Stephens, a thrifty Englishwoman, was given the sum

* "Works of Sydenham." Vol. ii., p. 136.

† "History and Heroes of Medicine." By J. R. Russell, M. D., p. 263.

of five thousand pounds for a prescription of her own invention which was reported to have wrought marvellous cures. The medicines were in the form of pills, powders, and decoction. The pills consisted of "snails, calcined, wild carrot-seed, burdock-seed, ashen keys, hips and haws, all burnt to a blackness, with soap and honey." Very minute directions for making the preparations were given by the wise Joanna, and the able commission which had been delegated by Parliament to inquire into the particulars of cures effected by these remarkable compounds, announced that they were fully satisfied as to the "Utility, Efficacy, and Dissolving Power thereof" — two M. D.'s, however, refusing assent to the last specification.* Dr. Jones of Ann Arbor instances a prescription written by an allopathic physician in 1879, in which iodine, potassium, tolu, ipecacuanha, veratrum viride, morphia, bromine, sodium, mercury, cinchona, iron, aloes, hyoscyamus, and nux vomica were administered to an epileptic patient at one time, though in different preparations.

No longer ago than 1858, homeopathy was classed among the humbugs of the day, and was held up to even greater derision than any modern school or system of healing has been — and apparently with reason. The writings of its founder, Hahnemann, abound in absurdities, than which no greater have been printed on this topic. Here is a quotation from the "Organon," p. 141, "Psora is the sole, true, and fundamental cause that produces all the other countless forms of disease which, under the names of epilepsy, gout, asthma, etc., appear in our pathology as so many peculiar, distinct, and independent diseases." And again: "Of late I have become convinced that smelling imparts a medicinal influence, as energetic and as long continued as when the medicine is taken in substance by the mouth, and, at the same time, that its operation is more gentle than when administered by the latter mode. It is therefore requisite that the intervals for repeating the smelling should not be shorter than those prescribed for taking the medicine in a more substantial form." In the "Materia Medica," he says, "Smelling of a pellet of opium, of the thirtieth potency, removes the effects of recent frights, were they ever so violent, almost instantaneously, but only when the smelling is resorted to immediately after the fright."

* "Book about Doctors." By J. C. Jeaffreson, p. 286.

The process of preparing the original grain of the homœopathic dose, and the manipulations and "shakes" necessary to bring it to the various dilutions from the thirtieth to the decillionth development of power, are, to the uneducated eye, almost too absurd for belief.

Notice, also, some of the symptoms which Hahnemann attributes to the action of drugs, with which he experimented largely, on healthy bodies. The quotations are taken at random from the "*Materia Medica*," where may be found whole pages of equally absurd statements, rivalling the most foolish conclusions of the weakest mental healer: "After having written a long time with the back bent over, violent pain in the back and shoulders as if from a strain." "Dreams which are not remembered; disposition to mental dejection; wakefulness before and after midnight." "After dinner, disposition to sleep; the patient winks." "Unusually long sleep with the eyelids closed." "Tearing pain behind the left ear." "Vexed about trifles." "Sleep with merry dreams." "Falls asleep as soon as he lies down." "Dreams of murder, of black cats."

Pages might be filled with equally trivial and absurd matter, taken from the writings of famous physicians of any school of medicine. But despite such beginnings, both allopathy and homœopathy are to-day studied, practised, and believed in by some of the wisest and most sensible men in the world, and accomplish cures. Over and over again, do the physicians fail in making diagnoses; and over and over again do they treat for the wrong disease, in some instances a very diverse one, as the post-mortem examinations reveal. Sometimes their mistakes are discovered in season, sometimes they are not. As frequently do physicians administer useless remedies. Not many years ago, in one of the best medical schools in this country, a hospital patient was treated for a stomach trouble of unusual nature, and was pronounced incurable. His symptoms were constantly reported upon and used as a basis for lectures by students and professors; and I have the word of one of these students, now a physician of note, that a post-mortem examination revealed the astonishing fact that the stomach was in perfect condition, and the seat of the disease was found to be in the brain. Similar cases, among practitioners of less note, are too common to need repetition. The wisest of them lay no

claim to infallibility. Their patrons gladly accept their services, with the full consciousness of the possibility, even at times a very strong probability, of failure.

Two classes of writers have attempted to present the theories of metaphysical healing to the public. To the first belong the numerous teachers of all degrees of incompetency, with whom the country is just now flooded, whose books and pamphlets, although containing some things wise and helpful, are yet so saturated with absurdity as to repel readers of sense. Writers of the second class are also numerous, and are far more aggravating than the first named. These refuse to note any distinction between faith-healing, Christian science, and mental healing; and, indeed, some go so far as to include clairvoyant healers in the same category. Starting with false premises, they naturally come to lame and impotent conclusions. They are bitter opponents of new ideas of any sort, and persist in holding up to ridicule the absurdities of a few metaphysicians, quite ignoring what is meritorious. If, following their example, and considering the facts and quotations above cited, we disregard the excellences and successes of Hippocrates, Galen, Sydenham, and Hahnemann, who shall say that the adherents of the metaphysical school in this, the first decade of its existence, are not at least as sensible and as worthy of attention, as were their elder brethren during the first centuries of the practice of medicine?

The careful student of mental science, who has taken a prescribed series of lessons under a thoughtful teacher, is not found deriding the mind cure. Ridicule comes alone from those whose ideas have been derived from reading imperfect presentations of the subject, or from those who condemn a thing which seems to them incredible, without investigation. The true mental scientist knows that it is as impossible for a man to come into the full understanding of the laws of his profession in the course of a single conversation, or by reading a book on the subject, as it would be for him to comprehend conic sections or the laws of surgical or legal practice, with the same amount of study.

The great and insurmountable obstacle to the conclusions of the enemies of metaphysical healing is found in the record of multitudes of cures which are every day being performed in all parts of the country, by men and women

having no knowledge whatever of medicine, but with unswerving faith in the truth of their system. Many are unwilling to acknowledge openly that to which they owe a debt of gratitude. A prominent lawyer, whose shattered health has been fully restored, went to the metaphysician, like Nicodemus of old, by night, dreading the reproach of his brethren, should it be known that he had availed himself of the new practice. Stories of cures are told under the breath, so general is the ridicule excited by their repetition. A lady of sufficient mental ability to write "That Lass o' Lowrie's" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is not ashamed to attribute her recovered health to this source, and others need not be. Candid people are fast coming to believe that the metaphysician possesses a power in some way unusual.

To-day we hear of a bed-ridden victim of spinal disease, whose life has been made miserable by the application of hot irons and plaster jackets, now brought into the full enjoyment of perfect health. She does not sneer at the mind cure. She may not understand its theories. Neither does she understand how the grain, whose products sustain her life, grows to perfection in the field; or any other of the myriad mysteries of the natural world. In the words of the man into whose darkened life our Saviour brought light, she may say, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." Yesterday, an idolized child, dying of diphtheria, given up by the best physicians of a large city, was healed by the skilful, persistent efforts of a metaphysician of ability. Last year, a loved teacher whose life had been filled with good works, was told to set her house in order, for but a short time remained for her to live. An insidious and apparently incurable disease had brought her low, and the best medical aid failed to relieve her. Six weeks later she met her friends on the street, and gave all praise to the metaphysician who had saved her life.

Numerous instances of insanity, of depraved appetite for spirituous liquors and morphine, and of other cases usually considered beyond the reach of an ordinary physician, yield, often readily, to this method of treatment. A poor girl, whose bondage to eczema rendered her life one of unhappy exile, is to-day a happy, smooth-faced child. Similar cases are almost numberless; yet their further enumeration, while easily credited by one who has been healed by like means,

might appear to others incredible. The assertion is frequently made, with regard to a case of mental cure, that recovery would have ensued without the treatments. The same objection might, with equal propriety, be made to the practice of medicine, and any physician would consider such a conclusion unfair when applied to his services.

One important fact — the basal one, indeed, since nothing can be effected by the metaphysician without it—is generally ignored by the opponents of his system. It is understood that allusion is made, in this paper, to mental healing, pure and simple, without reference to what is named “Christian science.” It is a positive necessity to the metaphysician, that he be made thoroughly acquainted with all the disturbing incidents which may have entered into the life of his patient. On these he must depend to find the *causa* of that mental disease from which, according to his theory, the physical has proceeded. A sudden calamity, rendering healthy mental processes impossible for a time; a long-continued state of anxiety or suspense which has consumed the vitality, and caused an abnormal condition of mind, and its reflection in the body;—each and all of these the mental healer diligently seeks out, and his work is sometimes rendered ineffectual because of failure to confide some matter of importance. Not unfrequently, ante-natal influences must be taken into account. The picture of fright or distress being erased from the mind, where it may have been lingering for years, at the same time the distressing physical symptoms which resulted from it will disappear also, and the same cause will never again produce the same effect. It is not claimed that the patient will never again be sick. A man who has been cured of rheumatism may contract and die of consumption or heart disease. The best of regular physicians, so-called, do not guarantee the life-long immunity from disease which some demand of the metaphysician.

But has not the day passed for intelligent men and women to deny the evidence of their senses, and to look with narrow prejudice upon a system which is apparently destined to work such gratifying changes in the healing of disease? Who that has been cured by this method, so quiet, safe, and effectual in its operations, wishes to return to the wearisome allopathic experiments of pills and powders, or to the constant hourly bondage to little pellets, which homœopathy

entails? Shall we not be willing to test the new system as practised by its most studious and conservative disciples, and not fear to be classed with "minds prone to vagaries bordering on insanity," if thereby we may be freed from the dread thralldom of disease? The words of Dr. Constantine Hering, in concluding his translation of Hahnemann's "Organon," may well be quoted here: "As through war we come to the possession of peace, so in the world of science, through conflict and trial we come to the possession of truth. It was an old motto of Luther's, '*Lass die Geister auf einander platzen.*'"

HOW TO RALLY THE HOSTS OF FREEDOM.

BY HENRY FRANK.

A CERTAIN exalting fervor seizes one on reading the two inspiring articles in the current and in a recent issue of *THE ARENA* by B. O. Flower and Louis Ehric respectively, both looking toward a possible organization of the untrammelled hearts and intellects of the age, for the moral and mental uplift of the race, and the concentration of now scattered energies in one united and momentous effort for human amelioration. The end hinted at is certainly "a consummation devoutly to be wished." For the last two hundred years the tendency of freedom in thought and speech has been toward disintegration and demoralization. So long has conventionality fastened every moral conviction to a religious dogma or a theological menace, that when the mind has revolted and declared its freedom, the heart has tended to weaken its ethical impulses, and the disenthralled soul has sunk all too soon into the slough of moral despondency and physical indulgence.

Religion was the basis of morals. Without religion a man could not be pure in heart. The godless man was the goodless man. Hence the strong hold of religious enthralment, hence the slavery of man to mere superstition and ecclesiastical autocracy. The fear was natural. So long as men believed that if they fell from grace — meaning thereby that if they declared their freedom from religious dogma — they would certainly fall, like Satan, into the bottomless pit, never to rise again, the immediate effect of freedom was defiance, selfishness, indulgence. If they must reap the whirlwind hereafter, as well sow the wind now — in short, when once the freedom of self was asserted, all fear cast aside, the tendency was too frequently to deny the laws of nature as well as the alleged laws of religion, and, having become godless, to become goodless indeed.

Freedom became intellectual anarchy; scepticism degen-

erated into rowdy infidelity; the pure glow of religious fervor was transformed into the white heat of passion and sensual indulgence, and the child of God had indeed become the child of the devil. This was the age of mere iconoclasm, of disintegration, demoralization, destruction; the age of the intellectual bull in the religious china shop; this was the age when the church ruled supreme as autocrat, vicegerent, pope; the age when to think was to sin, to love was to blush with shame, to be natural was to be devilish, to be a human being was to renounce the Christ.

What wonder that the first sense of freedom which came to man in such an age was the sense of defiance, anger, hatred, stubbornness, and self-indulgence! What wonder that man, having so long been a dupe and slave, should seek and indulge in the very pleasures which the tyranny of ecclesiasticism had so long denied him! If to think was to sin, if to love was to become shameless, having once become natural and therefore having fallen, hell being the sure and swift reward, what wonder the suddenly disenthralled slave should run on madly toward every indulgence into final destruction! Therefore the first effect of freedom from the bigotry of dogma and churchism is toward the danger line of self-indulgence and pleasurable materialism. Olive Schreiner, in her sad but thoughtful "African Farm," beautifully depicts this tendency toward the valley of sensuality in the ethical evolution of her hero.

But for the last one hundred years man has been slowly learning that he may be good without God. Of course by the term "God" I mean a certain limited and determinative interpretation insisted upon in the creed. He has learned that the moral instinct is founded in natural laws; is the climax of the slow evolution of forces; is not the formal gift of a Supreme Being, but the assertion of the ideal in humanity seeking through the ages for its realization and expression. He has learned that the creed of the church is simply an appeal for intellectual assent, without granting the prerogative of individual judgment and ratiocination. Faith is merely mental passivity, submission without investigation or comprehension. A dogma is a brain child, though withal a monstrosity. The creed seeks only the slavery of the intellect, but has no authority over the heart. You may compel people to believe, but you cannot compel them to

feel. The head is not the slave of the heart, nor is the heart the slave of the head. They are two autonomies; they are mutually free and independent. Therefore, though the mind yield a passive submission, the heart may still indulge its hope and buoyancy. Though the mind assent to that which compels its bondage, the heart may still aspire toward the realms of freedom. The head may bow to the halter—the heart still declares its innocence; the head may become a monk—the heart is still human. It is this acknowledged freedom between head and heart which affords the basis of the new ethics of the age.

Man now knows he may be intellectually free without necessarily ignoring the laws of nature which conserve his integrity and correct development. The age is distinctly utilitarian and practical. Sin is now defined, not as a violation of the commands of God, but of the laws of health and life. To fall from grace is not to disbelieve in Deity and Christ, but to indulge in such behavior as honeycombs the foundations of manhood and disintegrates the nobler character. The individual is his own saviour and his own destroyer; in this sense, his own god and his own devil. Therefore he alone builds his heaven—digs his hell. The hereafter is the present; the eternal is the now. Therefore, the individual is self-responsible; he cannot curse God or the devil for his fate; he is what he chooses to be. With such an ethic fear eliminated, the tyranny of authority vanishes; the dream of heaven, the nightmare of hell, find exemplification alone in ideal endeavor and in moral degeneracy; the torch of freedom does not burn with the offensive sulphur of Gehenna; the searchlights of science do not brighten the way for the devil and his angels to the goal of everlasting damnation. When freedom is without a sting, and knowledge hides no wasp in its fragrant bosom, then surely is dogma dethroned, and superstition, born of ignorance, forever banished.

Thus this age becomes the very "trysting time" of the sons and daughters of freedom's approaching millennium. Columbia's name may yet become the fairest among the daughters of time, if on her free soil shall be inaugurated and successfully consummated the movement which shall unite, with common purpose and for the common weal, all who claim their birthright and assert their independence.

Such were the thoughts which thrilled me, as I read the articles above referred to.

If I may be pardoned a personal digression, I may say that my own experience, along the lines of organization and endeavor outlined by Mr. Flower in his article, convinces me that the age is singularly ripe for such a movement, and that, if a concerted effort is put forth, a universal response will be received. It is to state briefly my experience and the lessons it has taught, which may prove fruitful in this awakening, that I am prompted to write this article.

When I was settled as a pastor over an Orthodox church in a town of some twenty thousand people in Western New York, a change of belief and conviction slowly crept upon me, which naturally found expression in my public utterances and ultimately caused me to relinquish my pulpit. Though intending to migrate to a foreign "vineyard," I was unexpectedly called upon to resurrect a defunct independent organization in the same city, which had been founded in revolt against the churches and the creed, yet was, in all respects, itself a religious society.

When I entered upon the labors of this free pulpit, I cautioned my hearers that I would suffer no limitations to be put upon my reason or research, and that I would freely utter every conviction which possessed me, though it might be in absolute variance with popular acceptance and conventionality. The result was, that beginning as a semi-orthodox minister, I closed my labors as a radical preacher of a pronounced type, proclaiming without halt or hindrance whatever appeared to me as the deductions of truth. Instead of scattering the audiences, this method seemed only to increase them. Full a thousand people were connected, directly and indirectly, with the movement. I finally organized the society on a purely ethical basis, formulating a mere bond of fellowship devoid of any religious or theological characteristics. This society was established in a town so orthodox and conservative that the seating capacity of its various churches was sufficient to accommodate fully a quarter of the entire population; yet the attendance on the Sunday meetings of this secular movement was the most numerous of any of the congregations in the city. The influence of this society spread throughout Western New York and Eastern Pennsylvania. I received invitations from numerous towns and

villages to "come over to Macedonia" and build up similar associations in those localities. Could I have had at the time a sufficient number of assistants and a sufficient fund to assure the undertaking, I could easily have organized a score of such societies within a comparatively small circumference. This convinced me that the harvest was indeed ripe, even in the smallest communities, though, alas, the laborers were far too few.

In connection with the movement I organized various week-day "schools": such as a "School of Literature," in which the epochal books or works of the hour were studied, as well as standard works of eminent authors; a "School of Evolution," for the study of the philosophy and science of evolution in its various branches; a "School of Economics," for the unbiased study of sociology and the living political and economic problems; a "School of the Open Bible," for the study of the "Higher Criticism" and of the Bible as a literary work; a "School of All Religions," for the investigation of the world's religions along the lines of Max Müller and the Orientalists.

To my surprise, the hungry audiences which thronged to these week-night meetings almost rivalled the Sunday congregations in numbers, and excelled them in enthusiasm and earnestness. My own limitations, however, in endeavoring, single-handed, to carry out so extensive a programme, caused these latter experiments to be only partially successful. The town was too far removed from any of the great metropolitan or educational centres to enable me to call upon others to come to my assistance. Nevertheless, the continued success of the general movement amazed me. The society exists to this day.

I abandoned the work, for personal reasons, not quite three years ago, though, I regret to say, under new management the present tendency in the organization seems to be to enter the ranks of one of the liberal denominations. This I think an error, notwithstanding the one felt weakness of the entire venture was the sense of ostracism, the want of fellowship, the consciousness of being alone in the world. I often felt that a call for organization throughout the country would develop numerous centres of similar effort, and by a common consent some kind of union could be formulated, so that meetings for mutual encouragement might be con-

ducted. Directly every village, hamlet, town, and city throughout the nation is organized on the basis of freedom and fellowship such as Mr. Flower indicates in *THE ARENA*, the age of the new reformation and the new evangelization will have been inaugurated; for I must mention one more point of interest.

It may be supposed that the people who congregate in such movements are either the intellectually *dilettante*, who are interested in no philanthropic work, or the crowd of nihilistic agitators, who are mere destructionists, and have neither reverence for truth nor sympathy with the race. On the contrary, I found among these people — many of them having broken away from the established churches, many of them having never been members or even attendants of any church — the most zealous, eager, and enthusiastic laborers in the field of philanthropy and reform of any people with whom I was ever associated, in all the years of my ministry.

Though antagonized by all the churches in the most virulent and bitter fashion, nevertheless the women organized themselves into the "Women's Auxiliary," for social, financial, and similar purposes; into a "Society of the Good Shepherd," for the help of the destitute and the outcast; into a "Terpsichorean Society" of young people, for purposes of social gayety, dancing, and amateur theatrical performances. The children were organized into a society of "Sunbeams," and many other similar branches were developed.

In every section of the field, enthusiasm, courage, independence, and persistent victory prevailed. More than this, and what is even more pleasing, the little feuds and squabbles so common in village church societies were utterly unknown in this community of religious radicals. I speak of all these details because the experiment proved that such societies may successfully carry forward every department of work with as great, if not greater, success than the churches are accustomed to, though devoid of every religious motive or theological menace.

Now, what of the future? and what of the bugle call for world-wide organization which Mr. Flower's ringing article gives voice to?

Emphatically let me plant myself on the side of those who declare for the possibility and successful issue of such an effort. I firmly believe all that is needed at this hour is for

a general concerted movement to be made, and the response will come from every quarter of our country, if not from over the entire globe. Travelling, as I do, far and wide, I everywhere feel the pulse of the people, and everywhere the cry is heard, "How can we organize to benefit our fellow-man, while still asserting our intellectual freedom and religious independence?"

Permit me to make a few suggestions. First of all, let the editor of *THE ARENA* in the near future call a preliminary conference at his office of such people as may be interested in organizing a parent or charter society, to become a nucleus for the unfoldment of the larger scheme. This conference might discuss ways and means, might issue a programme of yearly courses of study for the various branches to pursue; might discuss, and possibly formulate, a statement of principles for which the federation shall stand; might initiate a national fund for publishing and disseminating literature in the nature of tracts, books, etc., in furtherance of the propaganda; might outline the programmes for the initial rally and subsequent meetings during the first week of the coming year hereinafter proposed; in short, might lay a rational, intelligible, and comprehensive foundation for the rearing of this glorious structure of humanitarian labor for which we are all yearning. Let us decide upon Christmas Eve, 1893, which, fortunately, falls upon a Sunday, as the night on which the rallying of all of the hosts of freedom, justice, and philanthropy, regardless of church, sect, or dogma, shall take place. It further occurs to me that a very direct way to reach this end would be for the readers and subscribers of *THE ARENA*, in every city and village of the nation, to seek at once to become mutually acquainted, and to arrange among themselves for the proposed assembly on the approaching Christmas Eve. No greater, no more valiant or inspiring, champion in literature for such a movement can be found than *THE ARENA*, under the guidance of its brilliant editor. It ought at once to insure the success of this movement that it is backed by a great journal, a world-famed monthly, which stands ready to assist and forward its every effort.

Perhaps the publishers of *THE ARENA* would be willing to issue tracts containing Mr. Flower's and Mr. Ehrie's articles, and such other material as would be available, and

distribute them, with an accompanying bugle call for organization, to all the subscribers of the monthly. Packages of such tracts might be sent to some individual or individuals in each locality who would promise to distribute them faithfully and intelligently where they would do the most good. Perhaps the editor of THE ARENA would open up a portion of his superb magazine for the publication of news items, from all sections, describing the development of this awakening, and thus from month to month keep the country aroused by brief, stirring articles from many pens, contributing inspiring information from the constantly increasing centres of organization.

I would suggest, in addition, that preliminary meetings be called in each locality about a month before the great rallying night, to temporarily organize and to prepare a programme for the occasion. When good speakers are at hand or capable essays can be prepared and read, by all means let such local talent be utilized. But wherever such talent is wanting, let the tracts be read, let the constitution or bond of union, which will doubtless soon be published, be produced and signatures thereto procured; let some of the noble articles which have appeared in THE ARENA ever since its birth be read, or let any other available programme be pursued. These are, of course, only crude suggestions, and will doubtless be improved and enlarged by others before the time of meeting. I would also suggest that some metropolitan centre—New York, Boston, Chicago, or elsewhere—be selected as the place for the central or national meeting, and that at such meeting telegrams be received and read from all rallying centres indicating the progress and prospect of the undertaking.

It is customary, during the first week of the year, to conduct in the churches what is known as the week of prayer. I therefore propose that, wherever it is practicable, the week of prayer be utilized for nightly meetings by the new organization, setting forth at each gathering the necessity, origin, purpose, and prospect of the new movement. Doubtless in such assemblies, perfect freedom being given to the spirit of speech and exhortation, a Quaker surprise will be a frequent occurrence, and many a speaker "moved by the spirit" will suddenly burst upon the astonished audience, himself the most surprised of all in the accidental discovery of his own

unconscious powers. The kingdom of the new life is at hand. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" the gospel of truth, light, and love shall yet be proclaimed.

I have also a suggestion to offer concerning a name to be given to the proposed organization. I have cudgelled my brain over this problem for about five years. It is very difficult to create a satisfactory and inspiring name for such a great movement. The names already suggested—"Order of Servants of Humanity," "League of Love," and "Federation of Justice"—are favorable in several aspects; but none of them seems to me to possess that ringing and inspiring sound which I believe to be at least partially essential to success. Remember the proposed society is to be one for the masses—not for the *dilettanti*. Therefore it must be something which will catch the popular ear and awaken both curiosity and interest. I had thought of "League of Liberty"; then when I saw Mr. Flower's suggestion, "League of Love," the union of the two phrases, "League of Liberty and Love," occurred to me as alliterative and suggestive. Yet even that did not fully satisfy me. Then I reasoned, this association will consist of mutual helpers, co-laborers, a community of people bent upon mutual service—fellow-servants. Hence I thought it might be called the "Federation of Fellow-Servants"; or, to please some who would like the suggestion of freedom in the title, it might be called the "FEDERATION OF FREE FELLOW-SERVANTS." Popularly the order might become known as the "F.F.F.S."—possibly the "3 F. S." Individually the members would be denominated "Fellow-Servants," a term which seems to me singularly to express the very purpose and inspiration of the proposed order.

I am, of course, aware that there is a legal technical interpretation attributed to the term "Fellow-Servants," but the technical meaning need in no manner confuse the popular conception and application of the same, as the analogy of our language felicitously admits of this. Personally, it seems to me I should be proud to call myself a "Fellow-Servant," when I indicated by that appellation that I was a member of that great aggregation of individuals and forces which I believe will yet constitute the federation of free fellow-servants, by whatever name the association may become known to the world,

My paper is already too long, or I would suggest much more concerning several minor features and purposes of the organization. I think a mutual benefit feature, constructed upon some safe and business-like basis, would be a very efficacious and encouraging factor in such an order. I would also propose that the national societies be organized on the basis of political boundaries and localities. The capital of each state should be the headquarters of the organizations in that commonwealth, as each county seat, or principal city in each county, should be constituted the county headquarters. If possible, the president, leader, or lecturer of the society at the state capital should have advisory supervision over the entire state, as the leader of the county seat society should exercise similar functions over the local village societies. Of course by supervision is not intended the exercise of any authority, but simply assistance of such a nature as may be called for by each society. Each branch must in itself be a perfect autonomy, yet so related to all the others that co-operation and mutuality of interests shall ever prevail. Once a quarter it would be well to hold union meetings at the county seat, or the principal city in the county, which representatives from all the county societies should attend. Every six months, or possibly every year, a general state meeting should be held at the capital, where representatives from the entire commonwealth should be sent, to be employed in whatever capacity they might avail. Then as a climax, annually, a great national assembly in some metropolitan centre should be held, on which occasion the most noble and inspiring efforts should be put forth to arouse the whole country to the grandeur of our cause and the triumph and purpose of our endeavor.

I have also long seriously thought upon the proclamation of principles for the proposed federation, and I will close this article with the following declarations, which may be helpful in the final formula to be presented:—

1. It shall be the object of the members of this organization to seek the solution of all issues and problems, religious, scientific, sociological, psychological, and practical.

2. To accept as fundamental such apparent expositions of the truth as accord with thorough research, with unbiased reason, and with honest purpose.

3. To spread the literature of all reasonable phases of propaganda which seem to promise disenthralment from superstition and tradi-

tional ignorance, and to cultivate in the human mind an attitude receptive to the demonstration of truth, however repugnant to conventional conviction or respectable adherence.

4. To advocate a just basis for the rightful fraternization of humanity, wherein justice shall be the foundation of all functional relations; wherein effective labor shall never be defrauded of its own created wealth; wherein, while the social organization shall be a compact unity, the individual shall be so related to the whole as to be privileged with perfect freedom, so far forth as this shall not encroach upon the rightful freedom of another.

5. To ascertain, by scientific methods, the actual existence of a presumed latent potency in the human mind, known as the psychic, and if discovered, to explore all its possibilities and promises to their utmost limit.

6. To search and expound such ethics as are founded in scientific exposition, appeal to the loftiest ideal, and promise to further the ultimate happiness of the individual, blended in the universal harmony of the social organism.

7. To cultivate among ourselves the social instinct for higher mutual improvement, inviting to our ranks, regardless of "race, color, or previous condition," of social position or financial qualification, all who may desire to affiliate peaceably with us, seeking by all justifiable and rational efforts to rescue the outcast from oblivion and shame, to upbuild the moral character by transformed physical environments and social relations; remembering, however, that the rich are not to be scorned for their wealth, or the poor for their poverty, but all are to be alike welcomed as true fellow-servants who are willing to consecrate their services to the amelioration of their fellowkind.

On some such rational and ethical basis I look for the formation of that glorious brotherhood of humanity which shall usher in the new age, vocal with the songs of human happiness, and prophetic of that glad day when man's inhumanity to man shall be no more, when contention shall be swallowed up in peace, when selfishness shall be transmuted into love, and when truth shall be the universal saviour, with healing in her wings, whom, with wide open eyes, mankind shall evermore adore!

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CASE.

VERDICT NO. II.

[This month we publish the second instalment of the Bacon-Shakespeare verdict, containing opinions of Edmund C. Stedman, Edmund Gosse, Professor A. E. Dolbear of Tufts College, Luther R. Marsh, Esq., Hon. A. A. Adee, and Professor N. S. Shaler of Harvard University. It will be seen that Professor Dolbear renders a verdict against Shakespeare, but does not commit himself in favor of Bacon; while Edmund C. Stedman, Edmund Gosse, Luther R. Marsh, A. A. Adee, and Professor Shaler render verdicts for the defendant.]

I. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

I have examined all the arguments of the opposing counsel. Doubtless Mr. Reed's opening brief embodies the points which he deems most telling for the plaintiff. Let me own that, after following him through four numbers of *THE ARENA*, it was a shock to find him, in the fifth, submitting a cogent brief for the other side. This gave an air of insincerity to his efforts, and weakened the results of his original attack. In spite of Professor Schelling's opinion that his counter-brief strengthens the plaintiff's case by a halting understatement of Shakespeare's, I really think his second opening a pretty effective rejoinder to the first; for he does exhibit the main, simple, obvious, irrefutable points in favor of the defendant—the facts that of themselves make so strong a case as to plead “trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking-off.”

What do we find in Mr. Reed's brief for the plaintiff? He insists, first, upon the scholarship, wisdom, and genius of the author of the plays; second, upon the ignorance and stolidity of Shakespeare, who, as he furthermore avers, made no claim to the authorship; third, upon the learning and greatness of Bacon, and the internal evidence that such a man as he must have been the author. For the rest, Mr. Reed alludes to Bacon's “Promus,” and magnifies all the trifling straws of coincidence, surmise, analogy, etc., at which the Baconians have caught throughout the forty years of this discussion.

In his counter-brief he acknowledges the contemporaneous

testimony "without a flaw," of Heminge, Condell, and Ben Jonson. He lays stress upon the unique character of the works in question — upon their quality so distinctive as to render it impossible that the author of Bacon's acknowledged verses could have written them. These two points are enough. They would be selected by such an advocate as Webster, who had a contempt for side issues, and put his force upon the direct line of argument.

As to the mistakes of the dramatist, it is at least paradoxical, first, to attribute the plays to Bacon because of their and his learning, and, second, to attribute them to him because of their ignorance — alleging that blunders had to be made for the better concealment of his authorship. The truth is that the dramatist's errors in language, history, geography, and so on are precisely those which a lifelong scholar could not force himself to make, — any more than a Saint Chrysostom by any effort could bring himself to utter an obscene profanity, — his whole nature and habit being otherwise; but a genius like Shakespeare's never would permit a mere fact to disconcert the action, passion, imagination, of creative art. Scores of readers in his time, though not university scholars, were familiar with poorly translated classics, and with chronicles and romances without number. Besides, every man of talent knows how slight a clue is sufficient for the imagination; it can conceive of the whole tropics from seeing a frond of palm. While the classicism of certain plays is just that which a layman would have found in his general reading and from the special reading of a faulty Plutarch, their anachronism and bad history are Shakespeare's own. For the rest, he made his world, not found it.

Dr. Nicholson, although a clergyman, reveals a lawyer's ability to analyze evidence, in his reply *seriatim* to the matters put forward by Mr. Reed. His acumen and his knowledge of the Elizabethan time are of much service to the defendant.

From Professor Rolfe we have a cogent statement of the points most essential, written in the clear and manly English to which he has accustomed his readers. Brushing away all cobwebs, he shows that the "fundamental assumption" of the Baconians is that Shakespeare could not have written the works ascribed to him, and that only Bacon was equal to their production. Mr. Rolfe's distinction between the respective equipments of the philosophic scholar and the imaginative poet has an effective bearing on the case. Of itself it almost rules the plaintiff out of court.

Dr. Furnivall argues with the impatience and dogmatism so entertaining to a tranquil mind. The occasion, it must be confessed, gives this expert an unusual excuse for a display of temperament in his forcible conclusions. But why does he award just

praise to a few of our critical editors, by way of intensifying his poor opinion of Americans at large? They know quite as much of English literature, and of their Shakespeare as do the common people of the motherland. Some of them even know of Dr. Furnivall.

Mr. Donnelly censures his associate, Mr. Reed, for betraying their client — and well he may. Professor Schelling, as I have said, repudiates Mr. Reed's aid to the defence; nevertheless, let us be grateful for it. "It is the cause, it is the cause," that makes that counter-brief so strong. Mr. Donnelly puts forward a rejoinder to the arguments of his predecessors, but his heart is really in the business when he comes to the great Cryptogram. He long ago convinced us that if Bacon did not fit the plays to the cipher, it was because our ingenious fellow-citizen was predestined to fit a cipher to the plays.

Various matters which impress Mr. Donnelly and his associates seem very trivial. An argument is fallacious that is derived from trifling verbal resemblances, from proverbs common to many periods and literatures, from mystic meanings read into expressions common to many Elizabethan poets. Whatever essential likeness there is in the thought and speech of the two great compeers springs from those high moods wherein, as Wordsworth declares, "The true poet and the true philosopher are one." A word more: If the plays were held "in general contempt" for more than one hundred years, is it surprising that Shakespeare's generation did not realize their full value? Nevertheless, he won a stately reputation in his lifetime. It is incomprehensible that even a partisan can find any touch of irony in the enduring testimony of Ben Jonson's prelude, "To the memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us."

From Mr. Reed we have supplementary tractates in reply to the briefs of Messrs. Nicholson, Rolfe, and Furnivall, and a "closing argument" for the plaintiff. But these do not change my opinion, and I suppose they are not fairly "of record" in the case. Finally, one of your best papers is Professor Schelling's compact summing-up for the defendant. His peroration is a model of the *reductio ad absurdum*, and his conclusion is that it is impossible that Bacon should have done "what is distinctly at variance with his characteristics of mind and training." I am heartily of the same belief. The *instinct* of a scholar is against the Baconian theory; so is the instinct of every one who is even "a bit of a poet." And what is this instinct, but the ultimate wisdom, the spiritual sense derived from long acquaintanceship and practice? The trained eye of the physician serves him better than all the equipment of a studious neophyte. Whatever the decision of your jury may be, I would that it could put a

final stop to this discussion. Doubtless even the rotundity of the earth will always have a sceptic to dispute it.

“But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.”

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Mr. Stedman renders his verdict for Shakespeare.

II. EDMUND GOSSE.

In a letter which I received from you last autumn, you requested me to read with attention, and finally to give my impression of, a controversy on the authorship of Shakespeare's works, then about to begin in *THE ARENA*. The discussion has closed, and you remind me that I have promised to report upon it. I do so with pleasure, because I think the contention must be a final one this time; I hardly suppose the question can need to be reopened. The Baconian hypothesis can never be stated with more courtesy and candor, with keener ingenuity, or with fuller investigation, than has in this instance been done. Now, therefore, or never the Baconians should have persuaded the world.

Reading what they have to bring forward, with the greatest appreciation of their sincerity and acumen and an unprejudiced consideration of all their points, I am finally brought to this position: That to doubt that what are called the Works of Shakespeare were, in the main, written by William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, and that they were not in any degree written by Sir Francis Bacon, is possible only if we neglect probability, the analogies of literary history, all internal evidence, and all external tradition.

EDMUND GOSSE.

Edmund Gosse. Verdict is for the defendant.

III. PROFESSOR A. E. DOLBEAR.

Mr. Reed has presented what purports to be a complete account of all that is really known concerning the life of William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon. It is meagre and uninteresting, concerned with trivial things, that no one interested in a literary career can care the least for, even though associated with the life of the real author of the works called Shakespeare's. He presents evidence that the Stratford family was illiterate, lawless, and dirty, and gives *fac-similes* of the known autographs of the now famous man. These show, as plainly as need be, that the hand which wrote those had no facility with a pen, and make it certain that it was not the hand alluded to by the editor in 1623 when he said, “His mind and hand went together,” etc.

Until lately, the commentators have found in the "Works" evidence of great and varied accomplishments; knowledge of ancient and modern languages, of history, of law, of science, and philosophy. Attainments in these fields imply much more than genius: they imply improved opportunities. Genius can dispense with learning in music, in mathematics, in mechanism; but there is no such thing as innate knowledge of language or law or history or science. It is a necessary presumption that whoever possesses any of them in any degree has acquired so much, and eminence implies great and persistent efforts. According to Mr. Reed, there is no evidence that Shakespeare had either opportunity or inclination to concern himself with any such matters. On the contrary, his known tastes were a long remove from them. Fancy, if one can, Bacon retiring from London as a money lender and beer brewer!

The so-called defendants do not attempt to add any matter from the known life of Shakespeare to what Mr. Reed has given. Dr. Rolfe says the autographs are gross caricatures; but he does not give the truthful ones, as he should have done if he could, and Mr. Reed reaffirms their fidelity. Dr. Rolfe says, "It is amazing that any Shakespearean scholar should have ever conceived that there is evidence of learning in the plays." Nevertheless he is well aware that the most eminent of them have found abundance of it there. If it be not there, it shows that the judgment of Shakespearean scholars is not to be trusted when inferences are to be drawn. It was found there, until it became apparent it damaged Shakespeare's claim. To deny it now looks like hedging to save a reputation for perspicacity. Moses was deemed the author of the Pentateuch, until students of other matters began to look up the evidence, and they soon changed all that, in spite of the contemptuous treatment by the old defenders.

As the defence seems to acquiesce in the statements of the plaintiff concerning what is really *known* of William Shakespeare, and draws its inferences from a hypothetical Shakespeare rather than the one we know something about, it appears, from the evidence presented, highly improbable that William Shakespeare either did or could have written what has been attributed to him. That Bacon wrote it, does not seem to me to be so certain as the other; though the letter of Matthew to Bacon concerning a wonderful man, is much stronger than the somewhat equivocal one of Ben Jonson concerning Shakespeare, while the contents of the "Promus" of Bacon scattered through the plays seems inexplicable on any other assumption than that he was himself the author.

A. E. DOLBEAR.

Professor Dolbear believes defendant did not write the plays.

IV. LUTHER R. MARSH, ESQ.

I have carefully read the arguments on both sides, as they have been printed in *THE ARENA*; considered them, and written an opinion thereon, at full length, which, being too voluminous for publication in that magazine, according to its programme, I herewith condense it into this synopsis. Being requested to be as "brief and concise as possible," I am obliged, herein, to leave many minor points untouched, and merely to glance at the salient ones.

1. The *onus probandi* is on the plaintiff. He must show not only that the defendant did not, but that the plaintiff did, write the disputed works.

2. Shakespeare's possession of the title and credit of authorship, in his lifetime and ever since, raises a presumption in his favor, which must be overcome by satisfactory proof to entitle the plaintiff to a verdict.

3. The case is one which must necessarily be decided on circumstantial evidence and historical reference and innate considerations, all direct proof being out of the question.

4. The absence of any testimony, on plaintiff's behalf, that he, during his life, ever put forth any claim to the authorship of either the dramas or the sonnets, is a potent argument against his contention.

5. The absence of any such assertion of right is not adequately accounted for or explained. No sufficient reason for such extraordinary reticence has been offered or suggested. The theory that the plaintiff concealed his authorship from the fear that the knowledge of it would induce the disfavor of the queen and her court, and retard his advance, is not sustained. On the contrary, the fact that Shakespeare was invited to read before Elizabeth some of his plays, at Shrove-tide and Yule-tide, proves that there was no hostility on her part towards these writings; and Ben Jonson refers to this as evidence of the high favor with which they were received.

6. The allegation that Shakespeare had not the education requisite for the production of such works, fails; for if, as claimed under another point, so little — almost nothing — is known of Shakespeare in his youth, it cannot be known that he did not have all the advantages which the most advanced schools of the time afforded. Certainly there was a well-known grammar school, of repute, at Stratford; and the study of languages was in high favor at that period. Again, I regard these works as the product of *inspiration*, rather than of plodding and profound study and research. That argument would unseat Burns as the author of his poems, and Patrick Henry as the greatest orator of

his age. Besides, it is known that Shakespeare often built up his plays on the framework of some antecedent dramas—turning their dross into gold; and it is not unlikely that some of the authors of those were men of classic lore, and left the evidences thereof for Shakespeare to adopt.

7. The argument that Bacon's home—St. Albans—is often named, and Shakespeare's—Stratford-on-Avon—never, does not seem very strong when we remember that St. Albans was renowned for its historical associations, and Stratford was comparatively unknown.

8. It is fair to presume that Bacon would have carried his well-known habits of his prose compositions into his poetical writings. Naturally we would expect that much more labor and time would be required in the conception, recording, and polishing of his poems, than of his prose. Now, as it is granted that he was the most painstaking of authors,—rewriting his great work, "*Novum Organum*," twelve times, and his *Essays* thirty times,—it would seem that a similar labor bestowed on the plays and sonnets, in addition, would be almost impossible.

9. When we consider the full life of Bacon, crowded ever; his profound studies and preparation for his active life; his professional engagements; his official duties; his efforts for advancement; his social life; his literary and other engagements; his garden relaxations;—it does not appear to be within the limits of physical possibility that he could have found the time or endured the labor necessary for these compositions, in addition to his acknowledged labors and productions.

10. It seems inconsistent with what we know of human nature in general, and of Bacon's nature in particular, that he should or could have kept the secret of his authorship so closely, through all the emergencies and temptations of his eventful life; resisting all inducements, though so inviting; through health and sickness, through poverty and prosperity, through freedom and imprisonment; through the time of his condemnation and sentence, and after; and died, with the riddle unrevealed, leaving no trace or hint by which his authorship might even be suspected. What motive could have induced him to bestow such time and labor as were required for these productions, if he was not to be known as the author? One would think that, if Bacon wrote the plays which were gaining for Shakespeare such financial reward and enviable renown, he would, certainly after the sentence for bribery was pronounced, which barred all his future, have sought at least to mitigate the terrible blow, by announcing that he, Bacon, was indeed the man whom his country and the world should honor, as the author of the works in question.

11. The well-earned praise which, the plaintiff's argument

shows, has been accorded by many eminent writers to the genius of Bacon could have found no language to sound his eulogy if, in addition, like a new

“ morn
Risen on mid-noon,”

these writers had attempted to record their enthusiasm. It would have been too great for mortal.

12. The whole range and scope of the studies, duties, employments, and life-work of Bacon were not congenial with, nor stimulative of, that imaginative condition essential to the conception and composition of these inspired productions.

13. The testimony of contemporaries, or of those living soon after Shakespeare, is of controlling import.

Of *Ben Jonson*, his friend and oft companion, who, while he gave Bacon high praise, could not rise to the height of his eulogy of Shakespeare.

Of *Milton* (born eight years before Shakespeare's death), who gives him the firstfruits of his poetic genius, and who said to Hampden : —

“ The brain that originated the ‘*Tempest*’ and conceived the wonderful tragedy of ‘*Hamlet*’ is, to my thinking, the greatest in our English letters. Others are tall; *Shakespeare is a giant*. I could be content to have reached grey hairs, could I have seen and talked with him.”

This almost contemporaneous tribute by the next sublimest genius of English poesy, to the greatest, is, to me, a testimony that overrides many criticisms of an after age.

Of *James* and *Richard Burbage*, and of *Heminge* and *Condell*, — intimates and fellow-actors with Shakespeare, remembered in his will, — who certainly must have known whether Shakespeare, in whose plays they acted, was the author of the dramas ascribed to him.

Of *Betterton*, the actor, who came into this world only nineteen years after Shakespeare left it, and who visited Stratford to seek out all that could be known of the traditions and history of Shakespeare; and who could hardly be deceived as to his authorship.

14. Some reliance should be placed upon the host of learned commentators of the plays of Shakespeare, down to old Sam Johnson, and on the many eminent later writers, as Carlyle, Emerson, Lowell, Gilfillan, Macaulay, Irving, Landon, and others, who must be assumed to be well acquainted with the writings of both Shakespeare and Bacon, and with the style and mental characteristics of each, and who have never entertained a doubt concerning the authorship of Shakespeare. Our own Emerson, for instance, — poet, philosopher, and seer, — says that *Shakespeare* “ not only reached the common measure of great men, as

Bacon, Milton, Tasso, Cervantes," but that he was "the man of men," and "planted the standard of humanity some furlongs further into chaos."

15. The number of books, essays, pamphlets, called forth by these works under Shakespeare's name, has been estimated at ten thousand; and the universal accord is to Shakespeare as the author.

16. This general *consensus* of his authorship is proved by the sacred reverence for every relic of Shakespeare preserved in his native town, and the beaten path of the world's pilgrims to the shrine of his genius. Can such a universal instinct and sentiment be mistaken?

17. Nature, who writes her testimony in the features, has inscribed unmistakable attributes on the countenances of these two exceptional men; and every observer instinctively turns to Shakespeare as the poet of lofty thought, and to Bacon as the rugged and profound delver and philosopher.

18. The character of the two modes of thought of Bacon and Shakespeare is, to my mind, so entirely variant that it does not seem probable — hardly possible — that their various works could have proceeded from one and the same mind.

19. Bacon's essays are overladen with his learning; quotations and foreign epigrams and illustrations abound; whereas Shakespeare rarely imports into his writings — except where the characters he is representing require it — any Latin, French, or other foreign expressions.

20. The styles of composition — and style is as distinctive as handwriting — are thoroughly different. There is no similarity between the style of the essays and that of the dramas.

21. Shakespeare and Bacon were antipodes in all things — in person, countenance, heart, and mind.

22. To combine the high qualities and works of these two authors in one man would represent a being greater than any mortal yet known on the earth.

23. In conclusion of the whole matter, I am compelled to say that I believe in the man William Shakespeare; in his personality; in his character; his genius; his inspiration; his capacity; his authorship; and that he wrote the plays and sonnets which, in his lifetime and ever since, have passed under his name. I have not a doubt. There is nothing in the arguments for the plaintiff that causes me to waver a hair in this conviction. In this conclusion, I take nothing from the just fame of Lord Bacon. He is a luminous point in the history of the race. He is a star of the first magnitude. But higher than he, and brighter than he, flames forth the sun of Shakespeare.

The complaint should be dismissed. LUTHER R. MARSH.

Mr. Marsh renders a verdict for the defendant.

V. HON. A. A. ADEE.

The issue is squarely joined. It is incumbent on the advocates of Bacon's authorship to prove their claim, and coincidentally to disprove the reputed Shakespearean origin of the plays. The burden of proof is not to be shifted by plausible pleading or brilliant but delusive rhetoric. The defendant's advocates make a mistake in not massing the proofs on which Shakespeare's title has rested undisturbed for nearly three hundred years. They appear to assume that the vital facts are known to the jury. This may be so of those who have given years to the study, not alone of the reputed canon, but of the whole field of the literature and stage of his time.

Of external evidence that Bacon wrote these or any plays, there is no trace. His marvellous intellect left a matchless heritage to posterity, indeed, but, like his career, all lying in a determinate plane, not at all suggestive of playwriting:

The conjectural evidence is slender. I read the oft-cited phrases in the light of context and known facts. In the allusion to "concealed poets" I see Bacon's genial bracketing of himself and Sir John Davies as an unnoted versifier; else, why the plural? Davies' "Epigrammes" survive in humble association with Marlowe's. The most obtruded point is the Tobie Matthew letter — so conclusive, in Mr. Reed's mind, that "Indeed, on this ground alone we might ask, if it were legally permissible, that the court instruct the jury to find for the plaintiff." Bacon's "great and noble token and favor of the ninth of April" is, reasonably, his lost letter of that date to Matthew, probably as laudatory as those prior to Tobie's departure about April 1, 1623, to join Prince Charles at Madrid. Perhaps it enclosed his gracious letter of March 31, introducing Tobie to Sir Francis Cottington, then in Madrid under an assumed name. The "prodigious wit" of his lordship's "name, though he be known by another," must, by the stated terms, have been an Englishman ("of *my* nation"), who was at that time on the Continent ("of *this* side of the sea") — which last Bacon was *not*.

Of finding parallels there is no end. In an idle evening I myself once collected threescore, as startling as any in the "Promus," by collating the plays and Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation."

Of the internal evidence of the plays, I may be allowed to speak somewhat at length. In them I discern a steady change of style, from the 'prentice-work, imitative of Marlowe's mighty line and of the easy jingle of Peele, to the ripe mastery of "Winter's Tale." They grow, by consistent gradation, in power and withal in complexity of diction. Between "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "The Tempest," the contrast is as visible as between Murillo's early and *vaporoso* styles. Bacon's work,

on the contrary, runs at a constant level, from the *Essays* to the "*History of the Tudors*."

The plays are not closet-born; they are of the stage, stagey — not in spots, but throughout. They reek with scenic allusions — the "blanket" of the dark, the gaping "hell," the "heavens" hung with black. Metaphors drawn from the actor's sordid life abound. Their aim is effectiveness in representation. They are as manifestly the job-work of the professional playwright as is the output of Lilly, Greene, Chapman, or Dekker, but they differ in degree. The self-same clay is fashioned unto greater honor, with a facility that argues that most marvellous of all powers — unconscious and effortless excellence. Had their maker known how well he wrought, he could not have wrought half so well. It is thus that Ben Jonson complained that his friend Shakespeare wrote, wanting "art."

The fact of collaboration and adaptation is one of the most salient in the genesis of the plays. Take, among early instances, the "*Contention*" and "*True Tragedie*." Whatever be the truth of Shakespeare's copartnership in the originals, — and I share Grant White's belief in his participation, — is it not significant that, when Marlowe's and Greene's work for the Pembroke Company was recast to make a play for Burbage's theatre, the Greene passages should be wholly rewritten and transmuted, while the Marlowe parts (embracing what may be Shakespeare's early effort) are transferred with little or no change? And to leap to the latest example, why should Fletcher have contributed a large share of "*Henry VIII.*," except by way of collaboration or to finish a drama sketched out and left half-done by the first author?

I cannot disregard the mass of external evidence which identifies Shakespeare with the theatre from 1588, as actor, shareholder, manager, and playwright. His upward progress was rapid, until we find him high in the chamberlain's troop, and chief stockholder in the Globe and Blackfriars, while many contemporary notices attribute to him plays belonging exclusively to those theatres. I fail to see in the testimony of Ben Jonson traces of "double meaning" and "exquisite satire." Even in criticising he grants Shakespeare's paternity of "*Winter's Tale*" and "*Julius Cæsar*"; and to the intellectual fecundity of the man he loved on this side idolatry, he bears unimpeachable witness years after Shakespeare, and Bacon too, had passed away. The evidence of Heminge and Condell, his fellow-actors, fellow-stockholders, and publishers of the plays of which they owned the copyright, is not to be lightly esteemed.

It has become a fashion to point to the five existing autographs of Shakespeare as proof of his illiteracy. Two of these

were penned in 1613, two years after he had quitted the theatre forever; the last three, on the will, are the work of a dying man. Is it not at least as plausible to find in these signatures suggestion of the degeneracy of pen-palsy, as to deem them the imitative scrawling of a boor? And in this conjecture may not an explanation be found of the abrupt cessation of playwriting activity in 1610 or 1611, leaving "Henry VIII." to be finished three years later by another hand, at a time when Bacon was in the zenith of his powers and devoting the ample leisure of his waning fortunes to the completion of his life tasks?

I need not Bacon's erudition to account for the versatile information of the plays. This theatre-hack, Shakespeare, was the daily associate of Jonson, Chapman, Marlowe, Greene, Nash, Peele, Lodge, Chettle, Armin, and many more of Bohemian aptitude and of facile fancy. That he was intimate with John Florio, private tutor in Southampton's family, is hardly to be doubted; and to this source some of the obscurely derived Italian plots may have been due. Even in anachronisms he followed Chapman, whose conversance with things Homeric did not prevent his introducing pistols, tobacco, and billiards in a play of Ptolemy's time. Bacon could certainly never have written such mongrel French as in "Henry V.," which was probably Lodge's contribution. Holinshed and North's Plutarch, almost servilely paraphrased, supply the ancient and modern history of the plays, and especially the Roman and dynastic law, which has been held up as beyond Shakespeare's reach.

His grammar-school education, with *some* Latin and *some* Greek, bars the plea of illiteracy at the outset, as completely as the testimony of the tablet beneath his bust in old Trinity at Stratford, set up before 1623, does at the close of his career of admitted renown. What of Milton's tribute to Shakespeare's easy flowing numbers and heritage of fancy? I cannot accept Mr. Reed's dictum that such references to Shakespeare as a reputed author "are irrelevant to our purpose." They are, to me, of the very essence of it; and until I can honestly form a belief that Jonson, Milton, Meres, Digges, Heminge, and Condell were coparceners in covering up an open fraud with a tissue of sarcastic laudation, I must give my verdict for William Shakespeare.

ALVEY A. ADEE.

Alvey A. Adeë renders a verdict in favor of defendant.

VI. PROFESSOR N. S. SHALER.

I have patiently, though at times with some exasperation, read the interesting discussion concerning the authorship of the plays accredited to William Shakespeare, which has appeared in *THE ARENA*. As I have a great respect for several of the writers who

have contended for the view that Francis Bacon wrote those plays, I think I have been able to consider the argument in a judicial manner. I am aware, however, that it is not easy for me to clear my mind of prejudices.

Looking at the matter as a jurymen, but retaining the right to go beyond the limits of the facts and arguments which you have presented, I am clearly of the opinion that those who have advocated the claims they make that Lord Bacon wrote the plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare, have failed to make out their case. The points which weigh most with me, a few of the many which have weight, are as follows:—

First, in the time and place when these plays were written, although gospel and scandal abounded, no one suspected any relationship between Bacon and Shakespeare. It seems to me very improbable that the keen-witted men of that time should have failed to discern this if it had existed.

Next, I note that many of Shakespeare's plays were made over from such material as he would have found about a theatre. They bear the stamp of immediate professional skill such as only the man educated on the stage would possess. Bacon was not only an original but originating mind. So far as I can find, he built his works always on his own foundation. He is, indeed, one of the most distinctly individualized men in literature. If he had undertaken to write a series of dramas, it seems to me that he would not have refurbished the work of others, but would have trusted to himself.

The literary style of Bacon's work appears to me entirely different from that of Shakespeare. Both in his prose and in the fragments of verse which we have from his pen, there is a note, which, as I apprehend it, differs in a most significant way from that of all true poets. I do not deny him wit or imagination—he had both in large measure; but his instinct of presentation appears to me not to be at all poetical.

Such identities as are traceable in the writings of these men, although they are both numerous and striking, seem to me to be accounted for by the fact that they dwelt together in a little city, in what was then a small state, where every man appears to have known much about his neighbors and where phrases were bandied about. Although we cannot trace any social intercourse between Shakespeare and Bacon, it seems to me very probable that they were often together. Even the strong caste feeling which excluded actors from society at that time, is not likely to have kept two able and active men apart.

Yours very truly,

N. S. SHALER.

Professor Shaler renders a verdict in favor of defendant.

HOSANNA OF KA-BOB: A STUDY IN RELIGIOUS HYPNOTISM.

BY FORREST CRISSEY.

THE directors of the Ka-Bob district school evidently intended to do things about "on the square." The briar-fringed lot, open toward the road, in the precise centre of which stood the little rectangular frame schoolhouse, was as square cornered as the building itself. Even the whitewashed board above the door, which proclaimed, in letters of lamp-black, the legend, "Ka-Bob, District No. 6," had the same well-regulated abruptness of feature.

Suddenly this sepulchral structure emptied forth a stream of pushing, crowding, laughing, storming boys and girls, — as noisy and merry as the brook which tumbled under the stump fence at the rear of the school ground, and rattled over its stony way until it came to a system of miniature fish dams which separated each boy's minnow pond from those of his mates.

Here the boisterous little brook was suddenly hushed, and compelled to steal through aqueducts of hollow smellage stalks, and between mason work of loose stones, in order to escape to the meadow, — beyond the road, — where it flowed on as quietly and as gracefully as moved the solitary girl, who passed out of the schoolhouse a little behind her younger and noisier mates.

The schoolmaster was the last of all to appear in the doorway. He still held a spelling-book in his hand, his index finger shut in between the pages from which he had been propounding words to a row of restless little "Bobbers."

Unlike every other young man in the community whose cheeks gave a "faint, uncertain prophecy of beard," Nathan Oakley's face was fair and closely shaven.

His countenance was fine and thoughtful, at the same time expressing large resource and strong determination. His calm blue eyes rested a moment on the retreating figure of his eldest pupil, as she stooped by the roadside to pull a lingering spear of belated timothy; but he quickly raised them, not even waiting to see the pearly teeth nip the tender end of the segment, and his gaze rested dreamily on the long stretch of Ka-Bob flats.

Although he did not appear to notice the man who, with a quick, downward jerk of the head intended for a civil recogni-

tion, passed Phebe Snow upon the bridge, his observation of both man and girl had been searching. He noticed that beneath the seeming indifference and preoccupation of the man's manner and salutation, there was a kind of note-taking which struck him as unpleasant and almost repulsive. The man approached the young schoolmaster with that peculiar forward lope which indicates an intense temperament, subject to strong enthusiasms.

The happy reflection of a smile, which seemed always ready to dance across his tense, nervous lips, reminded Nathan of the flickerings of sunshine on the schoolhouse ceiling, which appeared when the sun shone into a certain window, where its rays could be caught on the freshly bathed surface of a slate, and made to dance about the room at the will of the urchin who held the slate.

"Brother Nathan, how air ye; and how does the blessed work come on?" said the 'squire, who not only held the young man's hand, but grasped his muscular arm to emphasize the cordiality of the greeting.

"Why, very well, I guess, if you refer to the school," replied the teacher.

"*Eg-zactly!* Glad t' hear it. Heard about the meetin's?"

"No," replied Nathan; "what about them?"

"Well, ef that don't beat the Shakers!—livin' right here on Ka-Bob flats, and don't know 'bout the meetin's!

"Now see here, Brother Nathan," continued the 'squire, laughingly, "don't you let nobody round this 'ere circuit know that you don't know 'bout the meetin's, or they'll think you ain't fit t' teach the rule o' three! I've just ben a-Sabbath down at New Leb'non; and the Lord's a-pourin' 'em out a blessin' that they ain't room ter receive—bless His name! Why, you never saw such a cleaver as that 'ere leader swings. He don't leave a refuge standin'—not one!—nothin' but the mercy seat!—knocks the props clean out f'om under the whole coboodle of 'em! Bless the Lord! Why, they ain't nothin' for a sinner to do, but jest t' come and git saved, when Brother Vivian wields the cleaver. And when the band of virgins leads the praise, the glory comes right down—sinners kneel in rows around the altar. *Hosanna!*"

The 'squire's fervor seemed so sincere, that when he said, "I say, brother, there's a hayrack of us folks goin' over to-night; now you jest git your sweetheart an' come along, an' git saved!" the young man smiled a quiet assent to the invitation to join the party.

Phebe and Nathan were the first to be picked up by the 'squire and his hayrack. The remainder of the load was composed of the Free Methodist "sisters" of the community, who, as they

joined the party, nudged each other, and did an amount of whispering anything but agreeable to the shy girl and her escort.

There was a vein of levity and bantering, on the journey to the New Lebanon church, which, the age of the participants considered, not a little surprised Nathan, and impressed him as being an inappropriate prelude to the serious business of "getting saved," a process as yet undefined in his mind.

As they entered the quaint little church, the swinging measures of the hymn, which had just been started, seemed to catch him up in a strange enthusiasm, which sent the blood tingling through his veins. Near the doors which opened from the front entry stood two old-fashioned box stoves, surmounted by ponderous sheet-iron drums. From each of these stoves meandered a line of stove pipe, the ultimate destination of which was a hole in the wall, at either side of the low pulpit, at the other end of the church. This fact, however, could not have been suspected from the direction of any individual length of pipe. The holes into which the pipes disappeared were festooned, for several inches beneath, by a dirty, lingering drizzle of soot and rust. The "altar," as the low pulpit was commonly called, was on a second platform, the first and larger one being surrounded by a railing, inside of which the "seekers" knelt. This railing formed a sort of dead-line, once beyond which, sinners were thought to be no longer gospel proof.

After the 'squire's bevy of sisters had exchanged nods of greeting with acquaintances throughout the congregation, the house became so full that it was with difficulty that a thin, wiry woman made her way up the aisle. She advanced directly toward Nathan, and the air of expectancy which seemed to settle upon the congregation, as they noticed her movements, gave him the unpleasant presentiment that something was about to happen.

Greatly to Nathan's relief, the 'squire started the hymn,—

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die!"

The woman who stood before Nathan, presenting her hand, was dressed in a close-fitting, ulster-like suit of gray alpaca. Her low, square forehead was crowned with smooth saddles of shining, streaked hair and a steel-gray cottage bonnet.

There was an intensity in the expression of her face and small black eyes strangely contradictory to the unmistakable evidences of age, which she displayed in other ways. An air of peremptory leadership made itself felt in her every word and motion.

Nathan took her extended hand with the manner of a person willing to invite further surprises. She lifted her eyes, slightly bent her knees, and then arose with a piercing shriek of "Glory!"

Like the signal cry of the wolf which first sights a victim, her

frenzied shriek awoke a chorus of replies from every part of the house. This imparted a new zest to the singing, and seemingly the entire audience caught up the song and sang it with a wild, free, joyous abandon that was irresistible.

Before the hymn had ceased, men and women came from all parts of the house and knelt inside the railing, about the altar; and by the time the last notes died away, the familiar voice of "Sister Fox," who had saluted Nathan, was raised in prayer, and all eyes were directed toward the altar.

She was standing upon her knees just inside the altar-rail, her white face turned toward the audience and her hands clasped one moment in an attitude of devotion upon her bosom, the next brought low to the floor or raised imploringly above her head, but never for an instant did she relax their rigid clasp.

From her lips poured forth a rhapsody of prayer, which depicted the hideousness of sin, the despairing condition of the lost, and the agonies of the damned. She implored the vilest sinner to come and taste the joys of salvation, and besought a merciful God to withhold His righteous vengeance and send His convicting Spirit to arrest sinners in their downward way.

A babel of responses greeted every sentence of her prayer. When sin and retribution were her theme, groans and shrieks of anguish arose from the kneeling throng; and when eternal joys were pictured, and the presence of "th' Sperit" implored, the clear voice of the 'squire might be heard exclaiming: "Yes, yes, Lord! Amen! Bless His name! Praise Him! Oh, *my* Lord — come — just *now*, come. Yes, yes! *Hosanna!*"

Had it not been for the peculiar, hound-like quality of the voice of the principal speaker in this supplicating throng, it would have been to Nathan an inextricable confusion of tongues; but the voice of Sister Fox, clear, resonant, and penetrating, could be heard as distinctly "in the lead" as was ever the ringing bay of the fleet "leader" of a "pack."

Brother Vivian came in person to urge upon Phebe the acceptance of his general invitation to all who wanted to get saved, to come forward to the anxious seat, while the Pentecost Band should sing, —

"Turn, turn, sinner turn!
Oh, what will you do in that day?"

Seeing that she was "under conviction," he continued to urge the lost state of those who refused to heed the "Sperit's call." He urged her to come out into the light and put away the world, confess her secret sins, and cast herself wholly upon the mercy of the Lord, who was able to save "unto the *uttermost*."

Like the hunter who perceives, by crimson drops upon the trail of the fleeing doe, that his aim has been unerring, and presses the

wounded game the more closely, so the lean "leader," noting the suppressed sobs which shook the girl's frame, took her hand and held it, while he pictured, in words distinctly audible to Nathan, her awful condition if she refused to forsake the sins, vanities, and allurements of the world. What if she should go to her home and to an impenitent bed, and God should call her to an account that very night? Terrible thought — to be lost for all eternity!

Turning to the audience, he urged all hesitating souls to come forward and prostrate themselves before the altar and before God — and might God have mercy on all who neglected this *last* opportunity!

The band started the sacred hymn: —

"Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

A hush fell upon the excited house, as one voice after another joined in the swelling anthem. The 'squire stood erect upon the altar steps, sweeping with his bright, restless eyes the scene before him, locating the exhorters who were pleading with reluctant sinners.

Suddenly, like a general who sights a break in the enemy's ranks, his eyes, before bright, now became luminous; his smile broke into sunshine; and as Sister Fox led one of the hardest characters in all the Big Woods toward the altar, he shouted, "*Hosanna to His name!*" and brought the palms of his hands together with a concussion which rang above the voices of exhortation and song.

"*Yes, Lord; yes, they are coming! Amen! Hallelujah! Glory t' God!*" Turning toward Phebe, he exclaimed, "Oh, child, grieve not the Spirit! Break away! Yes, Lord, break her chains; loose her bonds; give her liberty! *Ho-sanna!*"

One moment she hesitated. Expectant stares from every direction were centred upon her. Then she lifted her inquiring, tearful eyes to Nathan, touched his arm with a trembling hand, and sobbed: —

"I'm going!"

She suffered the victorious Vivian to lead her, like a lamb, to the altar.

Before the last measure of the hymn was finished, the deep voice of Brother Vivian was lifted in wild, broken, ecstatic prayer, reinforced by amens, exclamations, groans, hand clappings, and poundings, while now and then a shrill, quivering shriek from Sister Fox would send the cold chills through Nathan's uninitiated nerves.

The throng around the altar was the centre of a magnetic storm, which charged outward to every part of the room.

Before the leader had finished his prayer, his voice had become

so strained and hoarse that he could only shout a few words before being compelled to cease and draw breath.

This operation, though loud and husky, was sufficiently low to permit Nathan to hear the breaking, hysterical sobs of Phebe and the others who had come forward to "git saved."

When Brother Vivian was compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to permit a final "Amen" to his prayer, the kneeling throng arose, took the front seats, and those penitents who had "got the light" were called upon to give in their "testimony."

After the burly denizen of the Big Woods had made his homely confession of a life of untamed wickedness, Phebe arose. Her tears had long been spent, but their burning traces were apparent. She leaned heavily upon the altar rail. Her voice, though strained and unnatural, had a pitiful plaintiveness, as she said:—

"I feel that I am a very great sinner, but I want to give myself to Jesus, right now!"

She could say no more, but broke down in a storm of sobs.

"Bless the Lord! Another soul saved! Make it a pentecost!" shouted the valiant Vivian, anxious that this new star in his crown should not be dimmed by the rising influence of the Ka-Bob 'squire.

But the "Hosanna" that rang from the 'squire's smiling lips, as he nervously twisted the fingers of one hand free from the grasp of his other, was too hearty to betray any suspicion of Brother Vivian's jealous fears.

As the virgins led the hymn, "Come to Jesus, just now," Sister Fox and the 'squire knelt on either side of the crouching, quivering little body of Phebe.

The girl's face was buried in her hands, which rested on the foot of the altar.

Sister Fox placed her long, thin arm about Phebe's waist, and the 'squire bowed his head against the altar, close beside the weeping penitent.

Occasionally Phebe would nod her head in assent to questions with which the 'squire and Mother Fox were plying her.

While the virgins were holding the last tremulous note of the hymn, Mother Fox sprang to her feet with the agility of a cat, and shrieked:—

"*Hallelujah!* The light is breaking! She's in the way! Glory! *Glory!* GLORY!"

Each of these ejaculations was emphasized by the full powers of a piercing voice, and with each exclamation she bounded from the floor, as if carried skyward by the force of her feelings.

The 'squire rose from his knees, and as he did so, touched Phebe's arm.

She intuitively followed his example and stood beside him, her hand resting upon his sleeve.

These two slight, and, under the circumstances, quite natural acts, started Nathan from the strange trance into which the spell of the hour had drawn him with the same disagreeable sensation that he had experienced when standing in the schoolhouse door, as the 'squire had passed Phebe by the roadside.

But a few minutes later he was almost ready to smile at his foolish super-sensitiveness; for the 'squire had left Phebe and was passing through the congregation, in the body of the church, shaking hands with all, and exhorting sinners to come forward and "git salvation." The same feeling, however, returned to the teacher more strongly than before, when, at the close of the meeting, the 'squire took Phebe's arm, walked with her to the horse block, and helped her into the hayrack.

Nathan took the same seat that he had occupied in coming, and spread out the robes beside him for Phebe.

Instead of taking her former position in the load, she seemed entirely unconscious of his presence in the company, and seated herself beside the 'squire.

The reaction which followed the excitement of the meeting grew into positive depression under the chilling beams of the harvest moon, and scarcely a word was spoken during the whole of the long homeward ride.

The wagon paused at farmer Snow's gate long enough to allow the 'squire to help Phebe out of the rear end, while Nathan alighted, with an easy bound, from the side of the rack.

The 'squire detained the young convert a moment to hold her hand in a fatherly clasp; and as Nathan loitered slowly up the gravel walk, he overheard such fragments of exhortation as "entire consecration," "putting away the things of the world," and "constant in prayer." When the wagon started on and she overtook Nathan, neither of them spoke a word.

Nathan stepped upon the side porch and handed his companion the key, after unlocking the door.

Darting a mute, pathetic appeal from eyes reddened by weeping and soft with tears, she whispered:—

"Oh, I know I've been wretched company, Mr. Oakley; but it's all so strange—such a whirl!—it's such an awful, *awful* world!"

Then she vanished into the house, leaving Nathan outside in the moonlight, with only her outbreathing sobs, as she threw herself into the nearest chair and buried her face in her hands, for a farewell—a very different farewell from that which surged from the awakened depths of Nathan's heart, firing lip and eye with a tenderness and a passion which had never before burned within

them! How he longed to reach, with the soothing touch of his deep, true love, her poor, shuddering, fear-hunted heart, still quivering from the emotional storm that had been so mercilessly loosed upon its tender cords by the strong, magnetic hands and masterful sympathies of the exhorters.

* * * * *

The great Pentecostal whirlpool at New Lebanon not only swelled until the Big Woods and Ka-Bob communities were in its grasp, but it created new eddies of excitement at Lodi, Busti, and wherever there was a "Free" church society.

The first meeting which Nathan attended at New Lebanon was soon regarded as a tame and spiritless prelude to the religious carnival that succeeded.

When this excitement and its consequent loss of rest had been prolonged into weeks of unbroken, agonizing tensity, the nervous powers of at least the female portion of the community reached an abnormally sensitive extreme. It was then that certain super-sensitive and tensely strung temperaments became subject to that crowning visitation of divine grace, known in the evangelical vocabulary as "the power."

It was only at a late hour of night, when the meeting reached its crucial heat, that these "favored of the Spirit" would yield to the rude hypnotism unconsciously exerted by the strong magnetic master-natures of the male exhorters, who had won their spiritual spurs by virtue of this very superabundance of physical and emotional force.

It was with infinite pity and pain that Nathan saw Phebe drawn down into the very vortex of this cataclysm. Her attendance at school was intermittent, and study a perfunctory formality. The soft curves of her shapely girlish face were sharpening themselves into points and angles; the clear, fresh bloom of her cheeks gave place in turn to a yellow pallor or a hectic flush, according to her mood; and her sweet, cupid's bow lips shared the strained, unnatural expression of her eyes. She was extremely shy of her teacher, and never spent a moment in his presence save when others were about.

One day the rumor became current among the scholars that Phebe Snow had "had the power" the night before at the New Lebanon meeting, and that she was going with the Pentecost Band and a few leading exhorters, to assist in a series of meetings at the Busti church, for the ingathering of the harvest of souls which were ready to fall easy prey to Brother Vivian's wide-cutting spiritual cleaver, and the shining sickles of the virgins and exhorters.

Nathan had keenly noted and closely analyzed every element in the situation.

"Phebe," said he, as she was hurriedly passing his desk, with her books gathered into a neat bundle, "will you please wait a moment? I want to speak to you; and I'll walk along with you if you please."

She waited in the entry while he placed his desk in order; and when they passed out the door, he saw that she was in tears; and although this had been of late no uncommon occurrence with nearly all his pupils — all of whom, save those just beyond the baby age, were either "under conviction" or laboring to place others in that condition — it touched him strongly.

"Don't cry, Phebe," said he, laying his hand gently upon her trembling arm. "You are very tired with all the excitement which you have passed through; and I want to beg you, as a teacher and as a friend, to spare yourself awhile."

"Oh, but you know that — that — I love Jesus," she stammered, "and — and — and sinners."

"Then I hope that I'm a very great sinner."

"Howd'y-do, Nathan. Why, it's *you*, Sister Phebe! Now both o' y' jest pile right in here — lots o' room — no trouble — goin' right your way!"

It was the 'squire. They had been so much absorbed in each other's words that he had come so close upon them that his salutation made even Nathan start visibly.

Without waiting for a reply to his invitation, the 'squire "cramped" his buggy, dismounted, and took hold of Phebe's hand to help her in.

Her cheeks were burning with confusion. She cast one faltering, appealing glance into Nathan's eyes. It was a moment of supreme decision; but the strange spell of the impulsive, unthinking hypnotist triumphed over the fine, philosophic mind of the lover, and led the girl captive.

"No, I'm not going home just now," said Nathan, as the 'squire stepped back to allow him to get into the buggy.

The 'squire did not linger to press the invitation, but quickly mounted and drove on.

Nathan stood still among the tall plumes of golden rod by the wayside, and watched them disappear up the long, winding road. He wandered along toward the farm-house where he boarded, with a heart heavy with the load of unrequited love, and deeply and humbly burdened for the pitiful sorrows of those about him, who saw through the glass of ignorance darkly, understanding less of themselves and their own subtle forces of body and mind, than of the secrets of the storms of the seasons, and of the star-strewn night.

How bravely he bore that deep-thrusted wound which found no healing with the weary months, no one will ever know. His

hand was the oftener laid with caressing tenderness upon the flaxen heads of the little "Bobbers," who came to count him their most royal playfellow. He built them marvellous water-wheels, and carp ponds in the brook, and piloted them about the ruins of the old sawmill that stood close by the roadside opposite the deserted house of the builder; he dug for them the first bitter joints of crinkle root that grew under the elder bushes, and led them to the places where the first fresh, green shoots of fragrant wintergreens broke their woodland mould.

Immediately after Nathan's talk with Phebe, she verified the rumor concerning her future movements by accompanying the Pentecost Band and Brother Vivian on their evangelical campaign to Busti, Lodi, and other more distant neighborhoods.

Her parents were flattered by the glowing reports of her growing spiritual powers, which the 'squire brought from the scene of their labors on his occasional home visits.

He not only played a leading *rôle* in the meetings, but also the humbler part of male chaperon to "the Band," conveying the sisters from place to place with his team.

The revivals continued with unabated zeal all winter, and it became generally understood that Phebe had been received into full and permanent fellowship with the Band, and that she was to accompany one of "the virgins" to the latter's home, for a short vacation, when the meetings broke up, and there recruit for the summer's campaign in the distant city. An entire change of scene would benefit her and build her up again, her mother told inquiring friends.

But the vague hope that she might return home, even for a day, kept Nathan in the neighborhood after his school had closed for the sugaring season and spring ploughing.

One day, when the soft, fragrant air was full of the subtle pathos of spring, and every sensibility of his being was translated into a fiercely tender yearning for Phebe, he yielded to an impulse which drew him to the schoolhouse. Could it be that he would meet her or find her there? He almost dared to hope it, so strong was the inward drawing that controlled him. He might at least find some book or scrap of paper in her desk which would contain a fragment of her handwriting.

As he neared the schoolhouse and stood upon the spot where he had last looked into her face, his strength of limb seemed suddenly to desert him, and it was with difficulty that he continued his walk. His faculties were abnormally sensitive and alert.

Like a sudden thrust from a secret blade, came to Nathan the sweetly plaintive cry of a shy Quakerish little bird, darting in and out from under the bridge, adding mite by mite to the

masonry of the mud nest, which snuggled against the side of one of its dusty old "sleepers."

"*Phe-be! Phe-be!*" it called with merciless repetition.

He pushed hastily into the schoolhouse, threw himself into Phebe's seat, and, with his head bowed upon the desk made sacred by her familiar touch, endured the Gethsemane which comes to all great souls. When he passed out he was ready — yes, eager — for the cup of bitterness which his fears anticipated.

When spring work was again fully under way, the community resumed its normal life, and the inevitable post-Pentecostal reaction made "the faithful" fear that the largest crop of the season would be that of "backsliders."

Autumn came at last. The warm, soft haze of Indian summer wrapped the marshy flats and tinted woods. It had always been a season of keen delight to Nathan; but as he locked the schoolhouse door, he wondered if it would ever entirely recover its charm for him. He hurried on toward home.

A group of children had stopped by the roadside, in front of the old deserted house, to divide the fragments of lunch left in their dinner-pails, and to wait for the 'squire's eldest child, who was executing the difficult feat of hitching up her refractory stocking, without slackening her speed, while attempting to overtake her little playmates. When she had nearly joined them, she suddenly stopped. For a moment not a child in the group stirred.

Then there was a dropping of dinner pails, and a wild rush for the approaching master. He knew the fear in which the children stood of the house, because of its reputation for being haunted.

They crowded closely about him, and between sobs of fright explained that they had heard strange cries coming from the old house.

He soothed them until they suffered him to lead them past, and then told them that he would go into the house and see if there was anything there.

The children scampered away to the 'squire's and excitedly poured their story into his ears, until he also promised to go soon and investigate the nature of the visitant. As he owned the old house, he thought best to see what it was sheltering.

Nathan returned to the old moss-spotted picket gate, strode up the unfrequented, weed-grown path, and pushed open the front door with the boldness of one sure of intruding upon nothing but space.

There in the corner of the room, bending over a tiny, sleeping babe, was Phebe Snow, wasted by travail, want, and the weariness of carrying her baby through the woods that stretched over the hills from the distant railway station to the rear of the old house! He saw it all at a glance: her poor, staggering, hopeless

footsteps ; the knots and brambles which had scratched her shiny cambric dress into a fringe of tatters about her swollen ankles ; and the burden of the fretful, hungry child !

The shock of Nathan's sudden appearance overcame her feeble powers, and she fell in a faint.

Rushing to the spring-house adjoining, Nathan scooped from its pebbled basin his hat full of water, and with this brought the girl back to consciousness.

"Oh, Nathan !" she cried, "that you should have found out my shame first of all ! Oh, go away — leave me — let me die ! Oh, if I could *only die* !"

"Don't, Phebe, don't !" said Nathan, as the old fire shot from his tender eyes. "It kills me to hear you talk so ! Let me tell you, Phebe, what I have longed to tell you for all these months. I love you. Let me share all your life."

For a moment the wild despair faded from Phebe's eyes, but it quickly surged back again with added force.

"But — but — you can never share — *that* !" she sobbed, pointing to the babe, whose sleep had been undisturbed.

"Yes, that — all — everything ! You have no burden that will not be light to me, if I may help you carry it. Will you let me, Phebe ?"

Tears were her only answer, as Nathan kissed her poor, pinched cheeks and burning eyes until the sweet comfort of his love possessed her heart.

"I'll go and tell your folks," he said, after a few moments, "and then I'll come back for you."

At the spring-house, Nathan came suddenly upon the 'squire, fumbling in his hands a worn and crumpled copy of the New Testament. He met Nathan's glance with eyes full of fear, shame, and confusion.

"Yes," said Nathan calmly. "She's in there — she and the child — but" —

"O my Lord !" broke in the 'squire, in the favorite phraseology of the exhorter's bench, which had become second-nature to him. "I'm smitten ! I'm *undone* ! My God, have mercy on a poor worm-o'-th'-dust ! She's told ye all, Brother Nathan ! She's told ye all !"

The two men stood face to face, and never had the disparity between them been so great. One was the mirror of the unthinking impulse of the moment — the other the embodiment of that spirit of light which discerns, with spiritual insight, between sins of motive and mistakes of ignorance.

"Go back to your home and to your family and" —

"But what about the child ? And, oh, must I give up Jesus ?" again interrupted the 'squire.

It had been upon Nathan's tongue to tell the 'squire that an ignorant yielding to mesmeric power, which passes in evangelical circles for the influence of the Holy Spirit, was responsible for the tragedy in which they were principals and victims. But an intuitive realization of the religionist's inability to grasp or accept this normal and philosophic explanation of his own downfall caused Nathan to drop into despairing silence for a moment, and then simply reply : —

"The child, so far as the world is concerned, will be my child, for all that is Phebe's will soon be mine, and your secret is safe."

After a moment's awkward pause, filled by the bitter reflection that neither of those for whom his sacrifice was made would ever understand it, Nathan extended his hand and abruptly said : —

"Well, good night !"

The 'squire stood and watched him in blind amazement as he hurried away across the fields.

On the following day Nathan gave up his school and married Phebe.

The buoyant smile faded from the 'squire's lips. He forsook the chief exhorter's bench for the humblest of the sinners' seats in the rear of the church ; his voice lost its resonance and ring in hosannas and amens, and even his prayers and testimonies were few. He spent more time with his wife and children and at the bedsides of the sick than formerly. But it was only for a time. When the perennial season of revival returned with the week-of-prayer, his period of expiation seemed at an end, and he changed the penitential sack-cloth of his humility for "the harness of the Lord," in which he labored with his old-time vigor, to the joy and glory of the church from which Phebe was hopelessly exiled.

CAN IT BE ?

WARNER WILLIS FRIES.

I'm sort uv all stirred up like,
I've heard sech amazin' news;
They do say th' Presbytery's
Gone to work an' changed its views,
So that babes that die a-bornin'
Haint without th' means uv grace;
An' if that's so, those I've buried
May not be in no bad place.

How my wanderin' thoughts go flyin'
Down th' path uv by-gone years,
Till I see, through sobs an' sighin',
Wretched mothers bathed in tears!
How I watch, with achin' bosom,
Pain's sharp finger daily trace
Lines uv horror deeper, thicker,
On my darlin' wife's wan face!

See her cheeks robbed uv their roses!
See white threads come in her hair!
Miss th' merry, girlish laughter!
Hear the pathus uv her prayer!
Oh! it comes back like a nightmare,
That hot, stiffen' arternoon,
Long in June time, when I found her
Ravin', crazy as a loon!

How her blazin' eyes glared at me
When she give that awful yell!
Screechin' dreadful things! repeatin'
"Oh, I want to go to hell!
Let me go an' find my babies!
Let me go — I hate th' Lord!"
An' sech turrible blasphemies
As before I never heard.

Wall, her sufferin's is endid,
Twenty year ago, ur more;
But she died in th' asylum,
An' I wish we'd knowed before

How that that thare Presbytery
Was a-goin' to change its mind;
'Twould uv saved a lot uv trouble,
An' God would uv seemed more kind.

Can it be it's God that's changed it?
Can it be that it's changed God?
My ole brain is fairly whirlin',
But His ways must be adored.
I'm glad if my little children,
Which we buried, can now share
In His marcies, up in heaven,
An' 'll meet their mother there.

WELL-SPRINGS OF PRESENT-DAY IMMORALITY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

FROM the moral leper in high life, and from the youth removed from home restraint and contaminated by a vicious atmosphere, down to the depths of the social cellar — through every stratum of life to-day may be seen the soul-destroying influence of immorality. And just here, how impressively come to us the warning voices of the past: Greece, proud in her matchless learning, and clad in the glory of art, died amid her splendor when the moral was eclipsed by the sensual; Rome, at the moment when she was mistress of the world, with the wealth of empires within her walls, witnessed the soul pass forth, with no power to stay its flight, from a home polluted by licentiousness. Indeed, purity is as essential to soul life as is oxygen to animal existence; and if our present civilization is to triumph over sensualism, it must be by the development and maintenance of that sturdy morality which countenances naught in thought, word, or life which tends to pollute the soul. To me the problem is one of inestimable moment, for on it hangs the fate of home, nation, and civilization.

In my studies of social problems I have been so often thrilled with horror by various aspects of this corrupting and insidious poison, that I have been led to seek for root causes that I might be the better prepared to aid in suggesting real remedies. We are prone to assail results, or to salve over the surface of our social sores, leaving the roots untouched; and to this I attribute much of the failure which has attended past efforts. I now desire, as briefly as possible, to set forth what my investigations have led me to consider fundamental or basic causes of present-day immorality, and incidentally to throw out some suggestive hints which may be helpful in this titanic battle for a purer civilization. I would classify these causes as follows: —

1. Heredity, Prenatal Influences, and Unfortunate Early Environment.
2. Implied Inferiority of Women.
3. Artificiality in Life, or Departure from the Noble Simplicity of Nature.

In the first-mentioned cause, which is threefold in nature, we have one of the least considered and most fruitful sources of moral degradation. Since giving this great theme my serious

consideration, I have studied child life in homes of wealth and luxury, amid the people of humbler circumstances, as well as in the social cellar; and everywhere I have been impressed with the far-reaching influence of hereditary and prenatal influences, as well as the power for good or evil which early environment yields. In many instances small children have displayed a degree of degradation and moral obliquity which sickened my soul. In the slums of Boston my attention has frequently been called to exhibitions of juvenile depravity which would shame aged debauchees. Upon scores of little faces I have seen the stamp of an overmastering sensualism, visible alike in eyes dull when not passion lit; in gross, heavy, features, and in a conspicuous absence of mental and moral cranial development, which spake of the supremacy of the sensual over the spiritual. Then, again, my daily mail, with the regularity of the incoming tide, brings the saddest strain known to human ear—the pitiful wail of those who with weak wills are struggling to free themselves from prenatal bondage. Here is a typical cry. I take it from a letter just received. It fairly represents the wail of hundreds upon hundreds whose burdens have been voiced in my sanctum. This extract is from a letter written by a young man:—

Many times I have cursed my lot, and said I was a mere foot-ball of fate. Many times I have said I was made to do wrong, owing to bodily and mental defects, a weak will, neglected education, and coming from an illiterate stock, an indifferent bringing up, and vicious surroundings. And yet I have had, ever since I can remember, a strong longing to be good.

This voice echoes the cry of an almost numberless multitude who are cursed before they see the dawn of day. If we are to have a diviner civilization, we must bravely and frankly face this subject of *proper generation*, in its relation to human progress. We must open an educational agitation along these lines, which will compel our people to give heed to a problem of supreme importance. Parents must be awakened to the vital significance of this question, not only by having the influence of heredity in physical, mental, and moral traits brought home, but the mother must be shown how largely her offspring is to be the creature of her life, thought, and aspiration during gestation. The mothers of Luigi Ricci and Wolfgang Mozart* participated in musical exercises, and, to a great extent, lived in an atmosphere of music during the months before these musical geniuses were born; and the mother of Robert Burns, it is said, sang the humble songs and ballads of Scotland constantly, as she pursued her daily tasks during the months prior to the birth of her son.

* See "Ædælogy," by S. B. Elliot, M. D.

A friend of mine, who is an eminent actress, a model mother, and a lady of fine intellectual attainments in many lines of scholarly research, has two children who illustrate prenatal influences in a most striking manner. Before one child was born, or rather in the early months of gestation, my friend lived a beautiful, bright, vivacious, loving character, as she was nightly portraying this rôle, and is so constituted that she lives the part she assumes, as is usual with great artists. The child is the embodiment of sunshine, and is one of those love-lit little buds whose affection and joyousness of soul go out to all. The other child came during a period of great intellectual activity on the part of the mother, and she is the most philosophical little girl I have ever known. Her penetration and intellectual insight are marvellous. She thinks far beyond her years, and is in many ways a most extraordinary child.

Another friend, the wife of a physician, is a born reformer, earnest, conscientious, and filled with that lofty enthusiasm for all that is noble which marks the modern reformer. Her mother during the period of gestation was absorbed in aiding her father to prepare a series of lectures, which were largely of a reformatory character. Now, none of this lady's sisters are in any way interested in progressive or reformatory work, and it was only during this time that her mother was profoundly stirred along these lines. Scores of similar cases could be given. They hint at a power possessed by the strong-willed and earnest mother, who, by living in a high, pure, and spiritual atmosphere, may do a wonderful work in elevating the race through her offspring. In the same way should the potent influence of early environment be impressed. What we need, nay, what we must have, if our civilization is to mount as it moves, is an awakened conscience in this direction, which can only come by a brave, earnest, and persistent educational agitation. We must make all thinking people know and feel that not only has a child a right to be well-born, but that to call into our homes little lives which are unwelcome, as a result of selfish sensualism, or to be responsible for the advent of any life which is not the cherished and desired blossom of a pure and exalted love, is to commit a crime of measureless proportions. *The hour has struck for a holy moral crusade, not to capture an empty sepulchre, but to exalt humanity by quickening the divine in man.* The conscience in man and woman must be awakened as Luther awakened the conscience of Germany in the sixteenth century. It is a subject for education rather than legislation. Probably not ten persons in a hundred who have the opportunity to steal are restrained by thought of law. They have had their consciences so educated that no thought of legal restraint occurs to them. It is wrong,

and that is enough. So we must compel our people to see that those who bring children into the world merely as results of passional gratifications, commit moral crime as heinous in character as murder.

In the second place, I would mention, as a basic cause of impurity, *the implied inferiority of woman*. This long-lingering curse of a barbaric past is responsible for a large proportion of the immorality found to-day. First, it has resulted in a double standard of morality, only possible through the long dominance and mastery of the masculine sex. Had woman been free, she would long since have demanded from man what he demands from her. It has placed her in a position of slavish dependence upon man which has been mutually injurious. For ages, to a great extent his slave, toy, plaything, and the drudge who bore his children, she has slowly arisen as civilization progressed; but the bondage of the past, like a curse, has to a great extent clung to her, and its influence is seen in the civil inequality which places millions of girls and women at a disadvantage in the struggle for bread, and compels them yearly to accept degradation or starvation. It is seen in man-made laws, which place the legal age when girls may consent to their ruin from nine to thirteen years. It is seen within the marriage bond, where legalized prostitution of the most revolting character is so frightfully common; where, without any legal redress, wives become slaves to the lust of thoughtless or brutal husbands; and where the health and happiness of the slave-wives are sacrificed, while unwelcome children come to curse the world and further weaken the moral fabric of society. Who among the readers of this paper has not at some time known persons whose homes were filled with discord and hate; homes from whose altars love had flown, but where, amid altercations, broils, and inharmony, unwelcome children came — children who were cursed before they were born, cursed in the environment of loveless homes, doomed to go through life with hateful dispositions, and frequently with inborn appetites for strong drink, and with low moral development, weak wills, and strong animal passions; children who were the terrible fruit of the most hopeless form of prostitution — the helpless slavery of woman, with the attendant curse of enforced motherhood.

Until woman is accorded perfect justice, until she stands in deed and reality, as well as in name, squarely on an equality with man, it will be idle to dream of a race higher in soul development and more morally robust than the present. Hence, here again lies a patent duty.

The old idea of woman's inferiority has come down to us from a barbarous past, and it has been reinforced by religion. The

great Indian religions have failed to elevate the mothers of the race. Mohammedanism has enslaved and degraded woman, and the freedom Rome gave to womanhood, which stood out in such bold relief from the servility of Grecian civilization, unfortunately was not reflected from the pages of our Bible. Had Paul's opinions been colored by Roman instead of Grecian thought, woman's progress through the past fifteen centuries would not have been hampered by such passages as the following: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. I suffer not a woman to teach nor usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve, and was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression." This Greek prejudice, reinforced by the Hebrew legend of creation, has been flung across woman's pathway as the voicing of the Infinite, and every step taken by woman toward a broader life and a higher freedom has been opposed by the church, often with all the intensity and power of reasonless fanaticism, wedded to blind faith. Her triumph over what for centuries has been regarded as a direct mandate of God, however, has been as noteworthy as it has been beneficent for civilization. But in many minds the old-time conception of inferiority still in a great measure prevails. This must be combated at all times; while her right to the freedom of herself within the marriage bond, which has so long been denied her, must be demanded. If wives were given absolute control of their bodies, and the right to say when they would become mothers, if at the altar they became possessed of one half the property interests of their husbands, it would be infinitely better for humanity, and the servitude and dependence which now compel numbers of women to become slaves to their husbands' passion, would disappear; while husbands who now take advantage of the privileges accorded by the wife's dependent condition would come to treat their companions in deed and fact as equals. In the offspring of such unions, also, we would find a higher type of children. Woman's franchise also should be given her, that no unjust discriminations like the age-of-consent laws could endure, and that the wage-earners, now so largely at the mercy of employers, might enjoy the freedom which will not be theirs until they are armed with the ballot; and finally, because equal franchise is just and right, and any withholding of justice is immoral in its influence.

This brings me to the third root cause, *artificiality in life, or departure from the simplicity of nature.*

It would seem, as man rose in the scale of intellectual development, as the brain blossomed, and mere brutal or animal instincts bowed before a cultivated mind, that the spiritual nature would also unfold, and from this higher citadel of life would

come the splendor which alone can bring peace, make pleasure lasting, and give to man the deep, unalloyed delight of unselfish love — and this, doubtless, might have been the result, had not an element of artificiality entered into life with the intellectual development, which responded to the vanity of the mind and the unbridled passion of the body. Had humanity preserved in life the beautiful simplicity which has characterized the lives of so many of the world's noble philosophers, sages, and poets, and which in our own time and land found beautiful expression in Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, long ere this, man would have become master of the secrets of the ages, and a reign of peace and happiness, which has manifested itself in the persistent dream of the nobler brains of the ages, would have become a reality. Instead of this, wholesome naturalness was supplanted by artificiality along all lines of life. Fashion and conventionalism catered to private and ignoble whims and desires, while the sensuous in man was abnormally developed until at intervals it gained the mastery over the higher nature of a people, with the fatal result to the civilization in question which we see in the wrecks of national life which strew the ages. The soul of any nation or people departs when sensualism usurps the throne of judgment, and passion sways where reason once ruled. This most hopeless of all fates overtook the civilizations of the Orient, of Greece, and of Rome. Just in proportion as a civilization has departed from simplicity of nature, has that civilization deteriorated. Do not understand me as intimating that simplicity excludes profundity, or that it implies return to primeval conditions any further than it demands the discarding of that artificiality in life which enervates the soul, enfeebles the brain, injures the healthful development of the body, and fosters the passions. Nowhere do we find the baleful influence of artificiality so marked as in the gratifying of the appetite, in gluttony, in the employment of highly seasoned condiments, and all things which excite the passions to an abnormal degree. Among these, intoxicants and opium occupy the most conspicuous place, as in each case they tend to enthrone the passions and anæsthetize the moral sensibilities. There is something terrible beyond description in the subtle power exerted by alcoholic stimulants and opium upon man's higher nature. They obliterate all lines of moral rectitude, while feeding the sensuous in his being. And in the case of liquor the influence extends from the victim to his offspring, who is frequently cursed with his father's appetite, and is predisposed to insanity. Moreover, it has been observed that in many cases the children of those who drink seem, from early childhood, to harbor the dreams of assassins, while deep affectional instincts are often apparently absent. On this point, Hugues le Roux, in

a thoughtful paper on "Phases of Crime in Paris," cites the eminent Dr. Paul Garnier, chief medical officer of the prefecture of police, as authority for the statement, that in "Paris, during the past sixteen years, lunacy has increased thirty per cent." Here is an appalling statement, and the author continues:—

The progress of alcoholic insanity has been so rapid that the evil is now twice as prevalent as it was fifteen years ago. Almost a third of the lunacy cases observed at the Depot Infirmary are due to this disease. Every day it declares itself more violently, and with a more marked homicidal tendency. The accomplice of two thirds of the crimes committed, upon whom the criminals themselves throw the responsibility of their evil deeds, is alcohol. It visits upon the child the sins of the father, and engenders in the following generation homicidal instincts. Since I have frequented the haunts of misery and vice in Paris, I have observed gutter children by the hundreds who are only awaiting their opportunity to become assassins—the children of drunkards. Moreover, there is a terrible flaw in these young wretches, a flaw which doctors do not observe, but which the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotions; and as a matter of fact, if these criminals are neither anæsthetiques nor lunatics, their characteristics are insensibility and pitilessness.

What, then, is our duty here? Inaugurate a crusade for the return to that simplicity which characterized the life of Hugo, during the years of his exile, when he performed his greatest literary work; of Whittier, of Greeley, of the Cary sisters. Discourage all departure from noble, pure simplicity, and especially assail those vices of artificiality which are most soul destroying, chief among which are those destroyers of civilization and nourishers of degradation—alcoholic stimulants and opium.

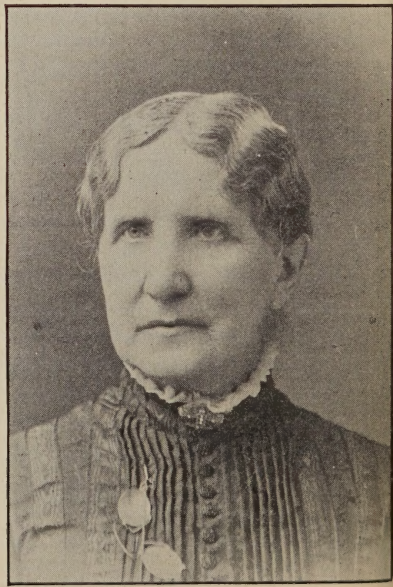
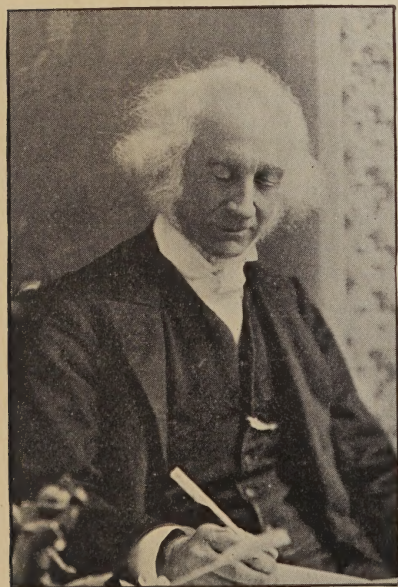
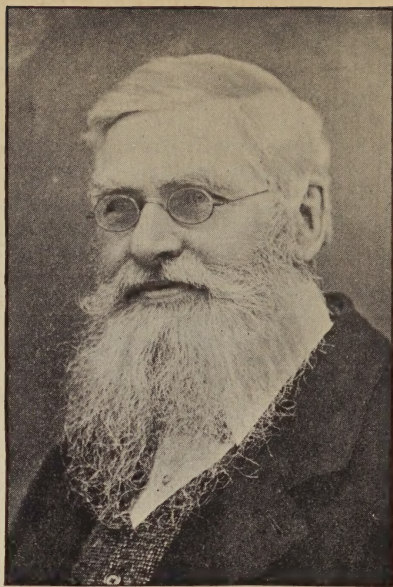
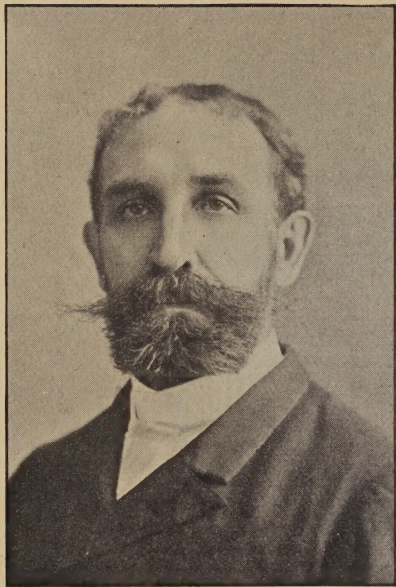
In a word, then, I would suggest a threefold crusade:—

1. For a childhood resulting from an awakened conscience, the fruit of intelligence and love.

2. For absolute justice for woman—including full enjoyment of the right of franchise, an absolute and independent possession in the property interests of the home which results from the union, and the absolute right to her own body.

3. For a purer, simpler, and less sensuous and extravagant life, with a determined warfare on those things which stimulate passion and lower the moral ideal, chief among which are intoxicants and opium.

Progress along these lines means development of the highest and best in manhood, and the enthronement of that spirituality which nourishes the soul of true civilization.



SOME SHAKESPEAREAN JURORS.

Rev. M. J. SAVAGE.
Rev. C. A. BARTOL.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, D. C. L.
Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

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A MONEY FAMINE IN A NATION RICH IN MONEY'S WORTH.

BY GEO. C. DOUGLASS.

FROM the unrest and discontent generally pervading the masses, there can be no doubt that some malign influence is seriously affecting the economic world. Like the invisible contagion-producing disease, the effects only are perceptible. And as with such diseases, when first appearing, opinions as to cause, nature, and appropriate treatment are varied and conflicting.

There is a maxim, that "A disease accurately diagnosed, is half cured." Observance of that maxim seems appropriate in any consideration of this subject—the malady affecting the bodies politic of the world.

I propose to note conditions and facts clearly ascertained exhaustively as space will permit, and without bias deduce rational conclusions.

1. The evils complained of simultaneously invaded most of the nations of the civilized world twenty years ago, and in the United States were markedly ushered in by the financial panic and convulsion of 1873, since which they have run a continuous course, almost constantly increasing in severity.

2. Surprising uniformity characterizes the symptoms of the malady in all the countries suffering, though political, social, and economic conditions differ widely. The characteristic manifestations are: An insufficiency of money

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with which to conduct legitimate business enterprises — manufacturing, farming, merchandising, transportation, etc., conveniently — so as to secure a reasonable return of profit to the labor and capital so employed; falling prices of every species of property, except money, and funds bearing interest payable in money; lack of confidence in financial circles; frequent disturbance of the money markets; indisposition of capital to embark in industrial enterprises, but showing a marked preference for gilt-edged, interest-bearing securities, even at unprecedentedly low rates of interest; closing of industrial enterprises; congestion of the markets for both money and commodities; great increase of bankruptcy; general demand by employers of labor for a reduction of wages, in proportion to the reduction in the prices of labor's products; organization of working men to resist reductions, involving strikes, lock-outs, boycotts, enforced idleness upon a large percentage of laborers, assessments and contributions from the employed for the support of the unemployed, to prevent competition; large increase of poverty, pauperism, crime, insanity, suicide, and the general arraying of labor in an attitude markedly hostile to capital; the fearfully rapid obliteration of the great middle class — small capitalists, consisting of farmers, merchants, manufacturers, etc., conducting their own business upon the basis of their own capital; and on the other hand, the marvellously rapid increase of enormous fortunes, not by productive enterprise, but largely by speculators and manipulators of the markets for money, stocks, and property, without adding anything to the world's stock of wealth.

3. The twenty-five years next preceding the appearance of these evils were characterized by remarkable prosperity, intellectual activity, and quickening and expanding of the public conscience throughout the civilized world. Political movements were rapid, and resulted in the advancement of the material, intellectual, and moral well being of the masses of mankind. Probably no period, of four times the length, can be found into which was crowded so much to rejoice the patriot, philanthropist, and lover of his kind, as from 1848 to 1873.

4. While this malady is almost universal, yet there are exceptions, both as to countries and to classes in the countries afflicted.

Notwithstanding the overwhelming disaster suffered by France just prior to the invasion of her neighbors, and notwithstanding the enormous burdens she has since constantly borne for war preparations, etc., yet she is prosperous, and her producing and industrial classes are remuneratively employed, contented, thrifty, and showing every indication of advancement to a higher plane of enlightenment.

During the last twenty years, the industries of India have sprung into great activity and prosperity. The general well being of its producing population is most promising, as compared with previous conditions.

During the same period, Japan, though in a transitional state, politically, secures prosperity and contentment to the masses of her population.

All this time the people of the Spanish-American states have been more peaceable, contented, and industrious than since their revolt from Spain.

As to classes, it is a noticeable fact that in all the countries in which these evils appear, the money and fund owners — speculators and manipulators of the markets for money and property, real and personal — are exceptionally prosperous.

5. The malady prevails with about equal severity, regardless of the widest differences in form and character of political government, development of resources, density of population, variety of production engaging labor and capital, degree of enlightenment of the masses, grade of comforts secured to labor, etc.

Further, the system of revenue or taxation, so extensively charged with being the cause of these evils, seems to produce no effect in either mitigating or aggravating the malady.

Great Britain, with her free trade and direct taxation, exhibits all the symptoms most severely, and a large portion of her people are denouncing free trade as the cause of their suffering, and demanding protection.

The continental European states, with moderately protective tariff systems, are suffering in precisely the same way, and in about an equal degree.

The United States, with its resources as yet mostly dormant but easily developed, which should ordinarily afford prosperity to every good, capable citizen, suffers severely precisely as Great Britain does, notwithstanding

America has a highly protective tariff system, to which a part of her population ascribe the ills complained of — even as the Englishman does to free trade.

6. Then let us turn back to the time these evils first appeared, and search for some occurrence or change common to all the countries afflicted, that did not occur or exist in the countries exempt. One, and only one, such can be found. During and about 1873, all the countries afflicted concurred in demonetizing one of the two money metals of the world, thereby reducing by one half the volume of money available for the transaction of their business. The countries exempt from the malady — France, India, Japan, and the Spanish-American states, refused to concur in this remarkable policy.

Prior to 1873 the commercial world was divided into three classes with reference to the kind of standard money used. One class used gold, one used silver, and the third used both metals jointly and indiscriminately, at the ratio of 1 to 15.5, with mints freely open for coinage, into full legal-tender money, of all of each metal presented, thus equalizing and balancing the use and demand for each metal to the full extent of its production.

During and about 1873, the United States, hitherto bimetallic, the German and Scandinavian states, and the Netherlands, all single silver standard countries, with full volume of money in silver, each demonetized silver and adopted the single gold standard, thereby destroying the equilibrium in the use and demand for the metals that have existed so beneficially through all the ages.

This discarding of half the metallic money by five sixths of the commercial world forced upon the retained half-gold the whole duty hitherto performed by both, as the medium of exchange in debt paying and price measuring.

Though silver is largely used in the gold single-standard countries, in common with paper and gold, as a part of their circulating medium of exchange, the legislation of 1873, taking from silver its legal-tender attribute, has degraded it from a money metal to a commodity, and its coined price from money of ultimate redemption to a token of credit like paper, to be redeemed in gold.

By the letter of the statute restoring the silver dollar, and the intent of Congress in enacting it over the presidential

veto in 1878, it was made a full legal tender for all purposes, equally with gold; but by the unfriendly action of the national executive, it has been permitted to serve only as credit money.

By refusing to treat it as money of ultimate redemption, the law is nullified, and the whole duty of a monetary basis is put upon gold, thereby proportionately increasing its use and the demand for it, and consequently appreciating its price or purchasing power in like proportion.

But it is asserted that "The standard of value being gold, and a specific quantity of the metal constituting the unit of value, the intrinsic value of the metal in the unit must prevent change in the value of the unit."

This proposition is based upon the fallacy that gold is endowed with a certain fixed value, regardless of all changing circumstances; the falsity of which none can fail to perceive upon a little reflection.

Suppose (it is not only supposable, but must almost inevitably, in the course of time, be found a fact) that the automatic system of money, based upon the precious metals, be abandoned for a scientific unit of value, both the regulator of the price, and chief source of demand, not for silver only, but also for gold, will be gone. Suppose, again—a not improbable thing—that science devise some cheap substitutes, equal in every, and superior in some, respects to gold and silver in the useful arts; and you have remaining only the ornamental arts to consume, not only the already vast accumulations, but the considerable quantities obtained as a by-product with lead, copper, and other base but useful metals. Under these changed circumstances, does any one think that gold would hold its so-called intrinsic value?

Gold is not possessed of intrinsic value; but like all other property, its value or price is determined strictly in accordance with the law of supply and demand.

Labor is the foundation of values; and in the price of labor such a quantity of property as may be required to support the laborer in the manner demanded by the sentiment of the state, the ultimate interest—material and moral—of the controlling influence in the state is mainly considered.

It is estimated—by those, generally, who by long, extensive, and careful observation of the whole process of obtaining the precious metals from nature's depositories—that the total

product of silver costs very much more than its coinage value, at the ratio of 15.5 to 1 of gold. Increasing the ratio would proportionately diminish the number of paying silver mines, and correspondingly discourage the investment of capital in proving superficial indications of deposits.

The unavoidable risk and loss is great for each metal, but greater for silver, because the deposits are hidden deeper in the earth, and therefore require a greater expenditure to prove the presence or absence of metal in quantity and condition to pay for mining the ore and extracting the metal from it.

Nearly all the great silver mines required the expenditure of vast sums of money before it could be known whether they would prove to be of any value. On an average, during historic time, it has cost as much to mine one pound of gold as to produce from twelve to fifteen and a half pounds of silver; *and upon this relative cost rests the ratio of value between the two metals — when on an equality under the law, as they were prior to 1873, but have not been since that time.*

From the earliest records to 300 B. C. the ratio was 1 to $13\frac{1}{3}$; from 300 B. C. to the middle of the seventeenth century, A. D., 1 to 12 (though from local and transient causes occasionally the ratio ran down to as low as 1 to 10); from the middle of the nineteenth century to 1893, 1 to 15.5; since 1873 the difference has steadily increased, reaching 1 to 25 in 1893, though no change in the relative cost of production has occurred.

About one fourth, more or less, of the precious metals has been in demand for the arts; and by common consent of mankind, constituting a common law of the world, all the remainder of each immediately became a part of the world's stock of medium of exchange — money. The demand for each of the metals for money was always greater than the supply, because invariably the greater the supply of real money in existence, the better the condition of the people, from monarch to the peasant.

Until 1873 each metal was in equal demand for money of ultimate redemption, and readily interchangeable at the ratio then prevalent.

In 1873 most of the commercial world declared by legislation that henceforth they would recognize only gold

as money of ultimate redemption. Silver being deprived of its legal-tender attribute, and that honor and duty being placed exclusively upon gold, naturally and inevitably the price of the two metals, that for four thousand years had held together with such slight variations, now rapidly drew apart. Gold, as measured by all other property, largely appreciated, because the use and demand for it had been so largely increased by legislation.

For generations three hundred and sixty grains of fine silver—although the law, yet practically the 1 to 16 ratio was never established—and 23.22 grains of fine gold each seemed possessed of intrinsic value equal to one dollar, because that amount of either metal, as soon as obtained from nature's depositories, could be taken to the mints, and coined into one dollar for the benefit of the holder of the bullion. Consequently that amount of uncoined gold or silver would each sell for or purchase as much of any property as would one dollar of coined money.

As soon as the legislation of 1873 became operative, silver bullion lost its hitherto apparent intrinsic value; yet during all the intervening time, it has been capable of purchasing as much of every species of property (gold bullion excepted), as it would in 1873, while the gold bullion purchases and sells for nearly fifty per cent more of all property than at that time.

Those instigating the legislation of 1873 at first waged their war against gold, and by mere accidental circumstances were led to transfer it to silver. When the immense quantities of gold from Siberia, California, and Australia rapidly swelled the volume of the world's stock of money, prices of all property rapidly appreciated, and the purchasing power of the fixed capital of the great money lenders of Europe correspondingly depreciated; and although it had been much more than doubled in purchasing power during the preceding forty years, on account of scarcity caused by failure of the Spanish-American mines, yet as soon as the returning tide was against them, they violently protested, demanding that one of the precious metals be discarded from use as money.

The product of gold was more than five times that of silver, and gold was selected for demonetization. Most of the states of continental Europe were in debt to these Shylocks nearly to the point of bankruptcy, and entirely depend-

ent upon them for loans in case of need for war or other emergencies.

Presumably, the statesmen responsible failed to appreciate the direful influence of the demands made of them by the fundholders. At any rate, in 1859, the several German and Scandinavian states and the Netherlands demonetized gold, and adopted the single silver standard. France and several of the smaller states refused. Soon the production of gold declined; simultaneously the great Comstock silver lode of Nevada was discovered; the most exaggerated accounts of its vastness, and also that the whole Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountain ranges were full of like vast deposits, were circulated and generally believed.

These visionary reports were credited and officially reported to Congress by heads of the great governmental departments. The United States government and the European money-holders each sent a special commission to California and Nevada to ascertain the degree of credibility to which these fabulous reports were entitled. Each commission was evidently carried away by the tide of wild credulity then pervading that whole region. In their official reports, each commission fully confirmed the exaggerations. Naturally the fundholders were doubly alarmed. England, with all her dependencies, except India, had the gold standard, and would not change. It was determined to transfer the prescription from gold to silver.

The war against gold had been open, but not satisfactorily successful; so an undemonstrative method was adopted against silver. An apparently spontaneous agitation sprang up for an international system of weights, measures, and coins, to facilitate international business. International congresses were convened to arrange this matter, which had suddenly become so all-important.

Finally the delegates were brought to agree to — what? Not to a common system of weights, measures, and coins, but to recommend to their respective governments the use of gold only as legal tender or standard money. This accomplished, the congress immediately adjourned; and the subject of a common system of weights, measures, and coins for the world's international business ceased to be of interest.

With practically no gold in their respective countries, the Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch, and Americans discarded

silver as money, and joined Great Britain in the exclusive use and recognition of gold as money of ultimate redemption.

This stupendous and disastrous change was effected in the United States by some means so mysterious that neither the members of Congress (except one, and possibly a few more, who never deemed it expedient to admit a knowledge) nor the president knew what they were doing when the bill of such vast and far-reaching consequence received their approval.

Thus four fifths of the commercial world concurred in destroying half of the world's money, and placing upon the retained half the whole monetary duty. The European states adopting this change at the time, had a full volume of money all in silver, which they undertook to sell for gold. This threatening the open mints of the Latin Union with an excess of silver at the expense of the gold portion of their circulation, the mints were closed against silver, and so remain; and the strife for gold has since continued with constantly increasing force and anxiety. Deprived of its legal-tender attribute and right of unlimited coinage by so large a part of this world, demand for silver diminished, and its hitherto apparent intrinsic value disappeared.

Had the treatment of the two metals since 1873 been reversed, can there be any doubt as to which would have retained and which lost its so-called intrinsic value?

The demand for money determines its value. The volume of money relative to the volume of property and business, determines the price of the property it is required to serve as a medium of exchange. To illustrate: Suppose all the money in the world placed on one side of the scales, and all the property of the world, with its business transactions, on the opposite side, the scales balance. Now increase or diminish the contents of one side, the opposite remaining unchanged; or increase the contents of one side and diminish the other, and still under all these changed conditions the scales balance. But the equilibrium is maintained by an automatic and inevitable readjustment of the value of the money, or the price of the property.

For example, it is estimated that there is in existence \$3,800,000,000 silver, and \$3,700,000,000 gold, \$7,500,000,000 metallic money, but for the legislation of 1873. It is estimated that the ratio of money to the property for which it

is required to serve as a medium of exchange, while varying somewhat on account of activity, convenience, etc., will range from 1 of money to 25 to 35 of property. For convenience of statement here, say 1 to $33\frac{1}{3}$. It is also estimated, that where stable political government exists, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of the volume of money will safely and profitably be local credit money — fiduciary so well secured as to leave no ground to doubt it will on demand be promptly and conveniently redeemed in money of ultimate redemption.

Again for convenience of statement, here assume it to be $\frac{1}{3}$ real, and $\frac{2}{3}$ fiduciary money; and we have \$1 of real with its \$2 of fiduciary aid, balancing and pricing \$100 of property; and the \$7,500,000,000 of metallic money, with its \$15,000,000,000 of fiduciary, — supposing the limit of fiduciary to be in use, — balancing and pricing the property of the world at \$750,000,000,000.

The demonetization of silver by so large a part of the commercial world was equivalent to the destruction of $\frac{1}{3}$ of the real money of the world; thereby leaving upon the money side of the scales but $\frac{2}{3}$ — \$5,000,000,000, which is still required to balance and price an undiminished quantity on the property side of the scales, and must consequently be readjusted in value to correspond to its increased duty; and consequently every dollar appreciates 50 per cent.

But it is customary, as more convenient, to refer the readjustment to the property, and accordingly the price of the property shrinks in the same proportion that the volume of money has shrunk — one third. Comparison of the general price lists of 1873 and 1893 show the shrinkage to exceed that. Had the demonetization been by the whole world, and been conceded to be final, the shrinkage must have been more than half.

That this has not occurred, is owing to some of the nations refusing to deprive themselves of the use of silver as money of ultimate redemption; and further, in all probability, to the uncertainty of the demonetization acts being permanent, which uncertainty has probably induced the employment of a larger proportion of fiduciary money than would have otherwise been kept in use. It must be borne in mind that the demonetization transferred silver from the required proportion of real money to the permissible preparation of fiduciary money in the gold-standard countries.

At the risk of being too tedious, it is deemed advisable to introduce evidence in support of the foregoing. Only such as are unanimously accepted as reliable will be introduced.

Alexander Hamilton, as secretary of the United States Treasury, in a report to Congress, said:—

To annul the use of either metal is to abridge the quantity of circulating medium.

In referring to the same report, *Thomas Jefferson* said:—

I return again the report on the mint. I concur with you that the unit must stand on both metals.

At that time the proportion of money to property in the world was very much more than now, even with silver restored to full monetary power at the old ratio of 1 to 15.5.

In 1869 *Count Wolowski*, testifying before the French Monetary Convention, said:—

The sum total of the precious metals is reckoned at 50 millards, $\frac{1}{2}$ gold and $\frac{1}{2}$ silver. If by a stroke of the pen they suppress one of the metals in the monetary service, they double the demand for the other to the ruin of all debtors.

Before the same convention *M. Rouland*, governor of the Bank of France, said:—

We have not to do with ideal theories. The two money metals have actually co-existed since the origin of human society. They co-exist because the two together are necessary, by their quantity, to meet the needs of circulation.

Baron Rothschild, on the same occasion, said:—

The simultaneous employment of the two metals is satisfactory, and gives no rise to complaint. Whether gold or silver dominates for the time being, it is always true that the two metals concur together in forming the monetary circulation of the world; and it is the general amount of the two methods combined which serves as the measure of value of things. The suppression of silver would amount to a veritable destruction of values without any compensation.

At the close of this convention, arguments for and against the demonetization of silver were submitted, from which I extract the following from the single standard advocates' side. They say:—

The rise in prices which has taken place in the past 20 years, in a great number of articles of merchandise is evidently due to many causes, such as bad harvests, increased consumption, and war; but it is very probable that a depreciation of the precious metals has contributed to it, and there has been a striking coincidence between the

rise of prices and the production of the mines of gold and silver. The annual product of the two metals was only \$80,000,000 in 1847, and now exceeds \$200,000,000. It has nearly tripled, and it is easy to see that the real value of the metals has diminished. It is difficult to estimate exactly what the diminution is; but whatever it may be, it demands the attention of governments, because it affects unfavorably all that portion of the population whose income, remaining nominally the same, yet undergoes a diminution of purchasing power. As governments control the weight of standard money, they ought, as far as possible, to assure its value; and as it is admitted that it is the tendency of the metals to depreciate, the tendency should be averted by demonetizing one of them.

In 1879 *Lord Beaconsfield*, in a speech, said:—

Gold is every day appreciating in value; and as it appreciates, the lower become prices of all other property.

Adam Smith, in his work "Wealth of Nations," says:—

Gold and silver, like every other commodity, vary in their value. The discovery of the abundant mines of America reduced in the sixteenth century the value of gold and silver in Europe to about one third of what it had been before. . . . Increase the scarcity of gold to a certain degree, and the smallest bit may become more valuable than a diamond.

Francis A. Walker, in his work "Money," says:—

Gold and silver do, over long periods, undergo great change of value, and become in a high degree deceptive as a measure of the obligations of the debtor for the claims of the creditor. Thus Professor Jevons estimates that the value of gold fell, between 1789 and 1809, 46 per cent; that from 1809 to 1849 it rose 145 per cent; while in the 20 years after 1849 it again fell at least 20 per cent.

Possibly the signification of the changing value of money, and the ratio of value between the two precious metals, does not depend upon the relative quantity of them in existence or being produced; in presenting a summary of the production of them since 1492, I take the figures from reports of the United States Treasury, except as to time prior to 1492.

At the dawn of the Christian era, ancient civilization had attained its zenith, and the world is estimated to have possessed \$1,800,000,000, gold and silver money. During the next 1,500 years but little of either metal was produced, and in 1492 the amount had shrunk to about \$180,000,000, $\frac{1}{3}$ gold and $\frac{2}{3}$ silver, with a ratio of value of 1 to 10.7, and so scarce as to be unseen by the people.

In presenting the varying value of money, or price of

property at different periods, I shall take the purchasing power of a United States dollar — 23.22 grains fine gold — in 1492 as standard to compare with, and assume the average price of property to have been \$1 per unit of property in 1492.

First period, 52 years (1492 to 1545). Product of gold, \$221,156,000 — 60.46 per cent. Silver, \$144,660,000 — 39.54 per cent. Ratio of value between the metals in 1545, 1 to 11.17. Can find no reliable estimate of price of property or value of money at this date. Stock of gold now exceeds that of silver.

Second period, 175 years (1546 to 1720). Product of gold, \$1,050,559,000 — 28.52 per cent. Silver, \$2,633,636,000 — 71.48 per cent. Ratio 1 to 15. Purchasing power of 23.22 grains gold, according to Adam Smith, as compared with 1492 standard value, \$0.33 $\frac{1}{3}$, or corresponding price of property, \$3 per unit.

Third period, 90 years (1721 to 1810). Product of gold, \$1,240,570,000 — 33.78. Silver, \$2,431,430,000 — 66.22 per cent. Ratio, 1 to 15.5. According to Jevons, the purchasing power of money fell 46 per cent during this period; therefore the purchasing power of 23.22 grains of gold would, as compared with 1492 value, be \$0.18 or the corresponding price of property, \$5.55 per unit of property.

Fourth period, 40 years (1811 to 1850). Product of gold, \$669,310,000 — 48.38 per cent. Silver, \$998,370,000 — 51.62 per cent. Ratio, 1 to 15.5. Jevons says that money appreciated in value during this period 14.5 per cent, which would be equivalent to a fall in price of property of 59 per cent, and would raise the purchasing power of 23.22 grains of gold, as compared with the 1492 standard, to \$0.411, or correspondingly reduce the price of property to \$2.275 per unit. The Spanish American revolutions during this period arrested the supply of the precious metals from that source, and at a time when property and business were rapidly increasing from the impetus given by the abundant supply during the preceding periods. The volume of money failing to increase in proportion to the increase in volume of property and business, an enormous relative contraction of money resulted. In 1850 the stock of silver nearly doubled that of gold. Since 1816 the price of gold in Great Britain has been fixed by act of Parliament requiring

the Bank of England to purchase at a fixed sum all gold presented. Therefore, since that time everything, including silver bullion, is measured by this gold standard; consequently any change in relative value of gold, and anything else, will be indicated in the change of price of the commodity. Now in 1850 the average price of silver bullion in the London market was $61\frac{1}{16}$ pence per ounce; and for 1872 the price was $60\frac{5}{16}$ pence per ounce in the same market.

Fifth period, 22 years (1851 to 1872). Product of gold, \$2,984,257,000 — 74.1 per cent. Silver, \$1,042,914,000 — 25.9 per cent. Ratio, 1 to 15.5, stock of the two metals again nearly equal. The annual product of the two metals for 1871 and 1872, immediately before demonetization of silver, was of gold \$113,413,000, and silver \$81,849,000. The product of gold continued in excess of silver until 1882. In 1886 Soetbur published in the London *Economist* tables of the average wholesale price of 100 articles most extensively and commonly produced and used, as representative of the prices of all commodities in the London market from 1849 to 1885, taking the average price of these articles for the three years next preceding 1849, and calling it 1.00 for 1849. The tables show a steady rise to 1.3828 in 1873, after which a steady decline to 1.0827 in 1885. The rise in price of commodities of .3828 per cent was equivalent to a fall in the purchasing power of money of .274 per cent, from 1849 to 1873; reducing the purchasing power of 23.22 grains of gold, as compared with the 1492 standard, to \$0.3119 and raising the price of property to \$3.146 per unit.

Sixth period (1873 to 1892). Product of gold, \$2,154,250,000 — 48 per cent. Silver, \$2,343,000,000 — 52 per cent. Ratio, 1 to 24. Soetbur's tables show a decline in prices during this period of 22 per cent for the first 12 years of it, which, continued at the same rate, would give a fall of 37 per cent for the 20 years, or a rise in the value of money of 60 per cent, and raise the purchasing power of 23.22 grains of gold, as compared with the 1492 standard, to \$0.499, or reduce the price of property to \$1,982 per unit.

In 1886 the New York *Tribune* published tables of the average wholesale price of 200 most commonly used commodities in the New York markets from 1860 to 1885, taking the average price of these articles during the three

preceding years and calling that 1.00 for 1860. The tables show a rise to 1.1981 gold in 1865, and to 1.2614 gold in 1866.

But in addition to the above, there was an actual contraction of the total volume of circulation in the country which had helped to swell the prices of 1865-66. In addition to a very large amount of legal tenders—greenbacks—which the government had issued, and paid out directly, as money, to army, navy, civil employees, contractors, etc., there were issued interest-bearing notes, which circulated popularly, and helped to swell the volume of circulating medium.

During the few years succeeding 1865, these interest-bearing notes were refunded into bonds of lower interest rate. Also many of the greenbacks were withdrawn and destroyed, so that altogether there was in the North and West a contraction of the circulation of many hundred millions, and of necessity a corresponding contraction of prices of property in the New York market.

Again, the tables show the prompt response of prices to the "Bland" silver restoration act of 1878. That act failing to be used as was intended and expected by the world, prices soon dropped back upon the old, constantly declining track. There can be scarcely a doubt that, had that law been administered by an unbiased executive, the maximum quantity of silver would have been coined, thereby creating a demand greater than the supply of that time, which would have raised the commodity price to the coinage value, and thus restored the parity between the metals, at the ratio of 1 to 16. But that was exactly what the fundholders did not want, and will not have, if they can prevent it.

That a constantly falling market for products must be disastrous to producers and merchants, is too evident and well known to justify me in asking space to prove. Then is it not plain that the discarding of silver from use as money of ultimate redemption has accomplished the wish of the money-holders, by largely appreciating the value of the retained metal; and that this appreciation of gold is the cause of the fall in price of all property.

And in addition, the extremely practical fact should be kept in mind that the smaller the volume of money of ultimate redemption in existence, the more easy for manipulators

of the markets, by shipping abroad, or locking up a quantity, to cause a withdrawal of usual credits, and thereby temporarily force down the price of a commodity, at the period of its marketing, or even to force the government to increase the interest-bearing national debt, to avoid a panic. Even if there were no other reasons for undoing the error of 1873, this evil, now being exemplified by the present flood tide of bankruptcy, would be ample cause for enlarging the volume of real money beyond the easy reach of the confidence sharps and bunco steerers of Wall and Threadneedle Streets.

England's superior financial wisdom is commended to us for imitation. But it should be borne in mind that only after she had become the great creditor of foreign people and nations, did she favor a restricted volume and high-priced money. Only after she had more money than her restricted area and resources could find employment for did she adopt the single gold standard, in the interest of her money-lending classes, and, as is demonstrated, to the great detriment of her producing interests.

Her foreign credits exceed ten billion dollars, and presumably her foreign interest four hundred million, all of which is augmented at least 50 per cent in value by the general demonetization of silver, and would be correspondingly depreciated from its present value by a general restoration of silver to money of ultimate redemption.

The people of the United States owe in foreign countries nearly or quite as much, and are losers when England gains, and gainers when England loses. England is the importer of natural products, and the United States the exporter. The natural resources of England are largely exhausted. Those of the United States undeveloped.

John Bull is shrewd and selfish. Uncle Sam ignorant, good-natured, and easily duped. Exhausted old England may choose to deem her monetary credits her most important interest. In the United States, the producing interests are certainly of most importance. England may be wise in allowing the money interest solely to dictate her financial policy. In pursuing a like course, the United States has been supremely foolish. England is the world's broker. The United States should be the thrifty producer and merchant.

But there may be other influences dictating England's

opposition to the restoration of silver to money of ultimate redemption. I quote from a pamphlet published in London in 1885 entitled "The Silver Question; or, The Sacrifice of India." After detailing the great prosperity of India since 1873, the author says:—

Take care how you restore silver coinage, and bring back our old rival, the United States, into this trade. You are not only protecting India, but you men of England are the principal beneficiaries. You have increased our taxes threefold. You are making us support the India Army of the Queen. You have pensioned your otherwise unprovided for sons upon us, as a legacy of the old East India Company, and you are demanding all these tributes in gold, so that while we have increased in prosperity, you are in fact getting the lion's share.

Still further on this line, the London newspapers of July 8, 1885, published an account of the proceedings of a meeting of "The British and Colonial Chamber of Commerce," held the day before, from which I extract the following:—

Sir Richard W. Fowler, M. P., the London banker and ex lord mayor, said the effect of the depreciation of silver must ultimately be the complete ruin of the agricultural export interests of the United States, and the development of India as the chief wheat and cotton exporter of the world.

Leaving the reader to judge, I think he will find that we are justified in concluding that the malady affecting the economic world results primarily and principally from the destruction of a large part of the world's money, thereby producing *money famine*.

Continuation of the cause must be followed by one of two results: either the concentration of the wealth into a few hands, with the masses reduced to abject dependence, with lowered and constantly lowering standard of manhood until a condition of docile villainage is reached; or until—what is more likely, and almost certain under the ordinary action of natural laws to occur—the enactment of a world-wide drama, after the model of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." As the Shylock of fancy had his Antonio and his Portia, so the Shylocks of this generation have had, and apparently propose to indefinitely hold, their Antonios, the producing masses, which can scarcely fail to develop and bring upon the stage their Portias. No law is more clearly established than that "One extreme begets its opposite."

SEVEN FACTS ABOUT SILVER.

BY HON. W. H. STANDISH, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF
NORTH DAKOTA.

I.

IN view of the real or assumed ignorance of many public men, newspapers, and members of boards of trade, it is suggested that Mr. Bland remodel his act to substitute unlimited silver coinage, in the place of the existing Sherman Coinage Bill, in order that it will be so specific and explanatory as to prevent those interested in usury from deceiving the people by false representations as to what unlimited coinage really means.

There was never such a thing in this country as the coining of silver free of charge for bullion owners, and no such thing has ever been proposed; therefore the term "free silver coinage" is a misleading one, and we should substitute for it the words "unlimited coinage without purchase for one-tenth toll as pay for the work and government stamp," to remove this misapprehension.

The law of unlimited silver coinage that prevailed with us until February, 1873, permitted any bullion owner to bring $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains of bar, or pure silver, to any government mint, and tender it to the officer in charge, who cut off $41\frac{1}{4}$ grains, and put it in the government hopper as the government's toll. To the $371\frac{1}{4}$ grains of pure silver remaining, the government would add a mixture of $41\frac{1}{2}$ grains called alloy.

Alloy is not a metal, but a mixture of metals, and might be part copper and part glass. It is combined with both silver and gold bullion to harden and make it of the proper consistency to wear as money. This alloy is very inexpensive; and the difference between its value and that of the pure silver bullion it displaces in a dollar, is the government's pay for minting the dollar; hence comes the expression, "A silver dollar contains $371\frac{1}{4}$ grains of pure silver, or $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains $\frac{9}{10}$ fine." In the $\frac{9}{10}$ fine $\frac{1}{10}$ of silver has been

taken out by this minting process, and the cheap combined substance called alloy, substituted in its place.

II.

If we should repeal the Sherman Bill substituting Mr. Bland's Unlimited Coinage Act in its place, and issue a coin certificate to the man who brings $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains of pure silver to the mint, and all the silver money of the world should be melted down into bullion and brought to our mints for free coinage, none of it would be pure silver. Under a bill properly drawn, none of it would be admissible, and the holders would have to take it away and extract the 10 per cent of alloy in it; then when they brought it back again, after being separated and purified, 10 per cent more would be taken out of it by our government, as toll for mintage. All the silver money of Europe is now either full or limited legal tender in the payment of all private and public debts, although it cannot be had in those countries at the bullion price of bar silver, but costs its face value in gold, as will be seen by the following letter from the secretary of our mint.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1892. }

W. H. Standish, Lakota, North Dakota,—

SIR: In reply to your letter of the 4th inst., I send you herewith a copy of the testimony of the director of the mint before the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures of the Fifty-first Congress, in which you will find the information you desired as to the amounts of limited legal-tender silver in the various countries. In England it is legal tender only to the amount of £2; in Germany of 20 marks, or about \$5; in Italy, France, Spain, etc., it is unlimited legal tender, as also in Switzerland, Greece, and Belgium.

There is no discount in these countries on the legal-tender silver at the banks.

Respectfully yours,

R. E. PRESTON, *Acting Director of the Mint.*

This letter has been given publication heretofore. All our silver money was limited legal tender from 1874 to 1878. It was not as good money as is the limited legal tender of England, which pays a debt of £2, or near \$10, and no better than silver money is now in Germany. Since this letter was written, we have never found a German or an Englishman just over, or recently visiting his old home, who could recall an instance where he had been obliged to pay a discount in those countries in using his silver money there.

We know that in our country, from 1874 to 1878, all our silver money which had been coined prior to 1873 floated at par up to 1878, although excluded by law from, paying a debt of over \$5; and yet at the same time a trade dollar, containing 420 grains, could be had for 85 cents because it had no legal-tender capacity. We desire to remind congressmen that there is no perceptible discount on even the limited legal-tender money of Europe, and they should satisfy themselves of this by taking the proof, and not rely on the gold trust that runs our Treasury Department, the Associated Press despatches, and the metropolitan press of both the old parties.

All the silver coinage of Europe, whether limited or unlimited legal tender, contains 3 per cent less of silver and 3 per cent less of weight than our silver dollars, or those that will be made under the proposed Bland Bill, as the European ratio of coinage to gold while they made silver money was as $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; while ours has been, and will be, in the ratio of 16 to 1. So that while their mints were in operation, the world's production largely went to them for coinage, because the same bullion which they would tender to our mint and have coined into \$31, if tendered to the European mint, made \$32; the mintage added to the circulation of money in Europe, and thus aided us to obtain better prices there, and thereby benefited us just as much as if the mintage had been here.

We are told that unlimited silver coinage will cause the silver money of other countries to be melted down into bullion and sent here for free coinage, thereby causing our government to lose several hundred millions of dollars.

The total silver money of the world is approximately \$3,700,000,000; we have \$500,000,000 of this, leaving \$3,200,000,000 in other countries. This \$3,200,000,000 is money that has been coined in these countries, and by their laws has been made legal tender for the payment of all public and private debts there. It therefore has a debt-paying value equal to its face value, and will cost its face value in gold, as shown by our preceding remarks and the above letter from our secretary of the mint. The assumption, then, that it could be purchased in gold at what would be its value in bullion if it had not been coined and made a legal tender, must be discarded.

This being the case, what profits would foreigners and speculators make in buying in the coined silver money of other countries to have it re-coined by us? First, they would pay its face value to get it; secondly, they would lose 3 per cent in weight, the coined dollars there being smaller than ours; thirdly, by reason of the use of coined money there, it has worn away since it was coined not less than 3 per cent, which would be another loss in weight; fourthly, under a properly drawn mintage bill they would have to present to us pure bullion, such as we get in the bar from the mine. To do this they would have to get the alloy; that is, the 10 per cent alloy which was put into it before coinage, extracted from their bullion after it was melted down. This extraction would cause a loss of 10 per cent in weight; the cost of the extraction would probably be at least half the cost of mintage, which would make another 5 per cent to begin with before ever reaching our mint, which would charge 10 per cent of the bullion as toll for re-coinage.

This would be made an outlay of 30 per cent for buying in foreign silver to be re-coined here, which would involve to the speculator or foreigner who attempted it, a loss of \$960,000,000.

And what would these foreigners and speculators receive? Two billion two hundred and forty million dollars of coin certificates, which they would circulate as money as we circulate our silver notes. If they preferred the coin, they would present their certificates to the treasurer and get the silver dollars that had been re-coined out of this silver money, at a loss of 30 per cent; and in one case out of six they would get gold, as $\frac{5}{6}$ of our coin would be silver and the balance gold. Our toll gain for the re-coinage, less expense of mintage, produces \$266,666,666.66 as the government's profit in helping these foreigners to lose \$960,000,000 in trying to swamp us with their silver. The re-coinage would leave the same volume of coined money in the world as now exists, less the 6 per cent loss in weight by lighter coinage in future and by the wear of money now in use.

III.

It is next said that we cannot live commercially unless we adopt such laws on money as the creditor nations of Western Europe choose to dictate to us. Who are these nations, and

what is their condition, that we need to bow before them? They are and always will be hungry and naked, except as the debtor nations shall supply their needs. Nations can exist without other nations to make their money or their money laws, but not without food or clothing. When these are lacking they must buy of the nations that have both, as all went to Joseph in the time of famine.

If an army was in a walled city and had a full supply of money, but not enough of food and clothing, it would soon succumb; but if it was provided with ample food and clothing, with no money at all, it could hold out indefinitely.

That is the comparative condition between the creditor nations of Europe and those nations that are debtors to Western Europe, and yet hold to silver money. *These silver nations cover every portion of the globe that produces a surplus of food and the raw material for clothing*; and every nation except our own which has outlawed silver requires food and clothing, and for all time to come will have to make pilgrimages to the silver countries, for the essentials, as the children of Jacob had to carry money to Joseph for corn.

If the United States reinstates silver and throws open the mints to unlimited coinage, it, being a silver and a producing nation, will in a measure dictate to buyers the prices which they must pay for the food and clothing to maintain their existence. Otherwise they will dictate prices to us, making us their serfs and slaves, and keeping us forever in debt, to maintain a few lords in Western Europe, New England, New York, and Pennsylvania in idleness and opulence; adding to the wealth of the one half of one per cent of our population who already have one half of all the wealth in this country, and entailing upon the larger portion of the other $99\frac{1}{2}$ per cent a condition of serfdom and pauperism.

IV.

Only $\frac{1}{20}$ of our business is with foreign nations; the rest is internal consumption and trade. Europe produces nothing essential to our existence; she has no mines; she has nothing more to develop than what is in operation there. In all the other silver countries of the globe, she is our competitor for trade. If we restore unlimited silver coinage, all these other silver countries can interchange with us with-

out suffering a discount on their money; they will be driven out of the European market *to us* for everything we manufacture, *and will bring to us a great remunerative trade.*

The money in Europe will be idle; her citizens, with nothing to do, will be compelled to starve, unless maintained by government charity; those lords who conceived this conspiracy will soon be forced to recognize silver as a suitable metal for coinage on the same terms that are extended to gold. This, too, will be in accordance with the principles of our government; *it will be legislation in the interests of the masses*, and protective of American productions and of American debtors against the unjust exactions of eastern and foreign greed.

In reaching for foreign trade, a north and south line railroad on the east side of the Andes will open to us, by a short route, lines of steamers to run from some port in the Caribbean Sea to Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. This direct, rapid transit and use of silver money like that of South America, will soon drive England to the wall. Our factories in the East will multiply and add to their operative force, to supply this market, and soon — only 5 per cent of what we produce, being needed for home consumption — all Europe will be at our door, if we do not carry our products there, to buy all the wheat and meat we now export, to keep her people, who will consume no less than now, from starving. *Prices will advance, our mortgages soon become liquidated, Europe paid off, and we shall no longer be sending to Europe annually for interest nearly as much as the total yearly coinage of the world*; our masses, instead of being tenants, will be owners of their homes; and the eastern investor, instead of being compelled to take western and southern lands, will have his principal and interest returned to him in money just as valuable as that which he loaned; money that will buy just as much land, food, clothing, or other property as the money the eastern investor loaned.

V.

The advocate of unlimited silver coinage is not a repudiator; it is the other party which is essentially dishonest. By the change of the coinage laws the investor class have com-

pelled the debtor class to pay in value *over 30 per cent more than they would otherwise have been required to pay*. In 1873 and 1874 this repudiating class of the East who talk so much about an honest dollar, changed the contract of every bond, note, and mortgage, public and private, in the United States. Every such contract had been written and signed, payable in silver only if the debtor should so elect; and without the knowledge of the debtor, John Sherman and his confederates, through a law surreptitiously enacted, blotted this silver clause out of every existing obligation calling for over \$5.

VI.

An ounce of silver bullion will buy as much wheat, beef, or any other species of property, "except gold," as it would in 1873 or at any time since then; but by reason of the outlawry practised against it in 1873, and the refusal to restore it to the right of unlimited coinage on shares for a tenth toll to the government for minting, that existed until 1873, and always kept the bullion at par, the demand for the bullion has lessened, and it has fallen in price as compared to gold. But its intrinsic value is exactly the same as it has always been; the character and virtue of the metal has not changed. The original demand for the metal cannot be restored except by giving to it its original minting privilege, which is all that is asked by the advocates of the Bland Bill.

Neither metal, gold, nor silver is intrinsically money, or possessed of any debt-paying power until laws are made authorizing its coinage and making the coinage a legal tender to discharge debts; and until such laws are made, neither can be coined or used in payment of a debt; it therefore follows that neither gold nor silver can be made into money except in a government mill, under regulations to be prescribed by law.

In order to illustrate the position that has been forced upon us by the repudiating class, let us assume that the whole bread demand of the world was being met by the two crops, spring wheat and winter wheat, as is the coinage supply of the world by the two metals, gold and silver; that the yearly production of each and the stock on hand of each crop was approximately the same, but neither crop

could be utilized for food until it should be taken to a government mill and ground into flour for a toll charge; that no one but the government could build the mill or operate it; that a band of speculators should meet and plan to destroy winter wheat and the value of all winter wheat farms, just as the creditor class of our country and the creditor class of Western Europe met in Europe in 1867, and conspired to destroy silver by agreeing to secure legislation there and here which would stop the minting of silver.

In pursuance of such conspiracy, they send out their agents and purchase up all the spring wheat, and at the same time arrange that in the near future all the government mills that grind winter wheat shall be closed. Having accomplished the purchase, they can double the price. If the purchase had not been made, the spring wheat would double from natural causes by reason of the winter wheat being outlawed from use; and while the spring wheat would double in price, the winter wheat could not be sold. If you would restore the milling right to grind up one half the winter wheat, the winter wheat might rise in price to one half its value, and the price of spring wheat would sink accordingly; but the day that you would restore full milling privileges to both crops, that day, from natural causes, and without any labor or effort, both crops would resume their old comparative standards of price in the markets of the world; and after that had been done, the flour from the winter wheat would perform the same honest functions in appeasing hunger as would spring wheat flour, and it would be quite as honest flour; the restoration of milling privileges to the winter wheat crop and to the winter wheat farm, would only be an act of simple justice; so it is with the bullion and mine owner of silver. The restoration of unlimited coinage to silver will be to the silver mine owner and the silver bullion owner an act of simple justice to correct a wrong that now prevails; it will in future lessen the value of money the same as the restoration of the milling right to both kinds of wheat in the above supposed case would lessen the price of flour to the public, and thereby cut off an unjust extortion which the conspirators had been obtaining from the public.

This and nothing more is the "awful wrong" the unlimited silver coinage men are seeking to perpetrate in

asking for the restoration of the government minting privilege for silver that prevailed until 1873, when the repudiation creditor class had a law passed to shut down the government minting mill.

VII.

A financial crash can come from one of two causes and not otherwise; and where either of these exists, the government can give no relief except by enacting legislation that will relieve or remove the cause that is about to produce the crash. These two causes are over-investment and speculation or undue contraction. At this time money is said to be worth in New York City, at the banks, 60 per cent on call. The refusal of unlimited coinage has deprived the world of money necessary to meet double or treble the indebtedness that existed forty years ago, when there was coined annually nearly twice the amount of gold coined now, besides the silver, and both metals were a standard of money.

In addition to this, to the observing and reflective, it is known that there is a conspiracy on hand which, unless conquered, will succeed, having for its object, not only the stopping of all silver coinage in future, but the destruction of all silver money now in existence throughout the civilized world; that in the consummation of this project thousands of our best business men, farmers, and property owners *must go to the wall*.

It is known to the public that it is the purpose of this administration to repeal the Sherman Bill without substituting any silver coinage law in its place. It is further known that an attempt was made during the past winter to have the silver bullion in our treasury, which is the basis of \$150,000,000 of silver notes that are in circulation and perform all the offices of a greenback, sold, and this sum of \$150,000,000 thereby wiped out of existence as money.

It is further intimated, in an interview with Senator Sherman which has been published at large, that it would cause a loss of only \$8,000,000 to replace \$350,000,000 of coined silver money that we have with gold, and that it might be well to consider the propriety of doing it. While the multitude do not understand this, thinking and reflective people know that it means the retiring of all our silver

money, \$500,000,000 in amount; $\frac{1}{18}$ of the total silver coinage of the entire world is to be retired from circulation, which will have the same effect upon business as it would to retire that much gold, since it performs the same functions as gold. They have seen and now daily witness our administration using gold to pay our silver certificates, and all other coin obligations, government bonds, and greenbacks, that are payable with any of this \$500,000,000 they are seeking to destroy. We are told that the administration is making use of official patronage to bribe the votes of senators and congressmen in favor of the repeal of the Sherman Bill, without any substituted coinage law in its place, and that in his effort to stop all silver coinage the president is inexorable.

This means a contraction in our coinage hereafter of \$54,000,000 yearly, as that is the amount of silver money we are annually making under the Sherman Bill; the balance of the plot is to wipe out all our silver money after the Sherman Bill shall have been repealed. The effect that will arise from such contraction was portrayed by Senator Sherman in a speech in the Senate in 1869, before he had become the property of this conspiracy, in which he said:—

“The contraction of the currency is a far more distressing operation than senators suppose. Our own and other nations have gone through that operation before. It is not possible to take that voyage without the sorest distress. To every person, except a capitalist out of debt, or a salaried officer, or annuitant, it is a period of loss, danger, lassitude of trade, fall of wages, suspension of enterprise, bankruptcy, and disaster. It means the ruin of all dealers whose debts are twice their business capital, though one third less than their actual property. It means the fall of all agricultural productions, without any great reduction of taxes. What prudent man would dare to build a house, a railroad, a factory, or a barn with this certain fact before him?”

This threatened contraction of doing away with the dishonest silver (?) dollars and dishonest (?) silver certificates that float at par, added to the proposed reduction of coinage \$54,000,000 annually, will reduce all of our legal-tender money to less than two thirds of what it is now, and it is not surprising that the impending danger of

this being done has destroyed all confidence; and if it shall be done, a financial wreck complete and universal will immediately follow.

When rivers are dry, they cannot be replenished without rain; a hungry man cannot exist on confidence without food. Contraction reduces prices; without prices the farmer cannot obtain for his crops the necessary amount to pay his debts. Then every business dependent on him fails to meet its obligations; then merchants, banks, and every business enterprise, reaching to the farthest commercial centre, go down in one common crash. To repeal the Sherman law will precipitate this crash; to permit unlimited coinage will restore confidence, increase our money circulation, raise prices, start business, and avert impending disaster.

When any great conspiracy or crisis is thrown upon a nation, the people are unwilling to realize it, although the proofs of its existence may be clear, positive, and overwhelming. Those favoring it are enabled to baffle and prevent effective resistance by the people, who would crush it and prevent any material injury resulting from it. The conspirators deceive the people by diverting attention and by raising hopes that the conspiracy can be won over by negotiation, and does not need to be crushed out. But when a premeditated plot exists like that which was arranged in Europe in 1867 between the agents of the creditor classes of the creditor nations of Europe, and an agent from this country of the creditor classes of this country, that they should labor to secure legislation to stop the minting of silver, *and when they proceeded to obtain that legislation in this country and in Europe for the purpose of doubling their bonds and notes and reducing the price of property*, it has gone too far for any sane man to think of negotiating it out of existence by a treaty to be made with the conspirators; had Congress promptly met in 1874, and restored unlimited coinage by re-enactment of the law repealed in 1873, the conspirators would have been crushed before they had obtained any benefits from the conspiracy. *This conspiracy to destroy silver as money cannot be negotiated out of existence by a treaty, but must be destroyed by adverse legislation by us, restoring unlimited silver coinage on the same ratio as existed until 1873, and making silver a legal tender for all debts public and private without any exception clause, as heretofore, authorizing the*

making of special gold contracts. We must crush this monster or be crushed by it. Legislation must crush it, or certain disaster awaits us.

There are few members of this Congress who desire to see our silver coinage entirely destroyed for all time to come. The seductive siren plea will be made to our senators and representatives to vote for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman silver act, and thereby restore confidence, save our banks, and prevent business failures. This will tend to produce contraction and leave us without any silver coinage law, so that we can no longer make money out of silver until we shall secure new legislation. To procure new legislation we must obtain the two-thirds majority, not only in one, but both Houses of Congress, as it will have to be passed over the president's veto, and no such law can be passed during his term, which will last for nearly four years; during that time the money, power, and influence of the conspirators will secure the destruction of all the silver money and stop all silver coinage throughout the world; our debtor people will be bankrupted, foreclosed, and their equity of redemption will have expired, when the proper legislation will be of no avail or relief to them.

If unlimited silver coinage is ever to be restored, it should be done now, and as a condition of the repeal of the Sherman law; and if not so restored, the Sherman law should be retained until unlimited silver coinage is made lawful.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE LAWS OF CURE.

BY M. W. VAN DENBURG, A. M., M. D.

WHILE it may be true, as Comte has declared, that some kind of theory is necessary to the most advantageous study of facts,—to serve as a thread upon which to string the scattered pearls of observation, it is still further true that the color, texture, and size of the thread are not of the greatest consequence. The facts are vastly more important.

It has so happened in the evolution of medicine, as we find it to-day, that the thread of theory has too often been taken as the prime factor; and all facts that did not harmonize in size, color, and caliber, instead of being taken at their natural value, have been ground and artificially colored to fit and harmonize with the thread of a preconceived theory, or, when this could not be done, have been rejected altogether as of little account. It is a very easy matter to predict the results of such a course in any line of inquiry into natural causes.*

From the time when Pythagoras promulgated the theory that all the members were composed of fire, air, earth, and water, and that disease was some inscrutable change in the proper proportions of these constituents in some local part; to the Hippocratic theory of pores and their occlusion in disease, or the pneumatic theory of Athenæus, followed by the Paracelsian theory that mercury, salt, and sulphur were the three fundamentals of health, which remained as long as these three were combined in one; “but when any one of them became arrogant, and separated itself from the others, disease resulted,”—this being the fashionable theory of the sixteenth century,—the chemical theory ousting it in the early seventeenth, to be in turn dethroned by the theory of the friction of the blood on the blood vessels, causing most of the phenomena of health and disease, in the late seventeenth,—after which the ethical-soul theory was made to

* I am indebted to “Therapeutic Methods,” by Dr. J. P. Drake, for the facts of which this paragraph is a very imperfect summary.

explain sickness and health, for a good part of the eighteenth, until the theory of sthenic, asthenic, and indirectly asthenic diseases and drugs, in the early nineteenth gained the mastery, to give way to the latest microbean craze in this final decade of the nineteenth century, — through all this history of medicine, covering the incredible period of twenty-five centuries, all has been theory, theory, theory.

The physician, unwilling to come to great nature in a humble, teachable spirit, has ever approached her with a self-evolved theory, by which alone he was willing to explain her workings, and, as happens to all wisdom that is wise in its own conceit, has gone away fooled and misled by the phantasms of his own imagination. This, no doubt, sounds like a very bitter arraignment, especially when coming from a physician; but the most distressing part is, that it is the calm truth.

“The business of the physician is to heal the sick by the shortest, safest, and surest method possible.” When he has done this, he has fulfilled one part of his mission; the remaining, and in many respects the most important part is, to so comprehend and teach the laws of health that there shall be the least possible amount of sickness. In this the two callings of the physician are directly at war with each other. When, however, scientific skill shall be appreciated at its real value, it will be for keeping the well in health the medical man will receive most his fees, and not for healing the sick.

Biology, however, is not therapeutics, as many seem to think, but is indirectly connected with healing the sick. When the laws of biology have full play, health is the result; it is only in abnormal states that therapeutics is of value. Since these two conditions have to be constantly differentiated in treating the sick, it is of the first importance, even from the therapeutic standpoint, that the physician should fully understand the scope and laws of biology, that he may not mistake health for disease, or disease for health. For the present purpose, the merest outline will suffice, being only an enumeration of the fundamental requirements of biology.

These are a proper organism for the manifestation of the phenomena of life; and for its continuance, food and moisture, light and heat, a respiratory medium for the supply of oxygen to the tissues, exercise and rest, and the

reproduction of the species. If any one of those requirements were denied, life, as we know it, would soon disappear from the earth. With regard to man, two more functions must be added, as essential to his existence — intellectual development, by which he intelligently adapts himself to his surroundings, and moral development, by which he adapts himself to his social relations. It is evident that these attainments are not the exclusive possession of man, since intelligence is shared largely by animals, while some sort of common morality necessarily governs all social animals.

One broad word covers the whole ground, and that is "environment." Man's relations to his environment have been a fruitful source of speculation and theorizing in all ages and among all conditions of the human race. It has remained for the last quarter of the nineteenth century to raise the whole matter, as far as the civilized world is concerned, from the realm of the contingent and theoretical, and place it on the broad plane of universal law.

When, during the present generation, the Duke of Argyle issued his great work "The Reign of Law," the title fell harshly on the ears of the champions of two orthodox sciences — orthodox theology and orthodox medicine. The one was committed to the doctrine of special providence, the other to special theories. But special providence has become gradually modified into a general providence, that works by fixed and universal laws. Thus has theology accommodated itself to its environment. As a token of this, witness a late article in *THE ARENA* entitled "The Universal Reign of Law." A few years since, such an article would have called out a host of objectors and raised a storm of opposition; now it excites not a ripple of dissent. Those who would oppose it are judiciously silent, for they know that right reason and the logic of facts are against them.

What, in the meantime, has "orthodox medicine" done to adjust itself to its environment? Older by centuries than the oldest theology living, whether Jewish or pagan, with all the experience of the past and impulse of the present at its command, what is the position of orthodox medicine to-day?

Let us observe a few straws on the current of medical thought in this the last decade of the nineteenth century.

It would have been easy to select utterances from more authoritative sources; but so long as these stand unchallenged by representative bodies, and on the pages of representative medical journals, it is fair to infer that they are the views indorsed by the self-styled "regular inheritors" of historical medicine.

At a late meeting of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, Dr. Griffith, presumably a member, is reported to have spoken as follows:—

I would like to inquire how many drugs in the pharmacopœia really cure; certainly very few. As educated physicians, we hesitate to say we have cured our patients. All we expect to do is to guide our cases to recovery. I have no reference in this connection to surgical interference.—*The Practitioners' Monthly*, April, 1892, p. 57.

From this expression of opinion there is no reported dissent; and we are forced to infer that the branch of medical practice that maims and ablates parts and organs, performs some undoubted cures; but drug interference is of very doubtful efficacy at best.

Professor Nothnagal, M. D., of Vienna, is reported as saying, at a representative meeting of naturalists and physicians, in an address before that body:—

The therapeutic potentiality of the physician's art is its most ancient possession, grossly overapplied through the centuries, then abruptly abandoned in part, and now wavering in uncertainty.—*Popular Science Monthly*, May, 1892, p. 78.

It will be observed that no hint is here given of any law or laws for the use of therapeutic means, by which drugs are presumably implied. On the contrary, we are led to infer that no such laws are known to exist, else how can therapeutics of disease still be "wavering in uncertainty" as to its real value?

This last decade of the nineteenth century affirms that law reigns supreme, without the smallest exception to its omnipotent fiat, in ethics, as in chemistry; in political economy, as in mathematics; in art, as in gravitation.

Can it be that the administration of drugs, with the consequent benefits arising therefrom, is not in accordance with universal law? Are the failures to cure anything less than failures to comply with the requirements of this same inexorable fact, the supreme fact of the universe?

Is there any other so-called learned profession that does not fully acknowledge the supremacy of law? Why is drug-giving still held "wavering in uncertainty" by its most ardent devotees, unless it be that they are allying themselves against universal law? Why is medicine lagging so far behind all other branches of research, in "its most ancient possession?" To the solution of the problem of the relation of drugs to the curing of disease, the same general method applies that is used in the discovery of any natural law in any department of research. Spencer's enunciation of the universal formula of procedure is unequalled for clearness and brevity: "Though we can never learn the ultimate nature of things, we are learning more and more their order of manifestation; and this order of manifestation we call *law*."

With the ultimate nature of disease, as therapeutists, we need concern ourselves very little, for we can never fully solve the mystery; in the ultimate nature of drugs we have, for a similar reason, only a secondary interest; the same is true of the ultimate nature of cure. But with the *order of manifestation* we are greatly concerned, as therapeutists, for in this lies the *law of cure*. Applying this general formula of procedure, how much of the pseudo-medical wisdom of to-day would fall among the chips, if once the axe of severe scientific work were made to hew to the line?

It seems scarcely possible there should still be an educated person who, in the light of modern discoveries and investigations, can, in a serious frame of mind, dissent from the view that all the phenomena of the universe are subject to a fixed sequence, to inexorable Law. When, therefore, a cure has been wrought, it has, in all probability, been accomplished in strict accordance with law, and is a part of an invariable chain of sequences. When all the antecedents are well determined the consequents in any part of the chain may confidently be foretold. When we have learned all the antecedents of any case of cure, and have compared a number of similar cases, we shall be able to formulate the order of manifestation, the law of cure.

In the presence of nature, one law cannot be said to be superior to another. All are on a footing of equality. The only claim of superiority that can be successfully maintained is, where one law is more available for practical pur-

poses than another, more readily and surely applied. When, therefore, it can be shown that there are less chances of going wrong in things doubtful, and more chances of going right in things essential, then that method or law of cure most certainly ought to commend itself to every right-reasoning, candid mind.

It is taken for granted, in the following discussion, that every homœopath who reads will allow that some cures are made by other means than the single remedy, the potentiated drug, and the minimum dose; in the same way, that every allopath will allow that the potentiated dose of the similar remedy does occasionally cure. In event of either being unable to allow thus much to the other, the following discussion will be of little interest.

For convenience of treatment, though not from the logical standpoint, the laws of cure here discussed will be divided into two groups: First, non-drug cures; second, drug cures.

The almost complete unanimity of all schools in regard to the first, and the wide diversity regarding the second group, are sufficient reasons for the arrangement proposed.

In the first group fall naturally:—

1. The tendency of all living organisms to return to the normal, when for any reason they have been brought into an abnormal state. This fact has not inaptly been expressed by the phrase, *Vis medicatrix naturæ* (nature's healing force).

2. Hygienic methods of cure, partially expressed by *Tolle causas (morbi)* (remove the causes of disease).

3. Mental and moral methods of cure.

4. The mechanical, known as the surgical methods of cure.

In the second group fall:—

1. The drug mechanical, partially expressed by *Tolle causas*.

2. The derivative method, often expressed by *Contraria contrariis curantur* (diseases are cured by drugs that have an opposite effect upon the system to those effects manifested by the disease).

3. The method of similars, expressed also by *Similia similibus curantur* (diseases are cured by drugs having a similar effect upon the system to those effects manifested by the disease).

To avoid confusion, it may be well to begin with defining

“cure,” as here employed. Cure is the bringing of the organism from an abnormal state to the normal, by any voluntarily employed means. It will at once be seen that there are various degrees of cure, especially as regards permanency; but any method that modifies the virulence of an attack of disease, or in any way lessens the danger to life, or for the present restores to health, may justly be called curative. In so far as it brings about a normal state of the organism, whether permanent or temporary, in the same degree is it desirable and useful.

NON-DRUG METHODS.

Vis Medicatrix Naturæ.

There is in every vital organism a well-recognized tendency to return to the normal, when from any circumstance it has been brought into an abnormal condition. It matters not whether it be abnormality of function or tissue, the whole force of the organism is bent towards repair, towards restoration of the integrity of the structure. If one member suffers, all suffer with it. Were it otherwise, life would soon cease to exist on the earth, since no organic form is free for a moment from the influence of forces which seek to destroy its integrity.

In this veritable struggle for existence the organic form is often wounded, but not unto death; for it repairs the injury by virtue of this inherent tendency. Those organisms that possess this tendency in only a slight degree less than their fellows, are by just so much the sooner doomed to destruction — are weeded out by the ruthless law of natural selection. Evolution, proceeding along these two relentless lines of attack and resistance, has produced in every organism a more or less forceful tendency to heal its mishaps, and cure itself of its diseases.

It is this great fact underlying all forms of life, and shared by man as the highest general exponent of terrestrial life, that gives us, as physicians, the warrant of both nature and reason to practise the healing art. We do not cure in the sense of actively healing, when brought to the last analysis; but we promote cures by assisting nature to regain control, or we remove mechanical hindrances, or repair mechanical defects.

In many cases nature, unaided by the skill of the physician or surgeon, works cures of her own. She destroys appetite, and thereby gives the overtaxed digestive system time to repair wasted tissues and to regain nerve force; she sloughs off dead tissues and crushed members; she refuses further support to an overtaxed brain, and in the enforced leisure builds up the exhausted structures; she promotes secretions or excretions to an excessive degree, and thereby relieves congested organs, and continues necessary processes and functions. But while nature, unassisted, does much, intelligently applied forces, that form no part of the organism, may also do much toward the restoration and repair of the abnormalities of tissue, or function. Sometimes, nay often, these extraneous forces make all the difference between recovery and death. Nature unassisted, is unable to cope with destructive tendencies that invade the body and threaten life; but seconded by an intelligent and skilful ally, she sooner or later regains control, and life is prolonged. Therapeutics and surgery are co-workers with nature, and not, as some seem to think, independent warriors against disease and accident. All methods of cure by forces that form no part of the organism have certain definite relations to the above enumerated fundamental requirements of life.

The first group above proposed, embraces the natural requirements and natural stimuli of the organism; the second group embraces stimuli and forces foreign to the system when in health.

Hygienic Methods of Cure.

The first law of hygiene requires that all inimical forces and influences shall, as far as possible, be removed from affecting the organism. This includes the sanitation of man's habitations as far as morbid germs are concerned, as regards the dwelling, the climate and the location as related to malarias or other deleterious germs. It also includes the separation and strict quarantine of all communicable diseases, and the destruction, as far as possible, of all such disease germs.

The second law of hygiene requires a proper supply of the normal stimuli of the living organism, to the end that it may manifest the normal functions for which its destiny has shaped it.

The vital fact on which this law depends is that an over-supply or an under-supply of these stimuli tends inevitably to disease, to abnormality. Food or drink in too great or too small a degree to meet the normal requirements; too much or too little light and heat; an over or under supply of oxygen in the respiratory medium; too much sleep, rest, and quiet; too much exercise and exertion, whether too violent, or too long continued; too great or too little activity of the sexual functions; an over or an under cultivation, or stimulation of the intellectual faculties; an over or under development of the moral emotions and sensibilities; — each and every one of these departures from the normal requirements of the organism tends to produce abnormality of function, and frequently abnormality of organic structure. This great fact, still but imperfectly appreciated, accounts for the largest part of the ills of modern civilization. Abstemious in none, temperate in all, is nature's law in these respects.

It may be worthy of remark, in passing, that while the limit in individual cases varies greatly, so does it in a less degree allow of variation in the case of the individual himself. But the limits of this variation are fairly well defined, and cannot be transgressed with impunity to the organism. All the requirements of the organism are subject to fixed sequences, to natural laws, which are capable of clear and definite expression. Furthermore, in restoring the diseased organism to a normal state, every one of these requirements must be met in a manner suitable to the individual case, if we would reach the highest possible cure, the most completely normal state the organism is capable of attaining.

Since it has become established, that capricious circumstances no longer govern the proper amount of these natural stimuli, it is unnecessary, for the purposes of this paper, to enter into a detailed statement of the laws governing each class. In no department has medical science made greater advancement in the last score of years than in a definite expression of these laws. All schools of practice are at one regarding their value, and the necessity of strict compliance with their demands.

While this is unreservedly true regarding the mechanics of the organism, — the supply of food and moisture, of light

and heat, of rest and exercise, of oxygenated air, the regulation of sexual functions, and the removal as far as possible of all deleterious influences, — the fact that law also reigns supreme in the mental and moral spheres, as regards the proper character and amount of their stimuli, and their effect upon health and disease, is but partially realized.

By this, reference is here intended to mind cure and faith cure, as popularly understood. These two departments of the human organism have still hanging over them the veil of mystery and supernaturalism, with which ignorance has in the past clothed the plainest cases of cause and effect now known to us.

That the superstitious regard now manifested towards this class of cures is wholly dependent upon ignorance of natural laws, hardly admits of an intelligent doubt. Investigations now in progress, as well as results already obtained, all point unmistakably in this direction. On all sides we are surrounded by what, in our finite ignorance, we call the natural limitations of knowing. But these are present everywhere in all investigation. He who pronounces faith cure, or mind cure any more supernatural than drug cure, has a very imperfect estimate of the limitations of knowledge. Any adequate analysis will prove them both equally beyond the scope of complete explanation. There is nothing supernatural in the universe, in the sense of not being amenable to fixed laws, to *an order of manifestation*.

Mind Cure, Hypnotism (Objective).

After what has been said, it may seem superfluous to treat further of this topic. Yet on account of popular misconceptions, at present entertained, it may not be wholly out of place to briefly note some of the most prominent features of this method of cure.

Long before the time when Samuel Hahnemann advised the use of mesmerism, as it was then called, as an adjuvant to the homœopathic remedy, others had made use of what is now called "cure by suggestion." Doubtless much if not all of fact that has come down to us regarding the influence of witchcraft upon health, was in the original, the direct result of hypnotic power possessed, as is still the case, by a few persons, and held by them and by others as a supernatural power, a gift of healing, or of causing sickness. It

has been reserved to the present generation to dispel the halo of superhuman power, and to give a sound scientific basis to the phenomena hitherto regarded as divine, or diabolic, as prejudice or interest might dictate. It may be I have included too much in this optimistic estimate; but I feel quite sure that a few more years of careful research will guarantee the assumption.

At the present time the method is largely in the hands of ignorant people and charlatans, who, not less superstitious than unscrupulous, appeal solely to the superstition and fanaticism of their patients; the reason for this is not far off. The power of exercising hypnotic influence, like the ready faculty of carrying a tune, or of distinguishing colors, is a natural endowment, but is possessed by comparatively few people. It is an endowment that may lie dormant for years, wholly unknown to its possessor, until some circumstance suitable to its manifestation calls it into recognition. In all probability, not a few have gone through life possessed to a large degree of this faculty, without ever being conscious of the fact. That it is capable of cultivation and development, as are all other native faculties, is not denied; but when the substantial basis of native endowment is wanting, no amount of cultivation can supply the lack. To remove all suspicion of interest in this discussion, the writer will confess to not having found in himself the slightest manifestation of this power, as he must also confess to an almost total inability to carry a tune; but he is wholly unable to see any more reason for suspecting the deductions of others in regard to the matter than to doubt the existence of bacteria, or of disease germs, not one of which has he ever studied under the microscope. The belief in either case rests upon precisely the same ground—the universal concurrence of those who have made these matters a subject of study, and the failure to disprove of those who have thoroughly investigated the matters alleged.

While thus confessing at the outset my ignorance, I shall venture to point out a few classes of patients who, it seems to me, are likely to be greatly benefited by this method of cure. A small percentage of cases falls into the hands of every practitioner which are termed neurotic, hysterical, hypersensitive, etc., marking out thereby a peculiar class of patients. Every practising physician has met cases that

did not have a single physical ill, the most approved methods of physical diagnosis could detect, save a peculiar headache, a persistent cough, or vomiting, or dyspnoea, or neuralgia, or muscular spasm, or dysuria, not one of which could be traced to any physical lesion. Such cases resist all medication, however carefully administered or skilfully prescribed, all hygienic treatment, and baffle the specialist and the general practitioner alike, and, having worried the whole round of doctors out of their patience, if not their wits, remain to this day not one whit improved. What is to be done with such cases? They are often not less a burden to themselves, than to their friends and to the public generally.

For a few, the right drug, or hygienic treatment, has worked wonders, when mixed with faith; but for those who have no faith there seems to be no cure. The beginning of the trouble had its source in the intellect and imagination, more than in any physical abnormality, which, if present at the time, has wholly disappeared. The disease must be treated, if successfully, by stimuli that appeal to that department of the organism where the disease originated, to the mental. Either these stimuli alone, or in conjunction with other means, will work wonders. Without the help of the imagination nothing will be accomplished.

I see no reason why we should not have specialists in this department, as well as in the otic, or ophthalmic, or renal, or pulmonary; — men and women of good, sound medical education, and of good reputation, to whom this class of cases would naturally belong. I will confess to having several such cases, which I would gladly turn over to such a specialist who was accredited and of good reputation. What I most object to, in this connection, is the air of superiority and mystery assumed by those who practise this method of cure at the present time. Hypnotic-power is just as lawful, in so far as I am able to see, as drug-power, though of a different kind and employing different means. Neither do I see any reason for supposing it is not in every respect amenable to natural law.

Faith Cure (Subjective Cure).

The subjective side of mental curing embraces not only the mental, but also the moral endowments of man's organism. It has been best defined and limited by One who first,

in so far as we know, brought it into popular prominence by the phrase, "According to your faith be it done unto you." Of the positive limit of this cure, He once said enthusiastically, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Of the required subjective state, as of the first importance in this method of cure, it is related that in a certain place where he was teaching his doctrines, "He could do no mighty works because of their unbelief." That it was not peculiar to Him to cure in this way, He himself often declared, "The works that I do, ye shall do also; and greater works shall ye do."

That there have been remarkable cures wrought through the faith of the patient, in modern times, does not admit of a reasonable doubt. These cases are, however, exceedingly rare, owing to the peculiar combination of circumstances necessary to their accomplishment. When these are wanting, nothing will supply their place. The method, like hypnotic curing, is capable of unlimited abuse, and peculiarly so in the hands of superstitious, ecstatic, hysterical, or unscrupulous persons. It is thus made to bear the blame that in no legitimate sense belongs to it.

As a part of the natural endowments of man, and as affected by the natural stimuli to which they are calculated to respond, the cures wrought through the mental and moral spheres are not any more wonderful than those accomplished through other natural endowments responding to their natural stimuli — the cures made through light and temperature, food and drink, rest and exercise, pure air, or sexual hygiene. They all are subject to natural (nature's) laws, and under proper limitations, as in all things else, are subject to the voluntary control of man.

Surgery (the Mechanical Method of Cure).

The cures wrought by surgery, have reference to the organism as a mechanical structure for the manifestation of the phenomena of life. It aims to restore the proper mechanical relation of parts by the ablation of those that have become useless, or that threaten life from their diseased state, or to modify the mechanical action of those that have become abnormal in their relations to the other parts of the

system. In its perfection, surgery restores and maintains the best possible mechanical relations in each given case of injury or abnormality. The wonderful advances of surgery within the memory of young men in the profession, when traced to their final source, will be found to depend almost wholly upon a more careful recognition and observance of fixed natural laws of the organism, rather than upon new inventions and better instruments.

DRUG METHODS.

Drug Mechanical.

The drug—mechanical method has a close kinship to surgery. In its application to certain abnormal states and conditions of the digestive, respiratory, or circulatory tracts, its cures often rival surgery in the completeness of the relief afforded. To remove a mass of indigestible and fermenting food from the digestive tract by an emetic or cathartic, to expel the mucus that blocks the bronchi and threatens suffocation, by the use of an expectorant or by the effort of vomiting; to force the action of a weak heart by stimulants, and thus prevent, in the present stress, the threatened collapse of the patient, are mechanical acts, some of which would result just as beneficially to the system, had the same results been attained by purely mechanical means.

It is of the utmost importance to the physician to understand how much it is possible to attain by these means; for in critical cases demanding immediate mechanical relief, all depends upon promptness and precision of action. For the efficiency of this method of cure, we rely upon the well-determined mechanical-vital effects of certain drugs; that is, we have learned experimentally that certain drugs act through the vital force of the organism, to produce certain mechanical results.

Derivative Drug Cure.

It is a fact, long ago recognized, that the organism seldom carries on two strongly marked morbid processes at the same time. When a stronger, acute disease invades the system, the chronic disease generally suspends manifestations. Under the action of this law of the organism, some wonderful cures have been reported. In this place, however, it is ample for

the present purpose, to simply call attention to this undisputed fact.

Acting on these suggestions of nature, or in accordance with them, many cures have been wrought by counter-irritation, seatons, blisters, and similar means, as well as by the application of extreme heat or extreme cold. The rude cures performed among aboriginal peoples partake largely of this character — the cauteries, steam ovens, and irritant drugs. The great drawbacks to these methods of cure are their limited application, in the first place; and in the second, that no drugs known meet the exact requirements of these laws of cure.

There is no such thing as a purely cathartic, emetic, diuretic, sudorific, or expectorant drug. Neither are there purely tonic, stimulant, carminative, sedative, narcotic, or soporific drugs. These are all mythical. There is not a drug among them that has not other well-marked effects besides cathartic, expectorant, sedative, or soporific, as the case may be; and these *other effects* will make themselves felt sooner or later, and not infrequently with very disastrous results. Hence, whether we look from the standpoint of the law, the drug is inapplicable, or from that of the drug, the law is unavailable. The inaccuracy of striving to use only a part of legitimate drug-effects, and ignoring, or striving to ignore, the remaining effects, can never result in a science of cure; curing must by this method remain an art — the art of dodging unpleasant results.

Fundamentally, then, the principle that guides drug giving in old-school medicine is unscientific. It ignores facts, strives to override laws, or what is as bad, misapplies them. It is not asserted that beneficial results are not reached in this school of practice from the administration of drugs; this would be a most erroneous statement of facts. But it is claimed — and a mere statement of facts proves conclusively — that no scientific results can be expected by this method of approaching the subject.

No method can be called truly scientific that does not take into account, as far as possible, *all the ascertainable facts in the case*. To administer a drug, when only one or two out of a multitude of its effects on the human organism are taken into account, is not science, but experiment. To report a cure from the use of a drug where all the elements of the sickness

cured, both subjective and objective, are not fully given, is to give but partial data concerning the antecedents of a result, or experiment, which can never be repeated by another, since some of the most important elements of the experiment have been allowed to pass unrecorded. To give a drug known to produce a well-ascertained sequence of phenomena, and not to note the relation of the whole drug power to the entire manifestation of disease, is to ignore scientific methods of investigation.

Cure by Drug Similars.

The entire range of the disease-producing power of each drug used must be known; that is, all the morbid changes and symptoms which that drug is capable of producing upon the healthy human system must have been observed in its fullest extent, before we may hope to select from the medicines thus investigated the proper remedy in any given case of disease. — “*The Organon of Healing*,” Samuel Hahnemann, 1833.

Actual experience, the only infallible oracle of medical art, teaches, in every carefully conducted experiment, that that drug proved, in its effect upon healthy persons, to produce the greatest number of symptoms similar to those found in a given case of disease, when administered in the proper doses, will rapidly, thoroughly, and permanently cure this diseased condition. — *Ibid.*, Sec. 25.

The only really salutary treatment is that, according to which the totality of symptoms of a natural disease is combated by a medicine in commensurate dose, capable of creating in the healthy body symptoms most similar to those of the natural disease. — *Ibid.*, Sec. 70, 5th.

These principles of drug-giving were announced to the world two generations ago. To-day each “carefully conducted experiment” confirms the fundamental solidity of the position then taken. In the hands of thousands of intelligent and educated men, the world over, there has not in any case arisen a reason to change the expression of natural law here announced.

This law is easily a matter of demonstration, and is the kind of cure wrought in innumerable cases (without being so recognized) in the old-school practice.* Why this is a law of cure, no more concerns the practising physician than why gravity attracts, concerns the builder of locomotive engines. It is amply sufficient, in either case, to know the best methods of applying the law. The objection that we cannot explain satisfactorily the why, is not valid as against the use

* The writer will furnish, on application, reprints of a “Study of Arsenic,” illustrating this point.

of the law in either case, nor is it at all necessary to its most successful application.

The observance of the law of similars, in the administration of drugs, insures success to a degree not to be attained by any method, independent of *a uniform controlling plan*. It enables the practitioner to employ drugs in the cure of a case in hand, which he has never known to be applied in any similar case of disease. It also empowers him to meet new cases and new phases of disease with a certainty of beneficial results not now offered by any other known method. And he may do this with a sense of security, as to the propriety of his treatment, if only he has carefully complied with two requirements :—

1. That he has so considered the action of the drug upon the healthy human organism as to have formed a correct conception of its characteristic effects.

2. That he has so completely mastered all the manifestations of disease in a given case, as to clearly perceive its leading and characteristic symptoms.

If now these characteristics in both instances closely resemble each other, he will certainly witness beneficial results, provided the drug be given in the proper dose, and at proper intervals.

It is not claimed that cure will invariably follow; that may be impossible. But the drug will in any case be the most suitable for the disease in hand, and cannot be surpassed by the use of any other that less closely simulates in its effects the present case of sickness.

It is quite unnecessary to premise that this is a most laborious and painstaking method of practice. The necessity of proving drugs on the healthy human organism, in order to know what they are capable of doing, is in itself an immense task, and one requiring the highest natural talent for original investigation. But when this has been accomplished, and the results have been put in the most available shape for reference, the labor of comparing, sifting, and rejecting, in order to find the most similar drug, is not equalled by the labor in selecting the remedy by any other method. But is not this usually the case, when experiments are to be conducted in close conformity to any natural law?

MORAL AND IMMORAL LITERATURE.

BY HOWARD MACQUEARY.

NEVER before could it be more forcibly and truthfully said than it may be to-day, "Of making many books there is no end." And in such a book-making age as this, it is all important to know what books to read, what not to read. But who shall be our guide in this matter—the government, the church, or the individual? We know the lesson of history on this subject. Both the government and the church have condemned and burned the best literature the best minds have produced. The Roman emperors came near destroying all the sacred books of Christendom; the Roman church (and also the Protestant) tried hard to throttle new-born science in its cradle, by condemning the works of Copernicus, Newton, and others. These and other such historical blunders warn us that no government and no church can be accepted as a literary guide and censor. Yet, a year or so ago, the postmaster-general of an enlightened republic prohibited a Russian novelist's book from passing through the mails; and certain self-constituted societies for the suppression of vice, have tried to suppress inoffensive novels, while pharisaic libraries have excluded them from their hallowed shelves. Let us not boast, then, too soon of the "liberty of the press," and "liberty of thought and speech." All people are "liberal" as long as you agree with them; but beware of contradicting them or shocking their tastes and prejudices. Offend thus, and you are a doomed man—even in the "closing years of the nineteenth century"! One would think that the quickest way to suppress vice is to expose and denounce it, and the surest way of exploding errors is to allow the utmost freedom in discussing them. But let a clergyman preach plainly on the seventh commandment, or let an independent thinker question the "tradition of the elders," and see how many will be "shocked," and propose a limitation of the freedom of speech. Let us be careful in throwing stones at

the Past, or we may hurt the feelings of the Present. Let us cast the beam out of our own eyes, that we may see more clearly how to pluck the mote out of our brothers' eyes. But to come to the point: If neither the government nor the church may be accepted as our literary judge, then it is of supreme importance that the individual should be properly educated on the choice of books, and the only power that can do this is the press — that is, literary critics, reviewers, essayists, etc.

In order to attain what is and what is not "moral literature," let us take some classic specimens. And to begin at the top, we will take first — the Bible. This book contains many passages which cannot be read in public service or at family prayers — for instance, the "Song of Solomon" and the first chapter of the "Epistle to the Romans." Most commentators allegorize the ancient "Song," but even that does not give it a sufficiently refined tone to make it tolerable to delicate ears; and so "an advanced clergyman" of New York City, a few years ago, suggested that the Bible should be "expurgated," but he thereby almost "expurgated" himself from his fashionable church. The first chapter of the "Epistle to the Romans" is a graphic description of the vices of Roman society eighteen centuries ago — a description amply confirmed by Roman writers. But it was fortunate for St. Paul that our late postmaster-general did not live in those days, and have charge of the Roman post; for, if so, I fear the good Christians at Rome would never have heard the profound doctrines and wholesome precepts of this epistle, simply because its first chapter states — facts.

But, not to dwell on sacred literature, let us ask next, What think ye of Shakespeare? Are his writings moral or immoral? What of Sir Jack Falstaff, or his majesty, King Henry V., or the monstrous Caliban? The absurd gallantries of Sir John with the "Merry Wives," the coarse love-making of the rough soldier king with Katherine of France, the insulting words of the brutal Caliban about Miranda, or even Emilia's plain language in "Othello" (iv. 2) must be very shocking to our prudes and refined people. M. Taine says: "Shakespeare's words are too indecent to be translated. His characters call things by their dirty names, and compel the thoughts to particular images of physical love. The talk of gentlemen and ladies is full of coarse allusions; we

should have to find out an ale-house of the lowest description, to hear the like words now-a-days." Yet, would you have us throw aside our Shakespeare? Would you keep it out of schoolgirls' hands? No? Why not? Why, because the inspired dramatist is one of the greatest moral teachers of history. He makes us loathe vice by painting it in all its hideousness. He makes us love virtue and nobility, by showing us their intrinsic beauty and loveliness. He does not "preach" to us, but he shows us life — both sides of it — and thereby teaches us how to choose between the good and the evil. His villains are the most perfect devils ever created; his heroes the most heroic of the sons of men. His women are real women; his men, real men. If he were less "immoral," he would be the more unreal, unhistorical — a mere literary *dilettante*, who would influence no man for good or for evil. As it is, he reveals the great passions of human nature, and shows how they may be properly controlled and directed.

In the estimation of competent judges, the greatest poem Byron ever wrote is "Don Juan." Yet few women would admit (to men) that they had read this poem, and I dare say it will shock some people to hear that a clergyman has mentioned this "immoral" poem in public. It would take a great deal of courage to defend it as a masterpiece of literature — one which may be read with impunity, perhaps with profit. Yet M. Taine says, "'Don Juan' is a satire on the abuses in the present state of society, and not a eulogy of vice;" and as such, he comments on it at length. If we read the poem as a satire on society — an autobiography of Byron — shall we be greatly demoralized? Byron was a man like unto ourselves. His passions were simply exaggerations of ours. What he was we may be, if we are not on our guard; and may it not be profitable to study moral monstrosities? If we would eradicate evil from our own natures, and from society, must we not begin by diagnosis — by a study of its causes? And do not the "Don Juans" of literature and history afford us materials for such study? But I am not "Don's" apologist, and ye who are afraid of being demoralized by reading the history of rakes, beware of Byron! Shelley is equally "offensive" as Byron, and his "Queen Mab," and "Revolt of Islam" created as much scandal, when they appeared, as his fellow-poet's work did. Shelley was

one of the most unearthly spirits ever embodied in human form, one of the loftiest poetical geniuses, one of the noblest souls, and one of the most enthusiastic philanthropists who ever toiled for suffering humanity. But he has received the penalty which a cruel and unjust world inflicts upon its prophets. Even the uninspired Goethe, "the strong, much-toiling sage, with spirit free from mists, and sane and clear," as Mr. Morley says, "who combined the higher and lower wisdom, and put moral truths into forms of words that fix themselves with stings in the reader's mind"—even he, the corypheus of modern literature, is condemned by some as "immoral." And what shall we say of our own Whitman? Those who love the chaff of commonplace and the dry straw of conventionality, find no pleasure, no glimmer of poetic fire in "Leaves of Grass." It is all "wood, hay, and stubble" to them. They would not accept it, as many do, as "a marvellous, almost miraculous message to the world, full of thought, philosophy, poetry, and music." Victor Hugo, perhaps the most versatile mind of modern France, the writer of philosophy, history, romance, drama, is intolerable to prudes. His wonderful novel, "Les Misérables," has probably had a greater influence for good than any other book of this century; yet it gives a most shocking picture of a Parisian grisette and her illegitimate child. It is a scathing condemnation of social injustice, an eloquent plea for "the lower classes," as against "the higher classes." But all its force, beauty, merit, is marred, in the estimation of many, by the introduction of Fantine. Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" and Dickens' greatest novel, "David Copperfield," both turn on a seduction—would have been impossible without embodying such an event. But who was ever demoralized by reading these stories? Is the fate of the unfortunate Effie Deans or poor little Em'ly alluring to any girl? Are they not wholesome warnings, rather, to those who might feel tempted to tread the forbidden path? And what young man would be enticed to sin by the rakes that ruined these girls? Recall Robertson's remorseful exclamation, "I am the *devil*!" when he meets Butler, the clergyman, in a lonely dell, and say whether his sin had not turned to an apple of Sodom ere it had been tasted. Or look upon the dead body of Steerforth, stretched out on the seashore, and think of the sorrow he had brought upon his mother, the misery he had caused

others, the sufferings he himself had endured in consequence of his sin, and say whether a young man is apt to be tempted to follow his mad career.

The greatest American novel is Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," but this thrilling story also turns on a seduction. It gives us the fall of a clergyman,—no unheard-of event in ancient or modern times. But the pious Dimmesdale suffers the agonies of devils, and that awful scarlet letter on Hester Prynne's bosom seems to be a spark from the lowest hell, burning into the poor woman's soul and blasting all her happiness. A more recent novel, strikingly like the "Scarlet Letter," is Maxwell Grey's "Silence of Dean Maitland." But this, too, must be condemned, if we accept the criterion of our literary censors. True, it teaches us, in eloquent terms and by forcible illustration, to "keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right," but it enforces this truth by narrating the fall of a clergyman and the ruin of a poor girl—and such things must not be discussed in novels! Would it be believed that any rational mind could object to George Eliot and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and even to Madame de Staël, as "immoral" writers? It is even so! I know well-educated, clever, sensible people who think their moral tone scarcely enough elevated.

About two years ago a novel appeared (it is not necessary to mention its name), which was a commentary on the seventh commandment, and has had an enormous sale, reaching something like one hundred and seventy-five thousand copies. It so "shocked" the moral sensibilities of the public, that a set of New York Pharisees finally seized it, together with several other books of like nature, and haled the publisher before a police magistrate. But so little reason had these pietists for their action, that the grand jury quickly dismissed the case. The story is a tale of a *roué* who made a great deal of money under the Tweed *regime*, and lived an unchaste life until his accidental acquaintance with a pure woman taught him to prize and practise the virtues he had hitherto despised. "In the first hundred pages," says the author, "the pendulum is drawn back to its full limit, in order to give it the requisite swing when it is released. And what a swing it is! Every moral lapse is followed by the direst retribution, and at the close the unhappy hero seeks death rather than a possible return to the life he once

led so joyously. It is a terrible arraignment of unchastity, and has wrought a complete reformation in several men's characters. It teaches that the sister or daughter of another should be as sacred to us as our own."

Another "shocking" story made its appearance about the same time, and twenty-five thousand copies of it were sold in five months. It was written by a brilliant woman, who is laboring honestly for the social and moral betterment of her fellows. The story is based on facts; the hero, who is killed in the romance, being at present a prominent member of society. It is no whit more immoral in tone than any of those novels already mentioned, and, with the exception of a few pages, the primmest prude could not object to its language. Yet a certain public library in St. Louis excluded it from its consecrated shelves, and many who began reading it threw it aside or burned it. Some respectable reviews even said that no pure woman could have known the facts embodied in this book, or would have written about them—as if, forsooth, pure-minded women do not read such facts in the papers, and discuss them every day. The strangest part of this senseless criticism was that the women, in whose interest the book was written, were the most vehement in their condemnation of it; while many men admitted its truth and approved its purpose.

What, then, is moral and what is immoral literature? Certainly such books as those cited cannot rightfully be considered "immoral." They deal with the great passions of human nature and the common facts of experience, and their object is to elevate the mind and ennoble the heart. This gives them a high moral character. A book is not immoral simply because it discusses ugly sins; but when it lacks a spark of talent or a lofty purpose it is both degrading to the mind and depraving to the heart. When obscenity is introduced merely for the sake of being vulgar, or to create a sensation and make money, then the writer is worthy of the utmost condemnation, and we make sure he will receive it quickly from all truly refined and enlightened people. Literary trash, therefore, whether it be the nickel or dime novel, the detective story, the flashy, sensational novel, or the sentimental twaddle of the *dilettante littérateur*, is demoralizing, and should be strictly eschewed by all classes of readers, from the waiting-maid and shoeblack to the

savant. Better to read nothing at all, than to read what will neither enlighten the mind nor purify the soul nor fire the heart with generous ambitions and aspirations. There is absolutely no excuse for any one's reading inferior literature, for the best books may be had as cheaply as the worst — at a merely nominal cost. It is said, however, that it is useless to write and preach against vicious literature, for the children of this world are wiser on this subject than the children of light. The venders of literary rubbish adopt the cleverest means of advertising and disposing of their wares. Thus, every month or two, they will distribute gratuitously, from house to house, samples of their "illustrated papers," and newsdealers tell us that this is a very effective means of increasing the circulation of such papers. Then the publishers frequently send packages of sensational stories to the newsdealers, with the latter's business card neatly printed on each package, and ask them to distribute these samples, charging them nothing for the advertisement. Of course, the "samples" are distributed, sales are increased, and the youths of the land are intellectually and morally depraved. But those who have had practical experience in this matter tell us that writing and preaching against the evil is simply beating the air. "The remedy is not denunciation, but displacement of bad by good literature. Those interested in the subject must counteract the methods of the vender of bad books by helping to advertise and circulate good ones."

When should children — especially girls — be allowed to read such books as those suggested? Whenever their minds are sufficiently developed to appreciate their literary merit, and when their moral judgment has been sufficiently cultivated to draw the right lesson from them. Girls and boys are very precocious these days. They pick up, on the street or at the public school or from the daily papers, a knowledge of evil much sooner than their parents sometimes imagine. Let not parents cherish fond delusions about their children. Their boy in knee-breeches, or their girl in short dresses, can often instruct them in the ways of the world. Therefore, they should be frank with their children, and begin early to train their moral faculties. Don't prohibit them from reading such books as those now discussed; for from the days of Adam and Eve to the present, prohibition has always increased a desire for the forbidden fruit. Be intimate

with your children; read with them; talk with them; put the "great masters" into their hands, and cultivate their tastes for strong mental and ethical food; show them how to distinguish between the good and the evil; inspire them (as you may) with a hatred of vice and a love of the true, the beautiful, and the good; and be assured that the results will be entirely satisfactory. In ignorance alone is danger; in knowledge alone is safety. Sooner or later boys and girls must learn of the evil in the world; and unless the "devil's work" be anticipated and forestalled, he will get the start, and will not be easily overtaken and conquered. Many a young girl has been ruined simply because she was so unsophisticated that she did not understand the approaches of the tempter, and was taken unawares. If she had known, she would have repelled his first advances, and have driven him back to his native hell. Therefore, give children a knowledge of good and evil as soon as they are able to receive it—and that is much sooner than many suppose.

It must not be inferred from the above that the writer believes that all literature ought to have a moral—that every poem or novel should contain a sermon. On the contrary, the literary genius will never "preach." He will simply paint nature and man in their true colors, and let the moral take care of itself. This is the secret of Shakespeare's wonderful power. He shows us human nature in all its grandeur or in all its degradation; he presents *embodiments* of good and evil, and lets us take our choice, knowing full well that we will choose rightly, or, if not, that no amount of moralizing and preaching will force us to make such a choice. While the French writers are, perhaps, too careless about the moral tone and purpose of their books, English writers are apt to run to the other extreme, and tire us by their eternal sermonizing. Give us truth and life, and let us do our own moralizing.

JAPAN AND HER RELATION TO FOREIGN POWERS.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH CHENEY.

THAT Japan has not received her just rights from other nations, must be acknowledged by those who have carefully investigated the matter of her treaty with foreign powers; and that she has tried by every means possible to gain a hearing, must also be conceded. Probably no country has been revolutionized as rapidly as Japan. Within twenty years a complete and radical change has taken place in her ideas, habits, and government. She has willingly and gladly, since the grand achievement of Commodore Perry, thrown open her gates to the whole world. Hungry for knowledge to be obtained outside of her own resources, she has welcomed the stranger from every land, and sent young men of her best blood to foreign universities for education.

But since the day when the gallant Perry sailed into the harbor of Uraga in the bay of Yedo, and lay quietly resting with his squadron of ships in the shadow of Fuji-no-yama, though in all other matters Japan has advanced, in that of a just treaty with foreign powers she has remained stationary.

Having peculiar and adequate means of ascertaining some true and terrible facts growing out of this antiquated treaty (facts rather difficult to obtain, except one be familiar with Japanese magazines and newspapers, or disentangle a language hardly understood by the West), I wish to present them in clear English to the thinking people of the Occident, challenging investigation and debate.

I write from the point of Japan, not of the West. I have transformed my Occidental eyes to the angle of the Orient, and see as the Japanese beholds; for the time I feel with tender Japanese nerves, and think with Japanese brains. How otherwise can these wronged people be understood who ask from us, who are stronger than they, nothing but justice?

To view this question fairly, one must get somewhat into the environment produced by Japanese history, realize somewhat the suffering of the people and their struggles for liberty; also understand the bravery with which the inhabitants of these small, danger-locked islands have protected them against all invaders, and held them unconquered since the age of mythology.

To-day beautiful Nippon lies calmly sleeping upon the bosom of her blue waters, but her sleep is like that of the watch-dog; for west of her is China and Corea, north the Russian territory, Siberia, while but little farther away are English Hongkong and British India. Yet undaunted she has maintained her independent government, and undaunted she still will hold it against all obstacles.

The Japanese have an unconquerable spirit, but up to the last point of endurance they will suffer even imposition and injustice rather than resort to arms; and every reasonable means, every just policy, every strong effort, will be tried to gain a hearing regarding their relationship with other nations. They understand the principle of justice themselves, and believe that other people understand it also; and it will take much suffering and discouragement to convince them otherwise. So intense is their law-abiding sense, that rather than break a mandate they suffer by it, thereby being subjected to numerous unjust decisions in the trials decided by foreign officials, and rarely, if ever, receiving any preferment from them in favor of justice.

The Japanese people are patient, polite, and anxious to conciliate foreigners; but this endurance must come to an end, and sooner or later a new order of things will be established. The cause of the complaint of Japan to-day is not the possible menace of foreign governments, but their apathy. If they are a people entitled to respect, if the pages of their record are comparatively clean, if past history proves them invincible, why, in the name of justice, is their earnest petition for treaty revision continually ignored? Is it the narrow policy of Christendom to subjugate into crawling, cringing beggars all races who do not believe as it believes? Is it the policy of Christendom to compel by might rather than right? Is it the policy of Christendom to stoop to heathen methods in order to control a people who perhaps can think?

In 1853 Commodore Perry brought with him to Japan a letter dated Nov. 13, 1852, from President Fillmore of the United States of America. It was addressed to the emperor, but in reality was delivered into the hands of the Shogun Tokugawa. The object of this message was to establish a friendship between America and Japan. In 1854 an amicable treaty was made with the United States, and soon after with other European countries. These were only treaties of friendship, and had no concern with trade. In 1858 the present treaties were entered into between Japan and America, France, Great Britain, and Holland. The original draft was drawn by the hand of Townsend Harris, American consul-general, and acceded to by the Japanese feudal government without alteration; with the understanding, however, that after the experimental test and the lapse of a certain number of years, if the agreement became unsatisfactory, a change was to be made. The experiment has proved that the Article VI. in the treaty between America and Japan, the articles of corresponding meaning in the treaties between her and the other nations mentioned, and the annexed tariff are pre-eminently unsatisfactory.

Article VI. in the Americo-Japanese treaty is:—

Americans committing offences against Japanese shall be tried in American consular courts, and when guilty shall be punished according to the American law. Japanese committing offences against Americans shall be tried by the Japanese authorities, and punished according to the Japanese law. The consular courts shall be opened to Japanese creditors, to enable them to recover their just claims against American citizens, and the Japanese courts shall in like manner be open to American citizens for the recovery of their just claims against Japanese.

All claims for forfeitures or penalties for violations of this treaty, or of the articles regulating trade, which are appended hereunto, shall be sued for in the consular courts, and all recoveries shall be delivered to the Japanese authorities.

Neither the American nor Japanese governments are to be held responsible for the payment of any debts contracted by their respective citizens or subjects.

The tariff annexed to the treaty was originally: First class of imported goods, duty free; second class, five per cent *ad valorem*; third class, thirty-five per cent; fourth class, twenty per cent. But by the Convention of Yedo, June 25, 1866, between Japan and United States of America, France, Great Britain, and Holland, the highest rate of duty

was lowered to five per cent *ad valorem*. Opium is the one and only article prohibited to be imported.

According to the article in this treaty, and the annexed tariff, Japan's rights and profits are entirely ignored. Whenever her people complain about the injustice received from foreigners, they have no power of decision, but must rely entirely upon the foreign authorities; and also when the internal economical or commercial circumstance necessitates a change of the rate of income tax upon the importation, it cannot be done. Of course many of the Japanese believe in free trade, but that makes no difference in regard to this question of justice.

In this same treaty we find Article XIII:—

After the 4th of July, 1872, upon the desire of either of the American or Japanese governments, and on one year's notice given by either party, this treaty and such portions of the treaty of Kanagawa as remain unrevoked in this treaty, together with regulations hereunto annexed, or those that may be hereafter introduced, shall be subject to revision by commissioners appointed on both sides for this purpose, who will be empowered to decide on, and insert therein, such amendments as experience shall prove to be desirable.

When the date specified in the treaty arrived, the Japanese government demanded revision, because during these preceding years of experience they lost in every case their right and profit. Since then until now, they have been continuously requesting the revision, but the foreign governments still ignore their plea.

July 25, 1878, a treaty was made between America and Japan, in which the above tariff was annulled; but so long as the treaty of 1858 between America and Japan, and the same treaty and the annexed tariff between Japan and other foreign countries continue to be effective, this annexed tariff must necessarily be applied to the trade between America and Japan. The treaty is annulled in theory, but not in practice.

Some of the instances growing out of the application of these treaties with foreign powers, which I shall relate farther on, may not seem to have any bearing upon the question; but upon consideration it will be seen that they are extremely pertinent, and that Japan, being hampered by her lack of judicial power, is everywhere taken advantage of for the selfish aggrandizement of other nations—in other words, her hands are tied.

The excuses these powerful Western nations make must be investigated. Here are some of them: "The Japanese are not civilized; their laws are not good; they are not Christian."

Right here it is well to ask the question, What is civilization? Does it pertain to mental or spiritual or physical advancement? It seems to me that the word is very loosely used and misapplied without consideration of the environment of a people. It must be admitted that there are many grades of civilization, and that the highest type must necessarily be that which evolves as its culmination the most perfect specimen of spiritual, mental, and physical development. It is true that no nation more than approximates to this equality, but I contend that probably Japan has as good claim to such a condition as has America or the most civilized European countries.

If from the material advancement a nation is to be judged, and if the quantity, rather than the quality, of her improvements is to be the criterion, then Japan, as compared with the West, must take a back place; for in number her telephone and telegraph lines, her railroads and steamships, are few. She is a poor nation, having forty million people on her small islands, the soil of which is already nearly exhausted. If, however, civilization is a question of the quality of her improvements, then no country can outrank her; for every modern invention is utilized there in its best and latest aspect. Recognizing this fact, then, it must be admitted that Japan, from the practical standpoint, is not uncivilized.

If Japan is to be judged regarding her art, even the critical West itself places her in the front rank; for though her great artists may have been less numerous than those of Italy, they are the peers of the Western masters in the quality of their work. This being admitted, Japan is civilized in art.

If in architecture she is to pass the ordeal of judgment as to her towers and temples, it is known that in their perfect adaptation to her earthquakes and her physical surroundings, no nation can surpass her. The West builds in stone and iron, but Japan has a perfect architecture in wood. If adaptation to environment is the test of correct architecture, then in this respect also Japan is civilized.

If civilization in Japan is judged by the education of the

people, then besides the numerous colleges and private schools, for every six hundred persons there is one public school, making in all seventy thousand, also an immense university. The education is compulsory; consequently there are no illiterate persons. If education be the test of civilization, then Japan is civilized.

If cleanliness be the test, the whole world knows and admits that Japan is clean.

If religion be the test, in no country do Buddhism and other beliefs receive a higher or more spiritual interpretation. The religion of Japan is called heathen. If the word "heathen" is used in contradistinction to "Christianity," it may be so; but if the word "heathen" is one of ignominy applied to a people of a low moral standard, with no high or spiritual conceptions, it is not appropriate. The Japanese may be anti-Christian, but they are certainly not anti-moral; at least they have a far higher conception of morality than the Mohammedans, who are classed as non-heathen by Mr. Webster of the dictionary. In truth, the Japanese admit of all religions in their country, and have the synthetic idea in regard to them. This age is supposed to be rather liberal; and one's religious belief, as long as it does not interfere with that of another, is not expected to be coerced. Apply this same liberality or justice to nations, and a fairer conception is reached. To the heathen, non-Christian, unthinking, and free-thinking people in our own glorious America, justice is administered as readily as to the most orthodox, bigoted, sectarian, Christian church member. Why, then, on this score of religion are Japanese counted uncivilized?

If the women of a country be the test, Japan has produced beautiful, tender women, whom Sir Edwin Arnold claims to be superior to the men. Like the women of the civilized West, they are only now merging into that freedom of development which their evolution is according them; and if they are or have been wronged, it is the universal wrong, of which Japan can take but her just share of blame.

If the laws of a country are a test, then Western savants learned in law, pronounce the laws of Japan and their administration equal if not superior to those of other nations; the judges are independent of other executive departments, and a general consistency in the administration of justice is admitted.

The postal system of Japan is universally conceded to be the best in the world.

If, as it has been asserted, Japan is not civilized because of some of her peculiar practical social habits, — such as the business of the “jinrikisha” man; or the conservative custom of blacking the teeth, brought down from feudal times and adopted by many married women; and last, but not least, the sitting of the people apparently upon the floor, instead of using comfortable elevated chairs as we do; — then let us compare these habits of the Japanese with those of our own people, and view ourselves with unprejudiced eyes. Japan has her “jinrikisha” man, but he is not a slave; he simply conveys another human being for money; it is purely a matter of business with him, an occupation which he chooses from his muscular fitness for it; he is not struck a blow; he is not driven; he is a human being doing that work from choice and financial necessity. We have our porters and our burden bearers here — men who carry and lift enormous trunks and heavy packages, drudges and servers of others. With them, also, it is a question of financial necessity and muscular fitness. The cases are parallel. Next, the conservative married women blacken their teeth. This, it must be admitted, is an unreasonable and a bad practice viewed from any standpoint, and I am glad to say the younger wives are abandoning it. But we find a custom in our Western nations still more barbarous and unreasonable; that is the piercing of the ears of our girls, wives, and mothers. The black from the teeth can at any time be removed, but the ugly gash in the beautiful human ear is permanent. Again, the Japanese as a people sit apparently upon the floor, but in reality this is not so. Their matting rugs are padded like mattresses, and cushions are also used. The custom grew out of their many centuries of war, when constant moving from place to place, with the uncertainty of a stable locality, necessitated the abandoning of unnecessary furniture. A small advantage, however, is gained by this habit, as the floors are kept with exquisite neatness, and no dirt is seen anywhere.

Now having considered these minor questions regarding their civilization, we will drop the subject, as it must at once be seen that Japan ranks fairly with other highly civilized countries.

Yet in spite of all this evidence of a well-balanced nation, Japan is dealt with in this treaty as though hers were an uncivilized race. Upon this point of their civilization the people of Japan are very sensitive; and it may be thought strange that, feeling thus, she does not reject this unjust, out-of-date treaty. She suffers and endures only because she dreads to disturb her amicable relations with foreign powers, until every other means has been employed to gain revision.

Right here I wish to produce evidence in the statement written in March, 1875, by Harris, the American consul-general to Japan, who also wrote this one-sided treaty. He says in substance: —

The tariff fixed in the treaty of 1858 is fixed by me, and about its articles I never consulted any one. After the draft was made it remained intact without alteration from any Japanese official. As the Japanese had no experience in levying the tariff on imported goods, or to manage the income from the custom house, I was obliged to settle as above, though it was an example never known before. Really the Japanese officers frankly said that they had no knowledge in such matters, and consequently they entirely relied upon my decision, putting their full trust in me.

This was in feudal times, when the Japanese newly came into contact with foreigners. In his treatise on extraterritoriality, again he says in substance: —

The gift of the extraterritorial right to the Americans in Japan, as it is stipulated in the treaty, is the thing which is against my conscience. When I spoke with the secretary of state in the United States of America, he admitted the injustice of the interference with the internal law of a foreign country, and he said, "But how can we do otherwise when we stipulate a treaty with an Oriental country?—as, for instance, the treaty between the United States, Turkey, Persia, and all other barbarous races is the same, not being altered even in Congress." I am now old and am very sorry that I cannot take off these unjust articles before I die. I hope that in the future others at least will witness the change.

This is the substance of the statement of the American consul-general.

Having explained what this treaty is, let me give some startling facts to prove the injustice which results from it.

In 1868 in April, an American arranged to send privately three hundred Japanese to the Sandwich Islands, and to pay them wages of five dollars per month, for three years. This became known to the Japanese government. Really this

was slavery. So a Japanese official went to Yokohama, and informed this slave owner that the Hawaiian Islands were not in any way connected with the treaty, and desired that the Japanese then on board ship be restored; but the American ignored his request, and sailed away. About this the government consulted with the American minister in Japan; but he replied, "He is the consul in Hawaii, and the ship belongs to the English; therefore I have no right to interfere." The next year the Japanese government sent a messenger to Hawaii to recall its countrymen.

In 1871 a Peruvian compressed two hundred and thirty Chinamen, his ship being at that time in the port of Yokohama. The Japanese government desired to rescue the Chinese, but the Peruvian made the excuse that Japan had no right to interfere with a foreign ship. In spite of this, Japan decided that international justice must be done, so she restored the Chinese to their own government. Upon this the Peruvian ambassador came to Japan, and claimed indemnity, blaming the Japanese government for injustice. The difficulty was finally settled by arbitration, the Russian emperor deciding in favor of Japan.

In 1853, when Commodore Perry went to Japan, the Russian ambassador went also. The Japanese government presented its claim for Karafto (Saghalien), the northernmost island of Japan. Many Russians were there, and the Japanese would not be imposed upon by them. Besides this, they indulged in whale and seal fishing in the Japanese waters; therefore Japan presented her claim to Russia, sending her officers many times to that government; but owing to their lack of understanding of the Russian policy, they came back unsuccessful. The result was that the island was destined to be the land of intermingled settlement, Russian and Japanese—a queer phenomenon in history, a sort of mutual possession. Russia is a large country; Japan is small; it was the time of the feudal system; the internal administration had to be cared for, and the Japanese government had no time in that instance to investigate as to the best policy. After the restoration, in 1870, the American government arbitrated and consulted with the Russian government, fixing the boundary of Japan's possession on that island at the fiftieth degree north latitude, the line crossing about the middle—a very disadvantageous division for

Japan. But Russia would not consent to the arrangement. Consequently several ambassadors were sent in succession, but nothing was arranged. Finally, in 1875, the whole island was ceded to Russia; and minute islands, mere dots on the map, about a dozen and a half in number, to be discovered by the microscope, were taken for it. This is the first and only time that any Japanese land was exchanged for other since the history of that country began.

Here is another fact: Some time before 1877 an Englishman called Hartley imported opium. The custom officers objected, according to the treaty. Hartley disobeyed instructions, so the custom-house officer brought suit against the English. The trial was held before the English consul. The English judge, Wilkinson, decided that there was no objection to the importation of opium into Japan if the custom duty was paid on it. About this matter, of course, the Japanese government was right; but by the decision of the English judge, she lost her suit. All the Japanese newspapers, including the *Tokio Times*, published by the foreigners, discussed this question of injustice severely, and the people scattered the papers containing these articles everywhere among the foreigners in Japan, hoping to perpetuate the memory of the outrage done to their country. The English Parliament did not close their eyes to this question; and Max Stewart, a member of the Lower House, asked if it were true that the English judge admitted the importations of opium in spite of the treaty, and also what the English government would do to justify itself. The English government could not give a satisfactory answer, and evaded the question, saying that no official information had yet reached it.

These are only some illustrative cases out of the many between country and country to show the situation and incapacity of Japan, considering her relation with foreign powers, to maintain her rights. If cases of this kind connected with individuals were counted, the number would be astonishing.

In 1886 the English steamer called *Normanton* was wrecked in the sea of Japan. Among the passengers twenty-five Japanese were drowned. The circumstances were heart-rending. The captain and all English passengers were saved, but the Japanese were denied a boat or any

means of escape. There was complete evidence to prove this case, and there was no reason why the captain should not be considered a deliberate murderer. So the governor of Hiogo sued Captain Drake; but Japan, as usual, did not get full justice.

The latest sensation of the kind was in 1892. An English vessel, being without ship lights, as required by the marine law, in the night ran into the newly-arrived Japanese man-of-war, just coming into the inland sea from France, sinking it instantly. Most of the crew were drowned, but the captain by great effort reached the English vessel. At first no attention was paid to him, nor any boat sent; but finally, a rope being thrown, he saved himself, without other English assistance, by climbing into their ship. After telling that he was the captain of the sunken vessel, he was taken to the third-class cabin and shamefully neglected. As usual, a suit was brought, and as usual, again, Japan lost.

Another case: An American woman, a procuress, being unable to live in her own country, went to Japan. After she landed in Yokohama, about fifty young daughters of respectable families disappeared. Every one knows that the entire evidence is clearly against her; but judicial power being in the hands of foreigners, she has lived safely in Japan for over five years.

Again, the foreign roughs—mostly, perhaps, the sailors going to the public bathhouses on pretence of bathing—often forcibly break into the women's department, and attempt to outrage their persons. From this horrible indignity Japan gets no protection.

There is another case on record too horrible to relate here, and of which a normal imagination can barely conceive. It regards the treatment of a Japanese woman. Yet it is a fact, is known all over Japan, and the perpetrators of the deed remain unpunished.

These are but a few of the thousands of incidents of the application of the unjust treaty by which the judicial power of the Japanese is entirely ignored. Is the foreign hyena who preys upon the liberty and virtue of the women of Japan to escape, simply because foreign jurisdiction alone controls the decision of these cases?

In Japan this question of treaty revision is discussed every hour, every day, every month, of the year. The news-

papers are full of it; extra supplements are constantly being issued containing nothing but discussion on this subject. Orators and public speakers debate it everywhere. The whole country is in constant internal ferment about it. The apathy of the West astonishes the Japanese; their sense of justice is outraged. The minister of the foreign affairs is constantly being changed, in the vain hope of successful readjustment. All Japan favors revision; even the Western element there is not opposed. Yet where is the American or Englishman or Frenchman who will so far unselfishly forget his own country as to fight on his mother soil for another?

For forty years in Japan, the nation has been shaken by this agitation and the terrible injustice growing out of it, while we of the West have been collecting funds for the support of missionaries in that country to teach the people religion. Is it not time now that we begin the agitation here? Shall it not start among the American people, whom, in spite of this great wrong, the Japanese love, and shall it not spread until it strikes England and France and Holland and Russia, that by a liberal, generous impulse justice between nation and nation may be done? Let these United States of America, in memory of Commodore Perry, who first opened this beautiful, sun-kissed country, with all its genius of art and philosophy, to the West, be the first to set the example of restituted rights, and claim the first glory among other nations for the championship of Japan.

THE MODERN CURRENCY PROBLEM THROUGH A VISTA OF FIFTY YEARS.*

BY ALBERT BRISBANE.

AT this time the great controversy in relation to the Bank of the United States was going on. The Democratic Party wanted to restrict our paper currency and replace it by a specie currency. I was led to investigate the question by hearing it constantly discussed, and in 1835 I read Gouge's book on Banking—an ample treatment of the question from the Democratic point of view. Having read this work and followed the general discussions in the press, I came to the conclusion—after a certain amount of reflection—that specie currency, gold and silver, was an artificial and false currency; that it had been employed by man as a necessity in the early stages of society, because he did not know how to discover a true currency, and had been continued from the influence which social habits exercise on men.

I conceived then what I believed to be a general principle governing man's social action. Nature furnishes him with certain primitive instrumentalities which he uses in the beginning of his social career. She gives him, for instance, the horse, the camel, the ox, as carriers; his function is, by his own reason, by his genius, to create the locomotive, and to replace the rude roadway of instinct, which is the simple levelling of the earth, by the railway. Instinct suggests the simple needle; genius invents the sewing machine. The hour glass is the precursor of the chronometer; a log, hollowed out into a canoe, is the precursor of the steamship. Upon the same principle man, requiring a unitary representative of wealth,—that is, a representative sign that would stand for all the products of labor,—took by instinct the metals that were the rarest and the most valuable, and the

* The above paper is a chapter taken from "Albert Brisbane, a Mental Biography," just issued by the ARENA Press, will be read with peculiar interest at this moment when the very features of the currency question discussed by Mr. Brisbane half a century ago have become the vital problem of the hour.

quantities of which could not easily be increased; and so strong has been the influence of habit and of prejudice in favor of these so-called precious metals, together with the abuses which arose with the first efforts to establish a paper currency, — a currency created by the human mind, — that men have continued the use of gold and silver. I saw that a currency should be created which would truly represent the products of labor — man's only real wealth. Place a man on a desert island, I reasoned, where there are none of the products of labor, neither food nor shelter; then suppose a shipwreck to have thrown barrels of gold and silver at his feet; would these precious metals have any more value for him than the pebbles on the shore? Of what value could they be where there were no products for which they could be exchanged? Whereas, if the island were a scene of labor and production, plenty of means of exchange could be discovered, notwithstanding the total absence of gold and silver.

I then set to work elaborating a plan for the creation of a currency that should fairly represent the products of industry and the labors of men — a currency that should be created by the state in a way to withdraw it from the monopoly of the banking classes and usurers, placing it at the command of the real interests of the country.

Happening to be at Hamburg, N. Y., one night, at the house of a gentleman whom I had interested in the subject, we decided to call a meeting to discuss the currency question. The meeting was called, and I explained my views as clearly as I could, endeavoring to show the evils of the prevailing system, and the need of a change. When I had finished, a lawyer of Buffalo, a Mr. Tillinghast, jumped up and began denouncing me as an immoral man. "You listen to this man!" said he. "Why, Mr. Brisbane is building a theatre in Buffalo; he is an irreligious, immoral man." I admitted the charge, of course, but added that it made no difference what I was as a man, the simple question now before the meeting being currency. Finally, the question being put, whether the ideas presented by me were acceptable, the affirmative vote was unanimous.

In the spring of 1836 I called another meeting, among the farmers of a neighboring town. At this meeting we got up a petition to the New York Legislature, and I went to

Albany and presented it. It was treated with indifference, as a visionary scheme, and no action was taken on it. In all that legislative body I gained but a single convert—a senator, whose name I forget, considered, I am glad to say, one of the ablest men in the state. I was surprised that such a body of men could not comprehend a principle which to me was self-evident, and that the monopoly of the currency by a class (the bankers) should be so unquestioningly permitted. I saw that they had it in their power either to give or to withhold credit, and that they really controlled the means by which all exchange of products took place; that they could produce, not only disorders in the system of industrial circulation, but that also, in what is called *legal* usury, as well as in illegal usury, they levied a prodigious tax on the industry of the nation.

Seeing that my currency theory produced no effect, I left it aside as a mere detail in the great work of social reconstruction. I continued, however, to write on the subject from time to time in the newspapers, and finally, in 1860, published a pamphlet in which I explained my theory quite elaborately.

To show the difficulty with which this money question is grasped, I will say that I gave a copy of my pamphlet to a banker of Buffalo, a Mr. Spaulding, who became one of the framers of the Greenback system soon after the breaking out of the civil war. The next time we met he remarked, "I have found some good things in your pamphlet." Some months later I met him a second time. "I have read your pamphlet again," he said, "and I find many points of interest which would surprise people if they would study the question carefully." I met him again later on, when he returned to the subject, saying: "I have read your pamphlet a third time. I understand it now; but there are not five men in Buffalo who would comprehend it." This illustrates how difficult it is to get people to understand an idea outside of the beaten track of popular opinion.

At length came our civil war. The necessities of government led to the abolition of all the state banks and to the creation of a currency by the United States, which national currency was furnished to the banks started anew on the deposit of United States bonds. No interest was charged by the government on the currency thus loaned;

on the contrary, it paid interest on its bonds to those banks which pledged them as collateral security. This was a measure introduced by Secretary Chase, to induce a more ready purchase of the government bonds and to give them a higher value in the market, thus to secure to the nation the pecuniary means of prosecuting the war. It was an approach to the currency which I had proposed: it was made of paper, not of gold or silver, and its basis was the bonds of the United States, which bonds were secured by the entire property of the nation. Hence it was not the inherent value of two metals which constituted the guarantee of this new currency, but the bonds of the United States — *the property-wealth of the nation*.

Had one more step been taken, my original idea would have received half its solution. Had the government loaned its money direct to the people, to any and every citizen who would deposit the bonds of the nation as a security, instead of limiting its loan to the banks (who in turn lent to the people at a high rate of interest), the United States would possess to-day a very fair monetary system. But in our societies of class legislation, of monopolies and privileges, such a great step could not be taken; for men never take great steps unless pushed to them by dire necessity.

However, the conception of loaning money direct to the people, instead of allowing the banks to act as intermediaries, began gradually to dawn on the minds of many individuals, and the Greenback Party was formed. It affirmed the principle that political justice and equity required the government to loan its currency direct to the people, on the deposit of government bonds.

My original conception was that the state should organize vast *dépôts* for the reception of all the staple products of the country, — its grains, cotton, wool, etc., all articles of a non-perishable character, — and take the warehousing system out of the hands of individuals, who inflict on the producing classes such a vast amount of imposition; such as rating of inferior quality first-class articles, charging high storage, etc. . . . I proposed that the state should itself become the intermediary between the producer and the consumer. The farmer would deposit his grain, and take a certificate based on the value of the product stored; this certificate would become, in a sense, money, since, being issued under the sanc-

tion and guarantee of the state, it would represent what money should represent—the product of labor, rather than the intrinsic value of two metals, or their artificial value based on their general acceptance as a circulating medium. If the monetary character of gold and silver should be abolished, these metals would probably fall to half their present value. Suppose, for instance, the banks of England and France were suddenly to throw their hundreds of millions on the market, what would be the real manufacturing value of all this “precious” metal for plate, jewelry, etc.? The delusion of our political economists with regard to gold and silver is a humiliating proof of the want of a fundamental analysis of a very simple problem.

I have already said that I published articles on the subject in various papers, among others in the *New York Tribune*. I tried hard to convert Greeley to the idea of a new currency, and that, long before the institution of the Greenback system. My efforts, however, were vain; I could make no impression on his practical mind. Gold and silver were the deities of commerce and exchange; or, as Theodore Parker once defined them from his pulpit,—reproving the selfishness of business men who upheld slavery in the name of the commercial prosperity of the country,—“The golden eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper cent are God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost!”

I must say, however, that a complete revolution on the currency question took place in Greeley’s mind a few months before his death. Somebody, it seems, whose authority had weight, explained to him the principle of loaning direct to the people, and by his influence convinced Greeley of its practicability. He wrote three articles on the subject, at short intervals, in the *Tribune*, and those articles gave the first impetus to the formation of the Greenback Party.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA FROM A THEOSOPHICAL VIEW.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A LARGE number of intellectual and reliable people have given their testimony in THE ARENA to investigations into the occult, and proofs conclusive of the existence of forces not yet explained by science or reason.

It seems a remarkable fact to me that not one of these witnesses has pursued his investigations on a theosophical basis. For every puzzle presented in the interesting papers which have appeared in THE ARENA, theosophy holds the key. Over every mystery shrouded in darkness, it holds the torchlight of common sense. It is a great misfortune that many of the leaders of the theosophical movement in America have chosen to represent this philosophy as at variance with Christianity, spiritualism, and mental science, when, in fact, it is the parent of the essence of all three.

Mental science, which teaches the power of spirit over matter, is one finger of the great body of theosophy. Why should the body despise the fingers? Though the fingers may say, "I am the whole," the body knows the assertion is made in ignorance; and to despise the good work done by this one finger, is unworthy of the body.

While Christianity in its modern phase may oppose theosophy, yet its real essence, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," is the core of theosophy, as taught by Buddha long before Christ came upon earth. The central thought on which all great religions are founded is the same from the beginning of the universe to the present day, and the central thought is the kernel of meat in the hard nuts of creeds.

Spiritualism is merely the ante-room to the vast cathedral of the "wisdom religion." It seems to me that the Society for Psychical Research has halted in this dimly lighted ante-

room, instead of proceeding into the grand chambers beyond, lighted by truth's brilliant rays.

I do not hesitate to state that only the ignorant, the egotist, or the fool to-day disputes the fact that spiritualism is founded on a great truth; but the man who investigates spiritualism by following after mediums and attending *séances*, is a still greater fool, unless he is armed with such defensive knowledge as theosophy alone can give. The skilled workman can use edged tools with benefit to himself and others; but the thoughtless, untaught child needs to let them alone.

To investigate so-called spiritual phenomena, we need first to realize that death does not permit a soul to step from this brief earth life into another life which is final and eternal. We might as well suppose that the traveller who goes on board a ship, stays forever on that ship, instead of journeying in many lands; or that an old, cast-off suit of clothes which he may leave upon the ship, is all that remains of him.

Many a "sensitive" sees an apparition which is as lacking in spirit and intelligence as an old suit of clothes; and most mediums communicate with these shells which once held the spirit. Now and then we find one who can call back some spirit which has not broken all earthly ties, and which is more strongly attracted by the interests it left behind than those which urge it onward.

We are surrounded by the astral light, in which are photographed all thoughts, words, and deeds ever committed by us. The possessor of the sixth sense (*clairvoyant vision*) is like one who should step into a vast photograph gallery whose walls were composed of the negatives of its patrons. He has but to look about him to see who has been there, and in what attitudes they were pictured; and yet it is easy to make a mistake in these negatives.

Sometimes one glass holds two or three pictures, or a composite portrait, and the gazer becomes confused. The trance medium sees more clearly, frequently, than the *clairvoyant*; but both make the mistake of thinking they see the spirit of a dead friend, when they often see only this dim negative in the astral light, while the spirit has gone on into realms where the most *clear-seeing* vision cannot penetrate.

The dead who die in selfishness, avarice, and lust, and with the higher spiritual qualities dormant, hover about the borders of this astral world, and are eager to communicate with earth. The ignorant "investigator of the occult" not only retards their final spiritual progress by placing himself in reach of them, but he subjects himself to their evil influences, and is liable to unhealthful thoughts, feelings, and impulses, heretofore unknown to him, after frequenting the *séance* room.

Besides these earth-bound spirits, the astral world or the one adjacent contains the "body of desire," which the spirit drops behind it in its upward flight, just as it dropped its body of clay in the grave. This "body of desire" is what I referred to in the beginning as a cast-off suit of clothes. It contains a certain amount of memory and intelligence, which it received from the spirit during life, even after that spirit goes on about its business.

I remember once at school, when quite a little girl, of amusing myself with a piece of magnetic ore from which I charged a steel pen. Presently the pen itself became so magnetized that I was able to lift a cluster of pens upon its point. In a short time, however, this power passed away from it when no longer associated with the magnet.

It is exactly so with this "body of desire," an ethereal double of the physical body. It becomes magnetized from the spirit, and retains this magnetism some time after the spirit has gone. And it is this deceptive illusion which mediums most frequently encounter in the trance state, and which so puzzles and pains sorrowing friends by the mixture of truth and lies, sense and absurdity, in its "messages."

This "body of desire" will give a medium the exact name of some one who has died—a name you are positive she cannot know herself. It will then instruct her to give you the most nonsensical, undignified, and silly message, when you are hungering for counsel and advice on important subjects; and just as you are turning away in despair and disgust, you are puzzled by a reference to a secret known only to yourself and the dead. Then you wait, or go again and again, for some sensible, encouraging, or wise word of advice and sympathy, but it does not come; for it is only the cast-off, baser part of your friend who is talking to you, actuated by a sort of automatic memory and a remnant of

intelligence. Let it alone and it will decay. Fill it with the magnetism of mediums, and it will live on and on, but the mediums will lose health, morals, and reason.

I have experimented with many "sensitives," and I have found in all my experience but one whom I believed to be in any way associated with the higher influences. But I have consulted many who proved to me beyond question the truth of the theory of the "body of desire" and that of pictures in the astral light. Yet the experiences of a few of my acquaintances prove to me conclusively that the spirit of one who lived a good life may and does sometimes send valuable messages to those who remain on earth.

A young lady friend of mine lost her father very suddenly. He died in the street without having a moment's warning. His business affairs were in an unsettled state, and he had often told this daughter that before he died he wished to arrange his financial matters to protect her interests. Three years after his death, the young woman was visiting an aunt and uncle in a distant town. Both were in usual health. One evening a strange woman called and asked to see Miss A. After considerable hesitation, she said: "I am a newly developed writing medium. During the last few days every message which has come to me has been to Miss A. I did not know who you were, had never heard of you; but the influence said you were visiting here, and I must see you and tell you not to go away; that a great deal of money depended upon your staying here; also that there were papers in a safe which you ought to have, as they would bring you money. But over and over it urged you to stay and not go away, as you contemplate. The influence signed himself Mr. A., and said he was your father."

Miss A. regarded the woman as a crank and an impostor, and paid no attention to her talk. Much against the wishes of her aunt and uncle, she went away in a few days, and some weeks later she visited me and related these facts.

While she was under my roof, word came of the sudden death of her aunt and uncle. They were childless and wealthy. The letter that brought the news of their death said: "Had you remained with them a few weeks longer, you would have inherited all their money; but they were so displeased with you for going away, that they left it to distant relatives."

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the spirit of Mr. A. is unable to cut loose wholly from earth, through his anxiety regarding his daughter, and that he made a strenuous effort to have her inherit the property of the aunt and uncle whose death he foresaw.

Still another case which came under my personal observation proves to me the positive return of the spirits of the dead, with the desire to warn and benefit some one who remains on earth. But these cases are rare, when compared with the innumerable evidences of the pictures in the astral light and the bodies of desire which torment and tease, but do not benefit the seeker after truth, unless he is armed with knowledge: a knowledge within the reach of all who are willing to toil for it, and a knowledge which makes us more reverent toward the Creator, more tender toward humanity, more hopeful of the ultimate good toward which the universe is tending, and more confident of our powers to hasten that good; a knowledge which reveals to every man the Christ within himself, who may become a saviour of the world if he so wills it, and is willing to work and live for that purpose; a knowledge which is the marriage tie between Science and Religion, and an armor of strength to every soul who seeks and finds it.

A STUDY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY E. P. POWELL.

Two men stand pre-eminent in history in the middle of the eighteenth century as intellectual forces shaping events preliminary to the establishment of our republic. These were Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine. Colonial familiarity has handed down one of these as Ben, the other as Tom, as the older Adams was also Sam. It is not easy to habilitate Ben, in the language of Bancroft, as the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century, or Tom as the man who precipitated the Declaration of Independence, and carried the armies through the crisis of almost total despair. Yet it is true that during our Revolution, if never at any other period, the pen was mightier than the sword. The creation of the republic was not a possibility by any force of arms that we possessed, or, indeed, possible at all by any other power than that of reason and diplomacy.

The difficulty of a study of Franklin is intensified by the fact that he was the most-sided man that ever appeared in our history, if not, indeed, in history at all. To be comprehended we must know him, not only as diplomatist, but as the foremost scientist in the world; a most remarkable financier and business manager; an author whose work has a fixed place among the higher classics; a philosopher who found rank with Voltaire and Leibnitz; as Kant expressed it, "the Prometheus of modern days." John Adams, whose jealousy was irrepressible, wrote from Paris that Franklin's reputation was "more universal than that of Newton." Nor do we find our task minified by the fact that Franklin was a man as simple as he was great, as childlike as he was philosophic. Like Lincoln, he loved a joke, but, unlike Lincoln, he put his jokes into state papers. It has been hinted that for this reason no great historic document of the period was intrusted to his pen. His economy was not only political, it was domestic; and in "Poor Richard" popular estima-

tion cannot easily recognize the controlling mind of the world's affairs and the builder of democracy. He wrote almanacs instead of constitutions. He was as marked for his toleration in theology as for his democracy in statecraft. In both he was clearsighted and even prophetic, far beyond his age.

The famous scene in the Academy of Sciences, when he and Voltaire were brought forward dramatically before the most eminent scholars of Europe, and embraced, as emblematic of the wedding of two worlds in the cause of freedom, was far from being the embrace of men of similar aim and spirit. The little, weazened, bright-eyed poet of Verney hated the old; the rotund and serene American loved the new. Voltaire flourished in the dust of destroyed opinions; Franklin sought to build a system of morals that might be universal for enlightened peoples. His favorite scheme, projected in early life, worked at in his prime, and never quite given over till age enfeebled him, was to write "The Art of Virtue," a system of morals; a plan which seems only now about to be worked out and engrafted on our scheme of both secular and religious education. Shrewd and masterly as a business man, he saw also that underneath all human progress must lie the power of society to construct character.

But it is my present purpose to study Franklin only as a diplomatist — the man whose pen and tongue matched the sword of Washington. Prerequisite to such a study it is necessary to comprehend his heredity, both in family and in commonwealth. The not over-generous soil of New England had set the religious refugees of Europe upon new lines of evolution. The Puritans, who had developed the most marvellous other-worldliness, were compelled by nature to develop as absorbing worldliness. Equally good at praying and at bargaining, they learned to make virtues of necessities and piety of economics. They moralized over corn-huskings, and said ten minutes' grace over a salted mackerel with pumpkin pie. Thanksgiving was a happy commingling of stomach and "heart," wherein chicken pie was made to harmonize with two-hour sermons and serious reflections about a day of judgment. Yet their digestion was good. This was the sort of heredity that Franklin received — wise, penny-wise, and pious after the excellent manner of the

Mayflower. Being a New Englander, whatever else he did, he never failed to preach. He could not escape the controlling conviction that the chief end of life is salvation; but in his creed, salvation pertained less to the soul than to the pocket. He married righteousness to political economy. His position as a diplomat was always shaded by his character as a philosopher. His home-spun suit and simplicity were invaluable adjuncts to his winning logic.

We must also ascribe to heredity the extremely constructive ability of Franklin. It was an era of "off-clearings" in general. Mediævalism, since Erasmus and Luther, had been gaping open in great seams. Feudalism had yielded to monarchy, and monarchy was on trial. Voltaire had gone a rifle's range further than Calvin, and Roger Williams' soul was in the ascendant with William Pitt. Vague ideas of democracy and human equality were abroad. Largely the period was destructive, but Anglo-Saxon sturdiness has always preferred construction. Franklin was from first to last a builder. He planned a "Union of the Colonies" and anticipated a new ecclesiasticism, with equal facility. He invented the first American stove, and set up the first lighting rod. He founded a philosophical society, and the University of Pennsylvania. He was equally successful as printer, editor, and author, making the press to be the foremost power in America. He was brilliant as a conversationalist; and as a letter writer, he was one of the most renowned in an age devoted to wit and philosophy in correspondence. He was no greater as a writer than as a diplomatist, and in neither of these ways surpassed his achievements in science. His early life was full of force, badly or unequally directed; and for a time he seemed about to become a social pest, dissolute and wasted. But out of the chaos of contending influences he emerged, in due time, with power still to lead the age in every department of thought, and to anticipate a future age in matters both of public and private importance—in education, in research, in toleration, and in constructive institutions of government.

To comprehend Franklin as a patriot and diplomatist, we must also understand the exact stage of the contention for popular rights. The Magna Charta of 1200 had rested till 1700, before being followed by the Bill of Rights. But ecclesiastical reformation on the continent had exercised a

vital reaction on the state. Democracy was in the air, but England and all Europe sincerely believed in the divine right of kings and of the aristocracy. Events only led or compelled the American colonies to reject the idea of *Dei gratia* and stand for the principle *vox populi, vox Dei*. At the opening of the contention between the colonies and the parent country, there was no thought of rebelling against monarchy. Curiously the grievance of the Americans was wholly with the representative body of government, the Parliament. "You are not our representatives," said Sam Adams. "We have no representation anywhere in government," said Otis. Lord Mansfield answered: "No one is represented in special, but only in general. You are virtually represented by every member of Parliament." "The Americans are right," said Pitt and Camden; but when it came to vote, there were but five with Pitt. The English doctrine remains to this day "virtual representation." The American doctrine soon became "actual representation," and without that no power to levy taxes. And this doctrine of actual representation is still leavening society, and is at the bottom of the demand for female suffrage. Those who dance must pay for the fiddler, and those who pay may dance.

Franklin, while on his first mission to England, was for a long time very warm in his good-will for George III. "The sovereignty of the crown," he said, "I understand. The sovereignty of the British legislature out of Britain I do not understand. We are free subjects of the king; and fellow-subjects of his dominions are not sovereigns over fellow-subjects in any other part."

The American people were slow to become disloyal; they were hot for a principle of government before they were able to become anti-royalists. To the last a large minority remained monarchists, and over one hundred thousand left the country rather than forsake the king. Even the establishment of a republic did not create a universal conviction of democracy. Fisher Ames wrote: "A democracy cannot last. Its nature ordains that it shall change into a military despotism, as of all governments the most prone to shift its head and the slowest to mend its vices." "Hamilton believed," says Morris, "that our administration would be enfeebled progressively at each new election, and become at last contemptible." Who shall wonder? Who shall blame?

The problem of popular government was novel beyond precedent, and it involved the vastest evolution since society was organized. To trust the people, or not to trust the people — that was what must be settled. Franklin, when at last he saw that the royal power was involved in the contest with Britain, took his position with the people, and so preceded the party which Jefferson soon headed against the aristocrats, and succeeded in placing in permanent control of the country.

The great Saxon race at this point divided asunder in their contest against prerogative. Led by circumstances unforeseen, the Americans developed a system of popular government resting entirely on the good faith of the people. Out of the seething sprang, as by inspiration, the principle enunciated in the Declaration of Independence — that all men are born with equal rights. The war closed with English people still strong in the idea of inequality of rights by birth; while the United States has based its prosperity on the opposite doctrine. Carlyle summed up British sentiment when he wrote, "Democracy will prevail when men believe the vote of Judas as good as that of Jesus Christ." But Wendell Phillips answered, "The right to choose your governor rests on precisely the same foundation as the right to choose your own religion."

Franklin believed in diplomacy as stronger than the sword. His own history gave him much warrant for this. He was first sent abroad by the state of Pennsylvania, in the popular struggle to compel the successors of William Penn, the proprietaries of the colony, to pay their share of the taxes. These dignitaries lived in England, and drew their annual revenue of two hundred thousand dollars from the vast American estate granted to Penn, but refused to pay taxes on their private lands. They appointed the governor, and the people selected their assemblymen; but the governor could get his salary only by vote of the Assembly. It became a fair field for contention, and not seldom a deadlock.

In 1757 Franklin was selected to cross the ocean, in order to seek redress from Parliament, also to induce the king to resume the province of Pennsylvania as his own. So it happened that the very nature of this errand started out the colonial diplomatist as a royalist. This visit of Franklin to the old country was exceedingly exasperating, for he stood

almost alone, representing an insignificant colony which was looked upon purely as British property. He had no prestige, no powerful nation to back him, no friends to assist. Looked at from this standpoint, the result was the most remarkable achievement of his career as a representative; for after vexatious delays and gross insults, he succeeded in bringing about very nearly what Pennsylvania desired. The king and Parliament emphatically sided with the proprietaries, bluntly suggesting that the real aim of the colonists was "to establish a democracy in place of his majesty's government." But at the very last Lord Mansfield took Franklin aside, and entered into a personal agreement with him that the demand of the colonists should be granted, on certain conditions, to which Franklin readily agreed.

The result was so remarkable that it is not surprising that Franklin became a still more devout devotee of diplomacy. It was a work of three years; but then it was worth three years' time that the people should triumph. When he reached home the citizens of Philadelphia met him with a warm welcome; the Assembly voted him fifteen thousand dollars, to cover his expenses; and England appointed his son governor of New Jersey.

Franklin's second mission to England was by appointment of the same colony, and on a like errand. He was commissioned to urge a total change of government from a proprietary to a royal. This time three hundred mounted citizens escorted him down the river to his ship. He reached England at the close of 1764. It was the very time when the British Parliament began to crowd colonial taxation, in order to aid in covering its expenses during the war with France. The culmination was the Stamp Act. Whatever excuse the English people had for their course toward the colonies, the latter saw none; and the majority of the people would consider none. Otis, Sam Adams, and Patrick Henry raised a storm that seemed to Franklin to be a tempest in a teapot. He was too cool-headed to sympathize with rash action. He believed with all his nature in diplomacy, and this he undertook at first by uniting in compromise propositions.

But the Philadelphians soon gave him to understand that diplomacy must be turned in another direction. They mobbed his family, and burned him in effigy. He at once shifted his

position. The mission on which he was sent was so insignificant that it was lost sight of. He became, by general consent, representative of all the American colonies. The people of the provinces were in dead earnest; that was clear. They ceased to eat lamb, so that more wool might be grown, and home-spun clothes be made and worn. They would retaliate on English trade. The great question was now shaping itself, "No taxation without representation." But you are represented, answered Parliament; we all represent you. Pitt sided with the colonies, saying: "The Americans are not the bastards of England, but the sons." "Virtual representation is a contemptible idea."

In February, 1766, Franklin was summoned by Parliament to give testimony as to the state and temper of the colonies, and what measures of pacification would be adopted. He had now developed into an uncompromising leader of the patriots, but he had no thought of independence or of war. His examination was one of the most able and brilliant in history. One passage only will suffice to give the logic and spirit of his position: "The Parliament of Great Britain has not, never had, and of right never can have, without consent given, either before or after, power to make laws of sufficient force to bind the subjects of America in any case whatever, and particularly in taxation. We are free subjects of the king, and fellow-subjects of his dominions are not sovereigns over fellow-subjects in any other part." Still he remained royalist.

In 1769 he wrote, "I hope nothing that has happened or that may happen will diminish in the least our loyalty to our sovereign, or affection for his nation in general." In 1770 he counselled the colonies to be true to the excellent king. "I can scarce conceive a king of better disposition." So far he is a true diplomatist, believing the tongue more powerful than the sword. But soon he writes, "Between you and me, the late measures have been, I suspect, very much the king's." Meanwhile the Stamp Act was abolished, mainly by the influence of Franklin. The citizens of Philadelphia had a large barge built, forty feet long, which they named Franklin, and carried it in a great procession, firing salutes from it as they marched. By 1770 Franklin was agent, by formal appointment, of not only Pennsylvania, but Massachusetts, Georgia, and New Jersey.

The Stamp Act out of the way, it looked for a time as if the ferment would end, and harmony be restored. Franklin stood steadily as peacemaker, calmly advising both parties. He complained that he suffered on both sides—in England being suspected of being too much an American, in America of being too much an Englishman. A grand triumph came to encourage him. Earl Hillsborough was secretary of state for the colonies, under Lord North. He insulted our agent from the outset, and did it grossly. Franklin presented a plan to the Parliament for the creation of a great frontier to the west of the colonies, which should consist of twenty-three millions of acres, these to be granted by England to America. Hillsborough opposed the measure hotly; but he was worsted in his plans, and, flying into a rage, resigned. This raised Franklin considerably in popular estimation; and he was called on to nominate the earl's successor, which he did.

In 1773 began the quarrel in Massachusetts with Governor Hutchinson. The colonial assemblies were growing quite independent. Franklin advised Parliament not to hear too much; that in reality America was loyal. "It is words only," he said. He had constantly urged that, in his opinion, "If the colonies were restored to the state they were in before the Stamp Act, they would be satisfied." As late as 1774 he was still diplomatically arguing that the war was only a ministerial one, and could be stopped by wise parliamentary and cabinet action; but he began to confess that, if he were an Englishman, he could not see what step might be taken to diminish the mischief. He was evidently in his mind convinced the day was passed for healing the bitterness. He was ready for bloodshed, if it must come—a man of terrible decision and undying hate, when hope for honorable treatment was past. As far back as 1766, when the question of the Stamp Act was still open, he had said: "I have some little property in America. I will freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound to defend my right of giving or refusing the other shilling. And after all, if I cannot defend that right, I can retire cheerfully with my family into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger." David Crockett was hardly the model after which Franklin would have chosen to conform his life; but that he

had Crockett's stuff in him for all emergencies, is beyond question. But his plan was still of the Seward, Union-preserving sort. He would have the colonies refuse to buy a pound of tea, or whatever else involved payment of odious taxes. "If we continue firm, and persist in the non-consumption agreement, this adverse ministry cannot possibly last another year." He thought a cup of tea, the cost of which helped to pay the salaries of tyrants, would "choke any decent American."

It was well we had exactly this man at that time in that place. The colonies did not need precipitating before due time into war. They were steadily being consolidated and unified. A national spirit was taking the place of the colonial. But the day of action was close at hand. Troops had been sent over to Boston. Franklin bitterly complained of this. "Americans advised it," replied an official. "It cannot be," said Franklin. "I will prove it," was the reply; and in a few days a bundle of letters from Governor Hutchinson and Lieutenant-Governor Oliver was handed to Franklin. These he sent to America for examination but not for publication, as he asserted; but the recipient did publish them. This incensed the British government beyond measure.

In January, 1774, Franklin was cited to appear before the Lords of the Committee for Plantation Affairs. I suppose a more cowardly assault on a man unable to defend himself was never made by a government; more detestable abuse was never poured over a man who deserved none of it. Dr. Priestley, who was present, said, "The real object of the court was to insult Dr. Franklin." Franklin showed not a sign of rage or even indignation, but he stood calmly unmoved and let them bark on. Only when he went home, he put away the coat he had on, and never wore it again until he sat as commissioner to sign the treaty that confessed the independence of the United States.

The king now tumbled him out of his office of postmaster-general of the United States, and there was a growl of treason raised throughout England. He was warned that if a blow should be struck in New England he would be doubtless seized. Lord Chatham stood firmly by him, as did Sir Thomas Walpole. Evidently affairs had passed all limits of peace, although war was not yet formally declared.

From this hour the diplomat became as bitter a foe as England ever had, and the most dangerous. Had the British ministers been large enough to be both honest and honorable, and made fast friendship with Franklin, the war of the Revolution would have been a failure. They did undertake to bribe him, as they had undertaken before; but they mistook the man. In March, 1775, he started for home, having first handed to Mr. Walpole a document in which, as agent of the colonies, he demanded for them, of the British government, reparation for injuries done by the blockade of Boston, and closing thus: "I give notice that satisfaction will probably one day be demanded for all the injuries that may be done and suffered in the execution of the fisheries act; depriving the colonies of just rights; and that the injustice of the proceeding is likely to give such umbrage to all the colonies that in no future war, either a man or a shilling will be obtained from any of them till full satisfaction be made as aforesaid." This was as good as a declaration of war. Walpole hustled him out of England as quickly as possible, to prevent his arrest.

Franklin was drilled well by the English people, not only to hate them, but to act as the most skilful of diplomatists against them in case of war. Lexington and Concord were fought while he was on mid-ocean. He landed, to find the two countries locked in a struggle of blood. Washington was in command, and the Provincial Congress was assembled. Franklin was at once elected a delegate. A nation was to be born. Everything was to be done *de novo*. The air was full, not only of independence, but of revolution. Democracy was a problem. There was not even a cradle for the government, whenever born; neither money nor financial system. Many hung back from absolute independence. Pennsylvania formed a separate government. New England threatened a league by herself. The confederacy that followed was loose at every joint; not strong enough to have endured a year of peace; barely held together by war. But everything was redeemed by that magnificent document, the Declaration of Independence—a glorious inheritance for a free people; a standard about which the sentiment of sixty-five millions of Americans still rally; the proclamation of philosophers defying brute force. It was at this point that Franklin and Jefferson first became co-operators and friends.

Lord Howe arrived in July. He wished to renew diplomatic discussion. He was a friend of Franklin in England, and a conciliator. Franklin was allowed to reply. He closed by saying: "I know your great motive, in coming hither, was the hope of being instrumental in a reconciliation; and I believe that when you find that impossible, on any terms given you to propose, you will relinquish so odious a command, and return to a more honorable private station."

Now followed as fine a bit of negotiation as any Franklin was ever engaged in, and it called for all his wit and versatility. It was concluded by Congress to send delegates to meet Lord Howe and his brother, who claimed plenipotentiary powers for treaty. At the conference Howe was conciliatory and polite as he was generous. He wished, however, to treat "back of the step of independency." Franklin answered: "Forces have been sent out, and towns have been burnt. We cannot expect happiness under the domination of Great Britain. All former attachments are obliterated."

It was critical that Lord Howe should be met in some manner by Congress, for the land was full of Tories. All the patriots had not yet signed, even in spirit, a declaration of independence. It was equally important that no yielding of one jot of ground should be apparent. The conference was held; it was over with. There was no more diplomatic danger from smooth tongues and honeyed pens. Bayonets and bullets at last became a necessity.

France and England were natural enemies; it followed that France and America became artificial friends. In September of 1776, Franklin, then seventy years of age, was despatched as ambassador to the Court at Versailles. The English raged and threatened war if he was received; but the French welcomed him with a frenzy of enthusiasm. They praised him from top to toe. They admired even his weaknesses. His pictures were everywhere. The situation was one of extraordinary delicacy. One injudicious word or mistaken step, and he would have spoiled all. But he never made a mistake. He was neither too fast nor too slow. He was cool, cautious, and yet frank and prompt. I believe the very secret of his success as a diplomatist, however, was honesty. His versatility enabled him to read men and adapt himself to circumstances; but he was felt to be, above all,

adherent to principles. His power of generalization had been shown in science; it was equally remarkable in politics. He foresaw the far-reaching consequences of events. He wrote that America was sure of receiving an enormous access of families as soon as independence should be established. "Our cause is the cause of all mankind. It is a glorious task assigned to us by Providence."

Precisely what Franklin did not do in his French embassy would be more easily stated than what he did do. A treaty of alliance was of course the object, in brief, of his commission. But it was the policy of the French government to aid by comfort instead of open effort and direct treaty offensive.

In 1777 Burgoyne was captured. Austin was despatched from America to tell Franklin. Now followed the strangest episode of the Revolution. Franklin forwarded this same messenger over the channel, and he was actually received by men high in rank. He was domesticated with the Earl of Shelburne; introduced to the Prince of Wales, and dined by a large Parliamentary "opposition." He did excellent service. January, 1778, Mr. Gerard informed Franklin that the government had concluded to form a treaty of friendship and commercial alliance with the colonies. Exactly as the news of the surrender of Burgoyne broke upon England, came also intimations of the French treaty.

Then followed one of the most astounding periods of diplomacy ever recorded. Lord North sent word to Franklin that if he would come over to England, he could obtain a treaty on satisfactory terms. Parliament voted it had no intention of taxing the colonies without representation; it also passed a bill to send commissioners to treat with Congress or with Washington, to order a truce, to suspend laws, to grant pardons and rewards. Fox screamed out, "You are ten days too late." The French had already formed a treaty with America. Franklin was victor. He was, in fact, at that moment the most important man in Europe. France hurried off a frigate to carry the news of a treaty; England despatched another, close after, with all speed, hoping to get ahead with news of its conciliatory temper. Franklin laughed. The king of France sent for him; and when presented to Louis, the latter said: "I wish Congress to be assured of my friendship. I beg leave also to say that I am

exceedingly pleased, in particular, with your own conduct during your residence in my kingdom."

Franklin went to the royal reception without any formal dress, with a white hat under his arm instead of a sword; and his white hair flowed freely without a wig. The French people went wild with enthusiasm over his republican simplicity. The government was nobly generous to the young republic, and took no mean advantage of the predominance of France in the league; Franklin took occasion of his prestige to secure the passage of a great international law allowing free ships to carry goods freely and passengers also — soldiers of the enemy only excepted. He urged Congress not hereafter to molest foreign ships, but to accord prompt adhesion to Russia's proposition of "an armed neutrality for the protection of the liberty of commerce." Thus began the establishment, not only of an American republic but a republic of the high seas. To-day the waters of the earth are a great commonwealth of the peoples, covering two thirds of the globe.

But Franklin's work was not done; it was only now that it could be done. Fate was against England, and France came out ahead. Franklin had no disposition to lighten the blow for our mother country. He despatched John Paul Jones, in hopes of burning Liverpool or Glasgow,—and "save blood elsewhere." Meanwhile financial burdens were necessarily greater, the needs of Congress increasing. The great diplomatist was exactly equal to the occasion. He succeeded, in the face of difficulties apparently insurmountable, in borrowing large sums, and in meeting all the drafts made on him by Congress. He had to fit out his own cruisers, and, indeed, carry the expenses of all other American representatives in Europe. France was poor. Her treasury was almost always overdrawn. Yet every time Franklin, protesting and sometimes sharply reprimanding, managed to meet all needful calls. Every week the bills ranged from two hundred thousand dollars down to small affairs of daily expense. Jay was in Spain to secure a loan, but he had to appeal to Franklin to pay his current expenses for him. So the work of this mighty man culminated. He stood for a nation not yet created—for a Congress without power. Himself an ambassador without a country, he made a treaty with France; he blockaded the ports of England; he sent money to sustain

the army of Washington, he supported the American representatives at other courts; he created international treaties. At that moment Washington was the great man of the new world; Franklin of the old world—and both were Americans.

He is said to have been vain. It was impossible for men like Lee and Deane and Izard, or even John Adams, to measure such a man. They are therefore not blamable for false estimates. He was fond of friends, and of the high esteem of the world; but he endured without perturbation the assaults of the great and the stings of the small; nor is there on record an instance where his vanity or his resentment led him to lose his prudence as an ambassador or his skill as a negotiator.

The war was now over. The man who in 1776 signed the Declaration of Independence with the remark, "We must hang together or we shall all hang separate," now signed, not only the Treaty of Peace with England, but treaty after treaty between the United States and foreign governments. In 1784 Jefferson reached Paris, and Franklin was allowed to return home. "Come you," they said to Jefferson, "to replace Doctor Franklin?" He replied, "No one can replace him; I am only his successor." The greatest American statesman thus followed as minister to France the greatest American diplomatist. They were a well-mated pair. Each approached the rights of man on a different road, but they stood on a common platform. Franklin felt the wrongs of his fellow-men; Jefferson had faith in great human principles. They were both eminently democratic in manners, and popular in their sentiments. Besides Washington, no other man so eminently won the hearts of the people. With admirable grace Mr. Lodge says of Franklin, "He moved with an easy and assured step, with a poise and balance which nothing could shake, among the great men of the world; he stood before kings and princes and courtiers unmoved and unawed. He was strongly averse to breaking with England; but when the war came, he was the one man who could go forth and represent to Europe the new nationality without a touch of the colonist about him. He met them all, great ministers and great sovereigns, on a common ground, as if the colonies of yesterday had been an independent nation for generations."

In the summer of 1785 Franklin returned to America.

He left France with the best regard of her people and her king. He met at home a welcome beyond measure enthusiastic. He was elected governor of Pennsylvania, and in 1787 a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was thus at the laying of the corner stone of the new nation in July, 1776; and he assisted in the completion of the grand idea of a federated, democratic republic eleven years later—"All of which he saw; and a very large part of which he was."

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CASE.

VERDICT NO. III.

[IN this issue we give the decisions of Rev. M. J. Savage, General Marcus J. Wright, L. L. Lawrence, William E. Sheldon, George Makepeace Towle, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. All jurors rendering opinions in this paper vote for the defendant excepting Mrs. Livermore, who, while not expressing an opinion in favor of Bacon, holds that the evidence advanced proves that some one other than William Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him.]

I. REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

It is said that a man once asked which of two roads to take, and was told that it didn't make much difference; for whichever he took, he'd wish he had taken the other. So, as I study the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, I find myself in difficulty on either theory. The combatants make me think of the daily battles among the immortals in Valhalla. All, on both sides, are slain every day; all are ready to begin again early the next morning.

In the summer of 1880 I stood with a legal friend by the grave of Shakespeare in the church at Stratford. My friend remained for a moment in deep thought, and then broke out with, "Savage, you'll never make me believe that the man who wrote those plays is the same man as the one who left his second-best bedstead to Ann Hathaway."

That, of course, is chiefly a sentimental consideration. But—to knowledge! "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" Then, the absence even of one decent autograph of the man who was said to have written the plays without erasure or blot! Why did he show no care for his literary children? Why are the six years of his retirement at Stratford barren of everything that even hints a literary taste? These are suggestions only of many questions that all thoughtful people must ask.

On the other hand, when we turn to Bacon, we confess, of course, that he possessed the knowledge, the eloquence, the wit. I cannot think that the anti-Bacon men satisfactorily explain the reference to the "concealed poet," or to the prodigious wit that goes by another name.

But when I turn to the other side, I am nonplussed. This problem is very like the old one, as to what would happen if an irresistible force should come in contact with an immovable body. If Bacon wrote the plays, why does he not arrange some way (other than a cipher which can be disputed and laughed at) for letting the world know it? And as I read the work of the alleged poet who is not "concealed," I am sure that the man who can be so inspired in the one case, could not possibly be wooden in the other.

Considering, then, all the difficulties on both sides, I find myself coming to this conclusion: William Shakespeare is in possession. The probabilities, then, are in his favor. The Baconians must make an overwhelmingly strong case in order to dispossess the traditional proprietor. I cannot think the case is strong enough to warrant an ejectment. So I vote for Shakespeare.

M. J. SAVAGE.

Mr. Savage renders his verdict for the defendant.

II. GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

I have read with great interest and care the arguments and evidence published in *THE ARENA* in the celebrated case of *Bacon vs. Shakespeare*, and have weighed both testimony and arguments carefully and impartially; and as a juror in the case, I render my verdict in favor of the defendant, Shakespeare.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

Marcus J. Wright — verdict in favor of defendant.

III. L. L. LAWRENCE, ESQ.

1. I think Mr. Reed and Mr. Donnelly have covered the case for Bacon.

2. I think Dr. Rolfe, by his ignorance of the rules of evidence, and Dr. Furnivall, by his unfortunately hectic style and fantastical devotion to what he calls his "verse tales," and the snobbishness with which he speaks of "half-educated Americans" and "ignorant American juries," are unfortunate counsel for Shakespeare (by which I mean to say that poor Shakespeare is unfortunate in his counsel), as likely to prejudice, more than they convince, a jury.

3. Nevertheless, I decide in favor of Shakespeare.

Specifying why, I note

(a) That the Tobie Matthew postscript was proved by Mr. A. Waites and by Mr. A. A. Adey not to refer to Bacon at all. (See "*Shakespeareana*," vol. viii.)

(b) That the episode of the playing of "*Richard II.*" has

nothing to do with the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, because of the reasons collected so carefully by Mr. Waites in the "Introduction to the Bankside edition in Richard II," but principally because if Bacon, when he spoke of giving in evidence "mine own tales," referred to the Shakespeare plays, then the whole secret was known, and he had nothing to conceal or write "a cipher" about; and because if it was known, Queen Elizabeth knew it; and that she did not know it, is amply proved by the fact that she did not cut off Bacon's head *instantly*.

(c) Mr. Reed and Mr. Donnelly, in following Mr. Appleton Morgan's Shakespearean myth, forget that that work was not a Baconian authority, but an attempt to find a compromise between the Bacon theory and the Shakespeare theory, and that, in Mr. Morgan's own estimation, it was a failure, because its arguments failed to discover a compromise; and that its author himself fell back upon the orthodox theory of the Shakespeare authorship as the only tenable one in the premises.

(d) Mr. Donnelly's proposition about the copy of the first folio printed in 1622 is false, because that date (1622) was investigated by Mr. Morgan. It occurs on the copy of the first folio in the Lenox library under a powerful microscope, and is found to be spurious — being made with a pen and by cutting off a trifle of the original margin. (See Shakespeare "In Fact and In Criticism.")

L. L. LAWRENCE.

And, generally, on all the facts and arguments as elicited in this dissension trial, Mr. L. L. Lawrence renders a verdict in favor of defendant.

IV. WM. E. SHELDON.

I have read the papers presented in THE ARENA, taken many notes, compared the statements with my early investigations on the question, and think the weight of argument is overwhelmingly in favor of Shakespeare's having written the dramas.

WILLIAM E. SHELDON.

Verdict for the defendant.

V. GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

According to my judgment I can only say that an impregnable case has not been made out in favor of the plaintiff. The strongest argument adduced on either side, in my belief, is that for the defendant, contained in the quotation from Richard Grant White, made by Dr. Rolfe at the end of his article.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

George Makepeace Towle renders a verdict in favor of the defendant.

VI. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

I am not competent to serve as an unprejudiced juror on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy; for I have been interested in the discussion from its beginning, am familiar with the published literature of both sides of the question, and own much of it. Moreover, I reached a decision on the subject some years ago, when investigations of my own, pursued at Stratford-on-Avon, put me in possession of facts that removed all doubts from my mind concerning the Shakespearean authorship of the Shakespeare plays; and my opinion remains unchanged.

But I am asked to render my decision on the evidence adduced from the discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare question, which has appeared in the pages of *THE ARENA* the last few months. The Irishman who listened to the arguments, *pro* and *con*, of the attorneys contending in the court room, exclaimed, "Faith, and both of 'em have got the case!" And a person entirely ignorant of this controversy, who knew nothing of the facts of the case, save what may be learned from the briefs for the plaintiff and defendant which have appeared in *THE ARENA*, might utter a similar verdict; for the arguments for the defendant are both ingenious and plausible, till they are thoroughly examined.

But the briefs for the plaintiff, with a skill born of patient and extensive scholarship, prove them utterly untenable. Not content with refutation, they demonstrate the impossibility of the Shakespearean authorship by a mass of undeniable facts, which are now universally accepted. Some other person than William Shakespeare wrote the Shakespeare plays.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Mary A. Livermore's verdict, from the evidence in the controversy: William Shakespeare did NOT write the Shakespeare plays.

THE MAN WHO FEARED THE DARK.

BY HERBERT BATES.

I.

“And their eyes shall see the dread of the night,
And the shapes that roam and run,
And the wolves of the dark that shall rend the earth
When their king has killed the sun.”

SHE sailed slowly, — the broad-bowed fishing boat, — and all the high-backed waves, that divided at her stern, passed her scornfully as they hurried on shoreward. The gray, wet fog-wind weighed heavily behind her reefed sails, and drove her bow on bravely, and now and then her stubby bowsprit soared dizzily skyward as she dropped into the moving hollow between the gray swells.

Yet, in spite of all the impetus of the wind, that grew to a gale, in spite of the great springing lift of the swell beneath her keel, to the man who sat in the stern, meeting her swift yawnings with steady tiller, she seemed to stand almost still, to gain nothing towards the darkness, that he knew would by and by emerge from the fog — the darkness that would be land.

He had sailed since early morning, without a sight of anything except the gray, flying fog above, through which at times a stray, storm-blown sea gull came clamorously whirling, and on all sides the gray crests of the tossing water, mingled with spaces of pale green, and covered with long streamers of floating foam pointing leeward. Everywhere waves, everywhere motion, everywhere the gray, chilling discontent of the autumnal sea.

The only sound was the creak of the mast and rigging, and the groan and strain of the timbers, as the boat climbed or fell. The man sat crouched in his oilskins, watching the swerving circle of sea about him, and the wavering card of the little compass that lay before him on the weather-beaten thwart.

Everything was wet. On the deck the water stood in great oily drops; it rushed and choked and gurgled through the rock ballast below; it dripped dismally from the black cordage, and from the great brim of the hat that shadowed his face.

He was not of the type of the ordinary New England fisherman. His face had a squareness, a strength of forehead, a wide-ness of mouth, a stolidity of expression, that one does not find

among these. At the first glance one would know him for a Scandinavian, and the first impression would be right; for Nels Thordson was a Norwegian, with all the manlike strength, with all the childlike simplicity, of the Northland character.

He was alone. Yet before him, tossed over the bleached centre-board, which lay, drawn up, across its box, were a coat and a hat like his; like his, and yet at a glance one saw that they would not fit his massive Scandinavian frame. To whom, then, did they belong? Why was this man steering at mid-day, with unladen boat, back to the harbor he had left but the morning of the day before?

He, in fact, had been wondering, questioning himself about himself; and as he thought, he remembered. Yes, it was the morning before that they had drifted, in gray gathering of fog, past the low lighthouse, behind which the fir trees were black, out into the bay.

There were two of them then, and the other was young Patrick O'Hallighan, the Irish favorite of the village, who lay idly stretched on the long cross-thwart, and whistled softly as the tide swirled them circle-wise out to where the rounded sea swell lifted; and they had both turned to look back at the bright dresses on the black pier so far astern, and O'Hallighan had waved his hand.

O'Hallighan and he had always been mates ever since he had first come to that dark, down-east fishing-town, from the great hills and breathless fiords of his own Norway. He should never have left them,—he and his violin,—to try life in this new country of wearying common sense. He knew nothing of poetry, nothing of romance; yet without knowing them, he felt, in the bright, dusty, noisy, busy streets of the American cities, that he missed them.

He had tried to live the city life. He could not live it. The smoke and noise and the busy people wearied and bewildered him. He tired of the plump, fuzzy trees, of the ugly houses, and of the tiny, commonplace hills. He left it all and turned to the sea.

But it was not his sea; its shores were sandy, pale, melting to a dim, indefinite horizon; the waters were shallow, the fish tiny and timid. It was not *his* sea; yet since it was akin to his, he lived for a year beside it, and earned his bread, and ate it grimly, and made no friends.

Then, one night, as he lay in the moonlight among his bleached lobster pots, the old man who lived on the next beach sat and talked with him; and to him, because he liked his face, he told everything: told of his hills and the fiords and the great gray sea of the North—the sea of fogs and clouds and storms. The old man listened and understood, for in his boyhood he had

sailed to that land; and he told Nels Thordson of another land that, though not like his own, was more like it than where he now was — a land that lay to the northeast, hundreds of miles, where the hills of Maine meet the sea.

So here he had come — to the wildest part of the wild Maine coast — to build his tiny cabin in the little fishing-village of St. Gregory's, to buy with his little savings a strong-bowed "pinky," and to settle down to the same old unambitious life that he had lived in Norway. This was the end of all his dreams — his dreams that had led him from the quiet of his home to this new, restless land.

This was not the life that he led there. The land was a little, a very little, like his own, with its sternness, though without its majesty; but the people did not belong to it nor to him. Yet he had not the heart to give up all and return to his native town empty handed, after the grand promise of his setting out. So he stayed and made the best of it.

O'Hallighan and he had been mates from the first. Different as they were, they had known, as soon as they met, one foggy, drizzling day, in the smoke of the crowded store, that they were to be much with each other. Yet they were very different. O'Hallighan was short, dark, quick of speech, handsome, cheerful, fascinating, and all were fond of him, especially the women. Thordson was large, slow, and sullen; he had few friends; most people feared him; all distrusted him, for he was a foreigner, and discontented — and these are two things that will keep friends from any man.

He lived in a house a little back from the village — a house built in the fashion of his own country, with massive timbers, with great gables, with strange, grotesque scroll-work, patiently wrought in the dull waiting of the days when no boat dared sail. All around stood the dark fir trees, with black, strange hollows, like the mouths of caverns, opening into the mysteries of the woods behind.

Here, every night till midnight, he would sit and play his violin, drawing out of it the wonderful, passionate, piercing music that his master, blind old Erik Thorgeirson, had taught him in the little cabin by the black pool, beneath the terrible cliff of the Sudfels. He used to steal down there daily, for the love of the music; and the old man had taught him, and, when he was about to die, had given him his violin — the strange old one, stolen in some early war from no one knew where; filled, some whispered, with the power of uncanny spirits. Gradually the music had become the one great joy of his life, the one thing to look forward to at the end of the day of toil and of disappointment. Only, as in the old days it had made him glad, now it made him

sad; for it spoke so lovingly, so tenderly, of all the things gone and impossible; it uttered so piercingly all the vague yet terrible longing that he would not utter, that it became a voice at once saddening and solacing, which whispered comfort to him when he bent his cheek tenderly over its tense strings — comfort, such comfort as there could be for him, alone, friendless, looking always eastward to his own land, which lay shut in the gray seclusion of the impenetrable sea spaces.

He had had one friend, perhaps, in O'Hallighan, who had always stood by him, even when all spoke ill of him. Thordson knew it, and hated them; and they, feeling this, distrusted him the more. "He is sullen and revengeful," they told O'Hallighan. "Leave him alone or you will repent it. Some day he will do you a mischief." But O'Hallighan had only laughed and said: "Very well; when he has done it, punish him as you like. Only you must wait, my dear friends, till the day he has done it, and that will be never at all."

"He had no prudence," they answered; and even his wise mother, whom all feared for an old witch, shook her head solemnly and bade him beware. All agreed that he was a fool not to give heed to her words; for she was the wisest woman of the village, with terrible eyes, that frightened every one; and it was said that she could curse with seven different curses. So while no one liked her, no one molested her; for who would anger a witch so well defended? It was little wonder that they thought her a witch, and Thordson, with all his Norwegian superstition, shuddered as he thought of her; for she was tall and wide faced, with white, straight hair that fell in wisps over her wrinkled forehead, and her eyes were strange and deep set, with fire in them, like an angry cat's; and it was whispered that she talked with the Devil nightly.

Nels Thordson sat in the stern of the tossing boat and thought, and his remembered life seemed to go swinging on past him to the rhythm of the reeling deck. O'Hallighan and he had always been friends. Never had a quarrel come between them; but of late a something had arisen, ominous, portending the severing of friendship; for never, since the days of the Norse Siguard, have two men loved one woman, and both lived to find life good.

It was only a year ago that Lena Depreau had come to the village, with her father, the boat-builder, and her old mother, who sat bowed all day over the humming spinning wheel. She was not a beautiful girl, yet she was gifted with strange, irresistible, physical attraction. There are gypsies by disposition, as there are gypsies by blood — men and women with warm, strong natures, with dark faces, with quick nerves, with magnificent, magnetic, animal vivacity. Of these Lena was one; a woman of

nature, ardent, impulsive, not beautiful, yet, to every man that saw her, wonderfully and dangerously fascinating.

When he had first seen her, all had changed. Till then his mind had always dwelt, not with love, but with a certain faint regret, on the picture of round-cheeked, pale-haired Helga Arngrim, who lived in the white cottage that was reflected in the black waters above the stone bridge of his native village. But the moment he saw Lena, Helga was forgotten; yet he felt, with that spiritual sense that we call soul, that this new love was less noble — degrading where that was elevating.

Degrading or elevating, it had brought him only sorrow. He had thought at first that she loved him. Perhaps she had thought so, too, till O'Hallighan had discovered that he loved her. Then all was changed, and at night the violin keened strangely from the shadow of the fir trees, and the passersby went quickly, believing that they were right who said that the "Swede," as they called him, had sold his soul to the Devil, that he might learn to play that marvellous, heart-piercing music.

He had not been angry with O'Hallighan, yet he felt less kindly toward him; and O'Hallighan, like most men who have given cause of complaint, was very ready to take offence. Yet the two had sailed together, though people had warned O'Hallighan not to go; for some, they said, who set out on such trips never returned.

Many had come down to the pier when they set sail, Lena among them; and since they were now betrothed, she had kissed O'Hallighan good by. Even now Thordson could see her bend to give that kiss, just as she had once, in the quiet cove by the weirs, bent her face to his. And as he thought of it, something blurred his eyes, so that he could hardly see the white poles of the whirling compass card. They had said good by, and Thordson had sat silent at the helm while all shook hands with O'Hallighan and hoped that he might come safely back.

He would never come back. All day they had sailed slowly eastward, all the evening and all night, till the moon that had risen at sunset was full overhead. Then Thordson had lain down to sleep. When he awoke he was alone. Where the other had gone, none knew, save the sea and the great, moon-softened darkness.

So Nels Thordson was sailing home alone. Perhaps a wiser man would not have gone back to that expectant, unfriendly village; but he, with his stern Norse nature, was honest first, wise afterward. The first thing to do was to tell O'Hallighan's friends the truth. After that—he would see. So he sat and held the straining tiller, and the boat labored on, northwest, up the fog-bound waters of St. Gregory's Bay.

II.

Old 'Squire Shaksby sat up suddenly in his armchair, dropped the dimly printed weekly paper over which his bald head had been nodding, set his feet firmly on the floor before him, and fitted his glasses tightly upon his long, aquiline nose. Never before, in the drowsy streets of his native town, had he heard such a clamor as now rose from without — shouts and cries and screams, coming each moment nearer and nearer.

He had only time to totter to his feet when the door swung open, and three men stumbled in,— two old fishermen, quiet men both, and deacons in the village church, yet now beside themselves with angry excitement,— holding firmly between them the Norseman, Nels Thordson, who stared about stolidly, letting them push him as they would. Behind them the crowd came pouring, filling all the room, except the little semi-circle where the prisoner stood, and pressing in ominous silhouette against the dusty square panes of the window.

"Captain Bigsford, my dear Captain Bigsford, whatever is the matter?" stammered the 'squire, nervously fumbling for his handkerchief, and becoming more bewildered every minute. "Is there a riot in the town, or murder? What has he done? What do all these people want? Why don't you answer one at a time? Are you all mad?"

"It's not we that's mad, 'squire," said the elder of the two captains, gravely, with the dignity of a man whom extraordinary circumstances make important. "It's not we that have done any harm, but this Swede fellow here, though I'm not saying that some has not been pretty nigh doin' violence to him. Lord, but they are angry! Listen, 'squire! Hear that!"

There rose from the street without, the peculiar, low-pitched growl of many angry men.

"They was in favor of hanging him," went on the speaker; "but I says, 'Bring him before the 'squire,' says I, 'and have him hanged according to law.' And at last they agreed. So we've brought him."

"But what has he done?" asked the 'squire.

"Murder," said the two at once, with the stern delight of uttering in earnest a strong, grim word; and the crowd behind repeated the answer in an ominous chorus. "He has killed Patrick O'Hallighan, and, God willing, he shall hang for it."

A great shout of approval arose from the waiting crowd, like the roar of wild beasts that have scented blood; and against the reddening squares of the windows were seen the tossing of arms and the surging of hatless heads; and in the doorway, tier above tier, stared the ugly, hard faces of men who had resolved to kill.

The 'squire turned to Thordson. He stood calm, seemingly indifferent, straightening with his strong fingers a broken link of his massive watch chain, an heirloom that the mother had given him in Norway on his twentieth birthday, ten years ago, when he saw her last. His fingers never trembled. He stood stolidly waiting for the end that he every minute expected, inwardly resolved, however, that before worst came to worst, more than one of those about him should go to the ground.

'Squire Shaksby looked him full in the face; for, confused as he was, he was a just man. Yet the calmness of this man angered him, for he knew nothing of the reserved Norse nature, and he could not see how an innocent man could remain silent when such things were said against him.

"Thordson," he said, "tell me, are you guilty as they say? Is what they say true?" And the Norseman looked up and saw the honesty in the eyes that met his, and answered slowly:—

"No, they tell not the truth. It is not I that haf kill O'Hallighan."

"He lies!" roared the great blacksmith, who stood, broad chested, in the door. "They sailed together, and but one comes back. Where is the other?"

"Where is the other?" "Where is O'Hallighan?" "What have you done with him?" cried the crowd, pushing nearer.

"Answer them, Thordson," said the 'squire; and the Norwegian again raised his head and looked him in the face, and answered him man to man.

"Wey sailed together," he said; "they say right. Wey sailed the day-long, the whole day. At the midnight, O'Hallighan, hey say, 'Yo go toe sleep, I watch.' In the morning I wake. It was when the sky bane getting light. I loke for him, and I find him not. In the night hey bane gone. I doe not know where hey bane gone. Yo, 'squire, yo know as well as I. But when they say I kill him, they say what bane not true. Hey was my friend. Ef I code haf brote him back, Gode knows I wode haf brote him! For hey bane my friend, and I haf not kill him; and they that say I haf, they bane liars."

"He lies himself!" roared the blacksmith, smiting a thunderous blow on the oaken door.

"Hang him!" cried tall Bill Sagsford, with his head above the crowd. "Do your duty, 'squire, or we'll do it for you!"

"We're no cowards, if you be!" shouted a third; and the crowd pressed close and began to sway with that angry strength which gathers to a wave of stern accomplishment.

The Norwegian stood silent, huge, sullen, calmly regardless, working, with his great fingers, on the broken link of the heavy gold chain.

Closer and closer they pressed. Then suddenly a girl's voice cried out from the door; and looking, they saw Lena Depreau pressing forward. She made her way well to the front, then turned, and, fearless as she was, spoke her will bravely.

"Listen to me," she said, "all of you! Do you call yourselves a law-abiding people, to treat a man in this way, and he a stranger? Are you afraid to give him a fair trial? Can't you wait to see whether he is guilty or not? If he has done it, he will not be less guilty in a week from to-day, or in a year! Wait, and if he is guilty, I'll be the first to ask to have him punished. But you're too fast. And you, 'squire," she added, turning suddenly, "aren't you ashamed of yourself—you who should enforce the law, to do nothing but stand there and let things take their way! Are you a coward? Don't you know your duty?"

"And aren't you ashamed of yourself, Lena Depreau," cried out the blacksmith from the door, "to speak for the man as has killed your betrothed, and, now that ye've lost one of your lovers, to be harking back to the man that killed him. You've brought death to one man, and you'll not be saving the other for your courting now! And you to leave the O'Hallighan for the man that murdered him!"

"It's not him that we'll spare for your sake!" shouted a woman from the back of the room. "May God spoil the beauty of your face before you spoil more men!"

"Drag her out! shame on her!" cried another; and the crowd howled and hissed angrily.

The Norwegian had dropped the chain. His eyes were watching her.

"Lena," he said.

She turned.

"Doe you believe it? Doe you believe I killed him?"

She looked at him, doubtingly, hesitatingly.

"I want to get you fair play," she said, in a low voice; "whether you've done it or not, I don't know. But if you have, and I knew it, I'd kill you myself."

The Norwegian's eyes fell; he turned the link of the chain, slowly, as if he did not understand.

She turned to the crowd again:—

"I'm not ashamed of myself," she said, "for I'm as ready as you to punish this man if he be guilty; all I ask is, wait till we know he's guilty."

"Wait and wait! and how long would ye wait—till the day for God's vengeance is all over and gone?" cried a shrill voice; and through the crowd, that shrunk back before her, came pushing the tall, gaunt, terrible form of the grim O'Hallighan, the mother of the drowned man.

"Is ut no hearts that ye have at all," she cried, "that a man's own mither must come for the revingin' of her son? And is ut no woman's heart that ye have, ye Lena Depreau, that ye stand there a-prayin' for the life o' the man that yer own hands should murther? Phwut's come to the women, and phwut's come to the men, when a blinkin' loon of a judge sits noddin', and niver a blow of justice done!

"Ah, ye cowards! if Oi had the strength of a man, ut's not on the ground his feet should be, an' ut's the gulls that should have strange meat before the morrow morn!"

She looked round the circle, and waved her staff threateningly, then stopped with it pointed full at the broad breast of the Norwegian, her face bent forward toward his. Through the western window the blaze of the red sunset poured fiercely, and in it her figure loomed sombre and terrible, her eyes glowing like tiny spots of concentrated fire.

"O ye cowards, all of ye, that will not listen to me!" she said. "Ut's not on ye, thank God, that Oi must dipind for vingeance. To think of ut, and he so young, and so han'some, and all ended, and all because of ye, ye beggarly Swede, with the wide Swede face of ye, and yer stupid eyes, and the divil in yer skreeking fiddle strings to help ye! But ye'll moind this: that the divil of the O'Hallighan is wor're nor yours, and ut's ye shall know it; for Oi shall set the black curse of the O'Hallighan upon ye, that niver a man has met and lived — the curse of the dread, and the curse of the dark, and the curse of the trimblin'. And Oi give ye the eyes that see the shapes of evil, but niver the shapes of good; and Oi give ye the heart that quakes, and the knees that trimble; and Oi bid them all follow ye and fright ye — all the spirits of the dark, the bogies and the banshees. May ye see thim whiniver ye see the dark, wheriver ye be, alone or with many, wakin' or slapin'! May they chase ye — the great black wolves, the bogies that kills — and catch ye at last, and tear ye limb from limb, and drink the red blood from yer sowl's heart! Ah, ye may go where ye will, for this is the Black Curse of the O'Hallighan, that niver a man shall outlive."

She let the end of the stick fall. There was a great silence. Nels Thordson stared at her stupidly, his eyes wide open with fear.

The old woman drew off, chuckling. "Ut's a good revinge, that," she said.

"But if he be innocent?" said Lena, catching at her arm.

"And what difference does that make, to be sure," the old woman laughed. "There's no *ifs* in my curse. No; be he innocent or guilty, the word is said, and God Almighty himself cannot stop the Black Curse of the O'Hallighan. And now," she

said, turning to the crowd, "I lave him to ye. Let us see if ye be too great cowards to help a man's mother to avinge him. But let me go to mourn, for me heart is sad."

She passed out through the crowded doorway, and the crowd closed again after her.

It was almost dark now, and the great impersonality of the darkness gave courage. The 'squire stood up, his hand resting tremblingly on his little desk.

"Men," he said, "for God's sake, do not be rash. Let us wait; let us respect the law; go quietly now. I will appoint to guard the prisoner, besides the two that hold him now, Sanford the blacksmith, and Peters and John Buckley."

"Ye'll not appoint me," cried the blacksmith, "save it be to guard him to the gallows! Come on, boys, the cowards that ye are; think of the young O'Hallighan that's dead, and his old mother, and let's at him!"

"In the name of the state" — began the judge, tremblingly; but before he could say more, the storm was loose. Like a black breaker the crowd crushed through the door, a tumult of murderous hands, and all the room was a strange, mad battle-ground where one saw nothing but confused, innumerable, struggling figures.

At the moment that the rush came, Thordson's look of wonder had vanished. Here was something that he understood, and his breath came strong, and his muscles tightened. For a moment all was confusion; then he saw the huge form of the blacksmith come leaping at him in the dark, and he struck at it mightily, and it fell heavily and was still. Then another came, and another, and they too fell, and his Norse blood warmed with the fight. His hand fell upon something on the table beside him; it was the 'squire's great walking stick, a weapon massive and terrible, bound with large bands of metal. Round his head it whirled hissing, and through the crowded room rang the inarticulate wild battle-cry of his nation, that he had never uttered, that he had never heard; that now, in this moment of magnificent peril, sprang of itself to his lips, the heritage of generations of warrior ancestors.

The fight changed. It was no longer a charge, but a flight, a headlong rush, to escape in any way that gigantic figure that was everywhere, whose blows crushed down like indignant thunderbolts upon shattering skulls.

How it happened, none knew. Each man was bold as a lion; but when they entered the house with lights, five men lay on the floor; three dead, the others dying — and the Norwegian was gone.

How he escaped, no one knew. He must have gone to his

house, for his violin was gone, and his boat was nowhere to be found. There were no steam vessels at St. Gregory's Bay; and with the great wind that blew that night, with the terrible gale that followed, no man could have caught him if any had dared venture.

When the storm was over, they searched a little among neighboring towns, but with no real hope of finding him. Even the Norwegian, they said, could not have sailed a boat safely through such a gale. Besides, they whispered, if he had escaped, would not the curse follow him wherever he went? So he was soon forgotten, save as a terror for unruly children, even by those who had most cause to hate him. And Lena Depreau had new lovers.

III.

The thunder of the sea beating upon desolate promontories, loud resounding, roared on all sides hoarse and threatening. In the little hill-protected harbor, however, one tiny schooner heeled restlessly at her moorings, swaying with the veering gusts of the great November gale that heaped horizon high the waves of the sea without.

In her cabin all was bright; for to-night they had visitors from the land — from the little Nova Scotian town beneath whose hills they had found shelter; and after a few weeks on the Banks, it was pleasant to see new faces, and to hear new stories. So they sat close about the cabin table; and the brandy and the whiskey and the rum were set out before them; and gradually their broad faces reddened, and the gray coils of smoke from their pipes rose denser.

"Captain," said the youngest of them all, the mate of the schooner, leaning forward upon his elbow, and addressing the guest of the evening, the deep-sea captain who had been cast ashore, to rest at last in his little native village; "captain, what light was that that we saw to the sou'east as we stood in past Hornsby's Head? It wasn't there last time we were in here."

The old captain took a long pull at his pipe, and a long drink from his steaming glass, and then spoke with the dignity of one who has a long story to tell: —

"That's no lighthouse, my boy; it's just a house, upon the fourth cliff from the Gut, back against the woods. Lord knows what ails the man that lives in it. He has been here over a year now. At first we noticed that he used to keep a light late; then he got to keep it all night; and at last he began to do as he does now, and keep his whole house a blaze of light. And he sits there, all night long, with his fiddle shrieking devil-music, — all of itself, some say, with never a hand to it. That I don't believe; but people are not over-anxious to pass that way at night, and

most say that the place is haunted. He's an outlandish-looking fellow—a Swede, I think—a regular giant, with a stupid, sullen sort of face. We don't see very much of him. The chances are that the man's mad. But God save me from being in his place, if it is as some say, and that he dare not be in the dark for the things that he sees there. The Lord knows what devils he has for company. Listen! you can hear him now!"

A sailor, entering, had for a moment swung the door ajar, and a swoop of the gale brought in, faintly from far away, a wild cadence of violin music, shrill and savage as the shriek of the storm.

"Yes," he went on, "they say that whenever he sees the dark, he sees things in it—things with eyes; and that is why he keeps the lights burning all night long."

"God help him to-night, and keep his lights burning," said the captain of the schooner, taking a great swallow of tawny brandy.

But the mate bent and whispered to his neighbors, and both nodded and looked at each other; for they were from St. Gregory's, and they knew who it was that sat there alone, trembling with the flickering of his lights, and shuddering at every shriek of the increasing gale.

IV.

Amid the thunder of the sea upon desolate promontories; the voice of the storm, darkly terrible, full of multitudinous, incomprehensible murmurings; the moan of the wind, that rose and fell, that shrieked and threatened, over the black, lashing sea, starred with innumerable flecks of phosphorescent indignation, that swept up the long slope of the hills, bending and snapping the bearded stems of the complaining fir trees.

Nels Thordson sat alone.

In every corner of the room there blazed a light, in every possible vantage-ground of the darkness. Nowhere was there even a suspicion of shadow.

He sat by the table, his head bowed upon his hand, his eyes staring at the white planed boards before him. About him all was bright; yet through it all, he felt the great presence of the dark without. He knew that on all sides of him it gathered and thickened, no longer passive, but increasingly, immeasurably vociferous.

As he thought, he remembered. It was over a year ago that he had come there, and every day things had grown worse. Each night some new terror had been added to the darkness; each night it had seemed to reach nearer and nearer to him with a terrible insistence. He had done nothing! He had injured no one! Why did God let the old woman's curse follow him?

Yet it had followed, and gradually he had been forced to shut the dark out entirely, to avoid the sight of the terrible, maddening shapes that came thronging in — worst of all, the great black wolves, with fiery eyes, that came from all sides, hungry, multitudinously thronging, with glittering phosphorescence of bared teeth. It was months since he had seen the dark. Yet he knew that it waited without the drawn curtains. If it should come — if it should enter —

He could not play his violin to-night. It seemed as if some hostile, persecuting spirit drove his hand over the strings, for the voice was the voice of the dark. He could not tell what malign spirit might lurk in the dark hollows behind the uncanny curves. He dared not look, for fear he might see its eyes, and go mad. He could not play to-night.

Then he thought of Lena. She had not loved him; but since he loved her, he thought of her. He could picture her face but in one way, and that was as it looked when she bent to kiss O'Hallighan. That picture came again and again, and would not go away, till he shook his head sternly to shake it away, as one shakes off a burr.

He thought of Helga. Her he had forgotten, except as a pale dream. She was light of face, with light blue eyes. If he had loved her, she might have helped him against the dark! And he so needed help! He so needed help to-night!

The thunder of the sea upon desolate promontories, booming, organ-like in its anger; and above it the shrilling of the innumerable violins of the wind, the mingled orchestra of the storm! Against the window rattled the icy, sleety snowflakes. Was it wind that moaned? Was it not rather the great night-spirit, Glamr, the rider of roofs, the crusher-in of roof trees? How the timbers bent and strained beneath his mammoth weight! How the great panels of the door creaked! If they should break, if HE should enter, — the hideous giant, white faced, horrible eyed, with his bristling red hair, his wide, terrible, tusked mouth, — bringing the dark behind him!

How they revelled outside! He remembered all the old tales, all the terrible Northland legends, full of the dread of the dark, of the Yotuns, of the black giants, of the grim dwarfs, of the evil-eyed, lean witches, with hooked fingers, of the great bats, with fathom-wide wings, with terrible talons. Was it not they that swooped without, whose barbed, bony wing-points rattled at the windows and scraped across the roof?

Oh, the vastness of the dark! Behind the house the black fir wood; in front the black sea; above, the enormous whirling giant dance of the dark, the league-high swirls of blackness, where roamed the things that no man may see and live.

And the world itself—that, too, was alone in the dark. God himself knew not where it was going. Where was it whirling to? into what Titanic presences might it be rushing? They would catch it at last—the great, voiceless, hurrying host of monsters that chased it; and the Fenris wolf would swallow the sun, and all would be black!

He knew that these were all heathen stories; but did not the wind tell him that they were true? He had feared them when he was a boy, till Helga had taught him better. She was very brave in regard to such things, was Helga. If he had but loved her she would help him now! If she were but here! If the dark were not between them!

The wind deepened and redoubled. It came in massive gusts that made the house tremble. It crept through the little chinks under the door, and through the crevices of the windows—cold, black streams of air, reaching in like thin arms to catch him, making the candles wave and flicker. He moved to the middle of the table, close to the great central lamp. By that was refuge; and yet it and he and the whole house were so little, so very little, compared to the night.

That was not the wind! He had heard the wind often. He did not fear that. This that had taken the place of the wind was another voice—the great thunder voice of the indignant dark, filled with the shrill voices of the spirits of the dark—and they called him; they called him by name. God grant that the bars would hold, that **THEY** would not enter!

Yes, he could see them! They crowded all the chinks of the door! They lay flat and stared under it—the little dwarfs with the ugly eyes—and they stood on tip-toe and peered around the edges of the drawn curtains, and pointed their little sharp fingers at him and grinned wickedly! And the tall giants bent over them and stared, and shook at the doors, and tugged at the chimney! and all about, on every side, snuffing like dogs on the trail, ran the lean wolves of the dark, black, with fiery eyes, with bared, gleaming teeth!

He stared at the light. Surely it grew fainter. Surely the long arms that stretched in through the cracks could reach it. He felt them touch him, and prick him, and sting him, like deadly needles of ice; and at each touch his heart stopped beating, and the whole room seemed to reel dizzily to the great waltz music of the gale.

Again a gust! Could the windows stand it? How they rattled under the blows of the fists of the little dwarfs, whose voices were like the muttering of a million! and he knew that the dark without was alive with tiny, restless balls of fire, the eyes of the beasts that waited,

What a blow! It was the great hammer, Myölnir the mighty, that struck! The forest giants, the terrible Yotuns, had brought it!

The dark was between him and every help. And God would not save him. Perhaps the giants had killed God!

One pane of the window gone, and half the lights darkened! They were coming, thronging, pointing, grinning, bringing the blackness with them, pouring in like the sea into a doomed ship. Light after light extinguished, and only one left, the great central lamp before him. He threw his arms about it, and bent his head close. With men he could fight, but with these —! They were close behind him, mocking and pressing their fingers close to his face; and the beasts, following their terrible, circling course, closed always in, nearer and nearer.

Another pane gone! See, they throng about the lamp! they point at it with their fingers! they blow at it with their black, cold breath! It wavers! it thins into blue! From far off they come, for now the prey is theirs. Faster and faster, demons on demons, a last great charge! Out of the great sea distance, it swoops — the gathered terror of the embodied dark! THEY are coming!!! Like a sea wave they rush through the window, they burst the door from its hinges, they strip off the shingles of the roof! The lamp flame leaps and flickers and is gone!

“Helga! Helga! Helga! Help! The wolves have killed the sun!!”

* * * * *

The thunder of the sea upon desolate promontories — in the house the silence of death, and over the house the immense, un pitying blackness of the all-encircling night.

THE NEW EDUCATION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

A CONTEST has recently been fought in Chicago which involved questions of weighty consideration for all thoughtful Americans, especially as it was the opening conflict in what will doubtless ere long become a nation-wide struggle between the friends of the new education and those who advocate the old system of intellectual training for our public schools.

For years a persistent but unsuccessful warfare has been waged against the public school system of America, chiefly by various religious organizations, whose directing brains have been hostile to what has frequently been termed "godless schools," and also by those persons who, holding the views of philosophic anarchy, did not believe in the government paying for education in any form. The arguments advanced by the religious bodies and economic theorists, although unquestionably emanating from honest and sincere minds, have proved exceedingly unpopular with a vast proportion of our people; and from these sources, so long as an open warfare was waged against the public school system, little was to be feared.

The conflict now, however, is assuming an aspect which vitally threatens the system and demands the unprejudiced attention of all who see in the public schools the strongest bulwark of true republicanism. To-day the public schools of America are the meeting-places for the children of the rich and the poor. While they secure the best talent and employ the most approved and enlightened methods for developing character and enlarging the mental horizon of the young, they will continue to be little democracies in themselves. As long as the *public schools* are the *best schools*, a large majority of the children of rich and poor will attend them, and the beneficent influence exerted in the past will grow greater with each succeeding year. The marked advance in educational methods of recent years is demonstrating the practicability of a schooling which at once develops body, brain, and soul, and gives to life a new and lofty significance not known by those who came under the old system of training.

If, however, as is evidently the hope of those who are unfavorable to popular secular education, a retrograde step is to be taken,

if the wise policy which has marked the educational march of recent years is to be changed, the children of the rich will soon be found in private schools, while the poor will be compelled to go through the old tread-mill method of intellectual training.

I do not for a moment believe that a backward step would be possible in any American city if the people understood the nature of the issue and its real significance; and, indeed, it is highly probable that most of the leading spirits who have hastily joined the reasonless clamor raised against the new education would be among the strongest defenders of progressive methods, if they looked beneath the surface or paused to grasp the real import of the problem. I think it is reasonable to infer that the enemies of the public schools are raising this cry, in order ultimately to seriously impair the system; but I am positive that a large majority who have engaged with them are innocent of any such intent. Many of the champions of the old system are at once thoughtful men and women, and loyal to public education; but I think in this case they have failed to investigate properly the influence and trend of the two systems. Then there is a third class among the opposition who know too little about the subject to discuss it with even a show of intelligence. They belong to a large body of unthinking human echoes in every community who take up easily remembered phrases and popular shibboleths, and bray them forth in loud, reverberating tones, which always suggest vacuity.

In order to view this problem in a fair and comprehensive manner, it will be necessary to state the contention, giving some of the principal objections urged against the new methods, as well as institute a comparison between the old and new systems of education.

II.

In Chicago a popular cry was raised against what was contemptuously termed "fads" by the enemies of the new education; this opprobrious term being used to designate the beneficent innovation which the wonderful educational progress of the past thirty years has demonstrated to be of inestimable value in compassing the ends of true education — the development of body, mind, and soul. Music, drawing, color work, modelling, folding and pasting, and physical culture were among the innovations assailed by the champions of the old tread-mill system, who seemed to imagine that they had been introduced merely to amuse the young instead of forming a part of a grand ideal of popular culture, which observation and practical experience have proved to be of the greatest utility in awakening thought, and in various ways meeting the high requirements of the present progressive age.

It has been urged that we should return to the old methods on the score of economy, while it has also been claimed that the broader methods were carrying popular education *beyond its proper limits*; that we were only justified in giving the public school children a fundamental education, popularly termed the "three R" schooling. "Why should the children of John Smith or Fred Jones be taught music, drawing, or physical culture? They are not going to teach these things, but in all probability will go from school into the factory, store, or on the farm." This question was put to me in an animated manner by a defender of the old education in a recent discussion, and presents the pith of one of the arguments which has been effectively used more than once in influencing persons who have always regarded education in a superficial way. "Again," my friend continued, "these new-fangled innovations are *breeding discontent* in the minds of the children of the working classes; they learn something of music and drawing, and then they are not satisfied with the lot God ordained them to fill." In regard to awaking discontent, I replied, you are unquestionably correct; but it would be well for you to consider whether *God* or *society* ordained their lot. A further objection was forcibly advanced in an editorial in the *Chicago Post*, written in reply to an argument which I had made in the *Inter-Ocean*. In his reply the editor says:—

We have often spoken of this subject, but there can be no harm in pointing out to Mr. Flower again the immense, the incalculable, damage that faddism has wrought to the public school system in this city. It has, as we can assure Mr. Flower, reduced the organization to that point where we have really no superintendent of schools. We have a gentleman of some ability nominally filling that place, but he is without adequate authority. He has supreme control in almost nothing. He is hampered on every side by little superintendents or bosses who would defy his authority if he ventured to assert it.

The editor next criticises the various "bosses," and declares that not one of these persons acknowledges the authority of the so-called superintendent. This alleged defect in the public school organization and discipline is seriously advanced as a reason for discarding the new education.

Now, I wish to briefly notice each of these objections before passing to the next division of the discussion.

1. *Economy*.—We must not forget that popular sympathy for an essentially bad cause is not infrequently won by employing a popular shibboleth and assailing the forces of progress with obnoxious epithets; thus in the recent controversy in Chicago, the popular and seductive cry "economy" has been urged against what were contemptuously termed "fads." Wise economy is a rare and precious virtue in public affairs; but a penny-wise and

pound-foolish policy, which refuses to grant sufficient money to employ the best talent and introduce the most approved methods of culture in our public schools, is recreant to the highest interests of the individual and the state; and a society which thus withholds from the receptive brain of the child those influences which develop full-orbed manhood commits a crime against the young which will eventually, in the nature of the case, require a much greater outlay for prisons and poor-houses than the amount demanded for the full employment of the new education, from the kindergarten through the grammar school. The difference between *real* and *pseudo* economy in public affairs is the difference between statesmanship and demagoguery.

2. *That the new education is carrying popular schooling beyond its proper limits.*— This question will be fully answered when we compare the two systems; but it is well, just here, to note that those who advance this view have entirely lost sight of the real purpose of the new education. To them education offers no aspect other than commercial. They cannot conceive of music, drawing, or physical culture being of any real value unless the children propose to teach them. This narrow vision is one of the sad but legitimate fruits of the present money-worshipping age, in which the deepest and richest well-springs of life are often heedlessly disregarded, and true culture appears to be something unintelligible to those crazed by the fever for gold. It is also well for us to remember, before it is too late, that when the public schools of America lag behind other schools through failure to employ the most approved methods for developing character, as well as cultivating brain, we shall have surrendered to the effete civilization of the past the breastworks of modern republicanism.

3. *It breeds discontent.*— Yes, it breeds that *intelligent* discontent which is the handmaid of progress, the mother of civilization, and the hope of humanity's redemption. When my friend advanced this as an objection, I replied that he had now struck the tap-root of the opposition. Plutocracy and conservatism fear the discontent of the toiler as they fear nothing else. Anything which tends to arouse the industrial millions to an intelligent conception of essential justice, awakens opposition in the citadels of conventionalism and the strongholds of *acquired* wealth. The rich and privileged few continually fall into a fatal error by failing to discriminate between intelligent and ignorant discontent. The former is open-eyed; she discerns wrongs, and understands how they should be righted; she relies upon education and agitation; her weapon is reason; she is essentially a torch bearer, and her voice awakens the conscience of those who, were it not for her cry, would ere long be overtaken by retribution and ruin. Ignorant discontent is blind; she senses something wrong; she

cannot reason; the higher chambers of her soul have not been opened; the finer music of nature has never penetrated her brain, but the fires of animal passion blaze, and hate fed by injustice smoulders until some little incident occurs, and then a cataclysm follows. *The only thing to-day which can prevent a bloody revolution in this republic is the intelligent discontent which from ocean to ocean is calling aloud for justice.* Intelligent discontent is the servant of right and of peace; she awakens the sleeping soul; she is the hope of freedom and true civilization.

4. *Demoralizes the schools.*—This objection is so palpably insincere, when advanced as an argument against the new education, that it scarcely calls for refutation. No one will deny that the public schools, like an army, demand perfect organization and discipline. Moreover, it is the duty of the proper officials to see that discipline is rigidly enforced. The superintendent should be a broad-spirited, large-brained man, in perfect sympathy with progressive methods. His duties should be clearly defined, as should those of each teacher. Any dereliction or disobedience on the part of any of the employees in the schools should be disciplined as promptly as if the offender belonged to the army. The objection raised by the *Post* might be brought against the teachers of the old line of studies, as it is merely a question of discipline. Had the objector been sincere, he would have proposed that the public schools be so disciplined that disorganization would be impossible, but he would never advance "lack of discipline or organization" as a reason for a change of system in education.

That such demoralization exists in Chicago as the editor of the *Post* maintains, while being a strong reflection upon the competency of the school officers, is no argument whatever against the genius of the new methods, as will readily be seen when one remembers that in many great cities the new education operates like clockwork, and the most satisfactory results are attending its employment. I can speak from personal knowledge as to the ease with which music and drawing were taught in the public schools which I attended several years ago, while I would call the attention of those who imagine they can charge lack of discipline as a result of new education, to Professor Felix Adler's school in New York, which has become a Mecca for educationalists, and in which the body, brain, and soul are simultaneously developed with the ease with which we open and close the whole hand. In this school there are between three hundred and fifty and four hundred scholars, who, in addition to the ordinary education, receive a careful industrial training. In a recent report of this school, I find the following description of the methods here employed:—

The greatest stress is laid upon the organic connection between the workshop teaching and other branches of instruction, so that the shop shall not be a foreign body introduced into the organism of the school, but a living member of that organism. There is also in the school an *atelier*, in which the children learn free-hand drawing and modelling. The elements of natural science are taught in all classes, and in this branch the aim is not so much to give a mass of positive information, as to train the powers of observation and to cultivate a love for nature. The great enthusiasm for science study which pervades the school shows that this aim has, in a measure, been attained. The attitude toward knowledge which it seeks to promote is that of assimilation, rather than that of appropriation. It seeks to develop a noble humanity in the child, to foster its inner growth, and to cause the whole school life, government, discipline, as well as instruction, to converge to this end.

Professor Adler's school is noted for its fine discipline no less than for the unsurpassed success in blending moral, intellectual, and industrial education in such a manner that children enjoy school while having sturdy character developed, and being brought into touch with manual labor in such a way as to dignify it by association, or, in other words, lift it from the degraded place where false education and artificial civilization have consigned it. In this school the ethical, the mental, and the physical natures are trained; each line of education complements the other in such a way as to produce full-orbed manhood.

I have cited this case merely to prove how unfounded and essentially unjust it is to claim that enlarging the scope of education necessarily operates unfavorably upon organization or discipline if the school system is in the hands of competent officials and teachers.

I now wish to examine the aims and tendencies of the two methods of educational training; for the system which is opposed by superficial politicians is in many respects fundamentally unlike the old method, and I also wish to point out the valid claims which the new schooling offers to the thoughtful consideration of those who are too intelligent to mistake an epithet of contempt or a shaft of ridicule for an argument.

III.

The old system trained the intellect along certain lines; it gave an education which was, to a certain degree, indispensable; it taught the child how to read and write; it opened the pages of history, and pointed out the rich treasure-house of past ages, with its literature, religion, art, and science, and thus accomplished much good. It was a splendid step in advance of the religious system of schooling which had preceded it, because it did not place science under the ban, or forbid the intellect straying into those fields of ancient thought which the church did not approve. Thus in so far as this education was broader

and more liberal in its instincts than the religious education which had preceded it, it was more beneficent in its fruits; but it possessed elements of restriction which were incompatible with the proper development of man, and the range of its vision was comparatively narrow. Its impulses were conservative, and it wedded thought to books.

1. *Its tendency was often repressive*, and it too frequently destroyed that vigorous independence of thought and originality of conception which have fathered almost every great discovery the world has seen. The pupil learned to take his ideas from books rather than indulge in original reasoning; indeed, frequently under the old method the child who presumed to question was asked, in a supercilious tone by the parrot-like teacher, if he imagined he knew more than the author of the text-book. It was this repressive tendency of the old system which led to that criticism, which unfortunately was often too just, that our educational institutions "were polishing pebbles and dimming diamonds." Moreover, the child failed to associate the written thought with the objective realities, and thus passed through life with his school-acquired education in one mental compartment, and his practical knowledge in another.

The spirit of the old method, while fostering scholasticism and a reverence for the authority of the past, was not favorable to the development of genius, to original conceptions, or to the inventive spirit. It has frequently been observed that a large proportion of our great inventors and most original discoverers have, like Franklin and Edison, for example, failed to receive a university education,* while nothing is more noteworthy than the hostility which has time and again been exhibited by the scholastic world toward original thinkers who have made discoveries of vast moment to the race.†

* A scholarly friend, in speaking to me of a great inventor, remarked that it was fortunate for the world that this man had never received a university education, or he would have "known that no such results could have been attained." Such is the dogmatism of scholasticism. This friend, in speaking of some magnificent original work a fellow-laborer had accomplished, remarked that the colleges would have ruined the strong originality of our mutual friend, and in all probability made a pedant of one who was now a splendid intellectual free lance; and the speaker was a gentleman who had spent many years of a long and honorable life ably filling chairs in important educational institutions.

† In an admirable paper by R. Heber Newton on the "Dogmatism of Science," the learned divine shows by numerous illustrations how hostile scholasticism has been to new truth. The following citations are for the most part taken from this paper. The scholars of Italy — no less than the church which, at that time, it is true, possessed most of the scholars — were intolerant of the demonstrations of Galileo, and it was a professor of philosophy in Padua who refused to look in the telescope lest he be convinced that he was wrong. Who does not know of the scholastic opposition which met the discovery of Newton? Harvey had to face the reasonless intolerance of the learned brothers of his profession, and during his day the College of Physicians of London ignored his discovery; while almost half a century after he announced the great truths, the Royal Society of Medicine of Paris listened attentively to a long scholastic argument which attempted to prove the theory of the "Circulation of the Blood an impossibility." Shouts of derisive laughter are said to have greeted Benjamin Franklin's report before the Royal Society of Great Britain, in which he showed the identity between

One of the gravest defects of the old system lay in its repressive tendencies. It was inhospitable when not fatal to the proper development of genius. In many respects it resembled the ideals which the Chinese have cherished for centuries. The young brain was made to front the past rather than the future. The intellectual flowers culled were gathered from the graves of the ages. The mind was drilled upon hard and fast lines; while the higher, finer, and more vital elements in the child nature were permitted to rest dormant when not positively dwarfed during the most receptive period of life.

2. *Another defect in the old system was found in its failure to impress the mind of the young with the dignity of manual labor.*—It schooled the intellect along narrow lines, but the hands were not trained along with the brain, and it lacked the breadth which is characteristic of true greatness, and which grows only in an atmosphere hospitable to wholesome freedom and a manly recognition of the honorable character of all useful labor. The child in the kindergarten or primary school who makes a box has unconsciously received a mental association which will benefit him in after years. The gulf between the mental attainment and manual labor in his little intellectual world has been bridged, and the child brought into practical relationship to physical work. It is true that the method at present employed is only a step in the right direction. The new education aims to dignify manual labor, and to give the youthful brain, by association with school life, an appreciation for manual labor which takes away the vicious popular idea of other days that it is degrading.

3. *A still further flaw in the old system was its failure to develop the ethical side of life.* It did not make the character of the multitude of young lives coming under its influence blossom in the glory and loveliness of true manhood and womanhood. Its atmosphere was, conventionally speaking, moral; that is, its textbooks were full of moral platitudes, but it failed to impress ethics in a systematic or soul-moulding way. It did not take hold of life and produce broad-souled, conscientious, and justice-loving men and women, any more than, as we shall presently see, the religious education which preceded modern methods developed a virtuous or truly religious life. This serious flaw in our popular system is to-day working injuriously in many ways; indeed, it may be said to be one of the great tap-roots of the misery in the world. Any civilization which is not nourished by a character-

lightning and other electrical phenomena. Galvani complained that he was assailed by two classes—the scientists and the know-nothings. Both alike ridiculed him. Napoleon referred the subject of steam navigation to the Academy of Science, and the idea was pronounced “a ridiculous notion.” When George Stevenson first projected the idea of railroad travelling, the British House of Commons would not seriously listen to his plan. These instances might be multiplied until they filled a volume of space indicating the dogmatic and hostile attitude of the old education to creative and inventive genius, and to the development of original thought.

building education lacks the vitality of uninterrupted growth and progressive development, and must sooner or later suffer eclipse.

The old education failed at this vital point. The ethical side of the youthful nature, from whence comes the highest pleasures, and which is the foundation of every noble character, was at best only incidentally touched. One result of this lack of character development is apparent in the merciless selfishness of many of our shrewdest business men, who without compunction commit deeds which increase the burdens and add to the misery of millions of their fellow-creatures. A further result may be seen in the rapid colonization of Canada from our centres of wealth, due very largely to this fatal lack of developing the moral character during childhood, when the brain is as plastic as the sculptor's clay. Still another defect of this system, and one which is much more important than may appear at first sight, is found in the failure of the purely intellectual method to relieve the barrenness of life for the multitude. There were some minds which revelled in books and the thoughts of others, but to a large majority the old system was often dull and irksome. It failed to enrich and broaden the soul, to give that variety and scope for healthy brain expansion which is essential to self-development. These evils were real, and the effect has been recognized by the most intelligent and broad-minded educators of the past generation.

But while frankly recognizing these shortcomings, we must not allow ourselves to be misled by the cry which has been raised in many quarters, and has been of late so vigorously urged, that the failure of our popular system is found in the fact that no theological tenets are forced upon the children.

So much has been said by religious enthusiasts and fanatics about our "godless" schools, and so persistent have been the efforts to undermine the noble fabric of secular education, that it is essential to glance for a moment at the moral atmosphere and the general influence of the theological education of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. This is especially important, in that those who would destroy the secular school, instead of seeking to remedy its defect, would have us believe, by inference and indirect assumption, that religious schools or educational institutions under the direct supervision and fostering care of the church accomplished what secular education failed to give — high, broad-souled, justice-loving characters; when as a matter of fact no schools have failed more lamentably in this respect than those which flourished when the church exerted an all-powerful influence over society. Erasmus has given us some vivid pen pictures of the superstition exhibited in his day, and the savage hostility toward classical studies dis-

played by those who ought to have been broad, thoughtful, and ever ready to accept the truth.

But it is not so much of superstition or of hostility to either new ideas or the wealth of classic thought, which met with such pronounced opposition from the leaders of conventional education and dogmatic religious thought, that I wish to specially notice. The public school system has been boldly assailed on the ground that it failed to develop the ethical or spiritual nature. Now, I believe no truth-loving and sincere student of history will fail to see that in this respect the popular schooling of to-day succeeds far more satisfactorily than did the religious education which preceded the system of secular training.

IV.

Two things must be remembered by the student who examines the education which flowered when the church was the uncontested mistress of Western Europe. (1) Ecclesiasticism guarded jealously all educational institutions, regarding them as "instruments for the propagation of the faith," and (2) that in all schools and universities, theology held the place of honor and distinction; the arts, law, and medicine were the handmaids of theology, over which the church kept a jealous eye. To illustrate, between the years 1200 and 1250, the University of Paris, which was the mother of the universities of the thirteenth century, was made the subject of fifty pontifical letters regulating studies and granting privileges.*

The teaching of civil and canon law was carried on in most of the universities; but the jealous manner in which the church regarded the teaching of civil law is well exemplified in the bull issued (1220) by Pope Honorius III. prohibiting all teaching of civil law in Paris, and in the bull of Innocent IV. (1254) extending the prohibition throughout all France. During the time of Alexander III. the bishops wished the exclusive right of conferring license to teach placed in their hands. Numerous similar illustrations might be cited, indicating how jealously the church watched over all education. The subordinate position of the law, medicine, and the arts, in comparison to theology, was well illustrated by the fact that a man might become a Master of Arts at twenty-one, a Doctor of Law or Medicine at twenty-six or twenty-seven; but the title of Doctorate of Theology was not conferred until a man reached thirty-five years of age.

Religion occupying such an exalted position, and the church being the mistress of state, school, and university, we naturally expect to find here the ripest fruits of a religious education. Especially have we the right to look for such results among those

* See Compayre's "Origin and Early History of Universities."

scholars who made religion their special study. Now, with these facts in mind, let us notice some side lights of history bearing on the life and morals of those who came under the influence of this religious education.

Gabriel Compayre, in discussing the early history of the universities, observes: "It was not in riots only that the students took delight. Gallant and amorous adventurers played a certain part in their existence. . . . In 1425 six or seven law students of the University of Montpellier, in masks, broke into a house in the deep of night and carried off a young woman. *The university hindered the prosecution of these ravishers.* . . . From the year 1218 the ecclesiastical judge of Paris had been complaining of the scholars, who, said he, 'force and break open the doors of houses, and carry off girls and women.' Jaques de Vitry denounced the debauched morals of Paris several years later. 'In the same houses,' said he, 'there are schools on the first story, and infamous resorts below.' If one consults Coppi, for example, he may convince himself that the morals of the Italian universities were just as bad." Our author continues, quoting from the historian of the University of Angers: "The morals of the students were very profligate. They fought every day among themselves and with the citizens. Yet all these students were clerics, and some of them already provided with curacies."

But perhaps it is not in school life that we can most justly gauge the influence of an educational system. That measure of power for weal or woe is exhibited most decisively by the cultured after the flush of youth passes and they mingle with society. Here we should reasonably expect to see the glory of noble lives and worthy examples, especially among those who held seats of authority in religion; for it must not be forgotten that at this time the church not only kept sleepless vigil over educational institutions, but the theological training was placed above all other schooling. And yet a volume could be filled with citations of eminent churchmen which reveal the terrible obliquity of those in authority during this period of religious supremacy in the educational world. I have room only for two or three citations—not nearly the most startling or appalling which might be given, but sufficient to indicate that the religious education of those centuries failed most signally in developing a pure life or noble character.

One of the most illustrious ecclesiastics of his age, Cardinal Julian Cesarini, in the first half of the fifteenth century, while endeavoring to persuade Pope Eugenius IV. against dissolving the council of Basil, expressed his grave fears that the whole fabric of the Roman Church would be overthrown, unless the church acted promptly, owing to the popular feeling being so

stirred up against the clergy, on account of their general neglect of duty and their scandalously immoral lives.*

In 1435 Andreas, Bishop of Minorca, addressed to the Cardinal Legate Cesarini an exhortation, in which he said: "Evils, sins, and scandals have so increased, especially among the clergy, that, as the prophet says, already accursed lying and theft, and adultery and simony, and murder and many other crimes have deluged the earth. . . . The avarice and lust of domination and the foul and abominable lives of the ecclesiastics are the cause of all the misfortunes of Christendom."

In 1437 the Dominican, John Nider, declared that the general reformation of the church was hopeless on account of the wickedness of the prelates and the lack of good will of the clergy.

In 1453 Arneas Sylvius solemnly declared: "It is for this I dread the Turk. Whether I look upon the deeds of prince or prelate I find that all have sunk, all are worthless. You are Christians in name, but you do the work of heathens—execration, falsehood, slaughter, theft, and adultery, and you add blood to blood."

In one of his Lenten sermons, in 1497, Savonarola describes the priests of the people as "destroying the souls of their flocks with their wicked example. Their worship," he declared, was "to spend the nights with strumpets and the days in singing in the choirs."

On the death of Julius II., Granfrancesco Pico della Mirandola addressed a letter to Pope Leo X. setting forth the condition of society, which called for radical and immediate reformation. In this letter he declared that "the worship of God was neglected, the churches were held by pimps and catamites, the nunneries were dens of prostitution, justice was a matter of hatred and favor, piety was lost in superstition, the priesthood was bought and sold, the revenues of the church ministered only to the foulest excesses, and that the people were repelled from religion by the example of their pastors."†

As I have before observed, these citations might be extended until a volume would be required to contain them. *They are sufficient, however, to indicate the moral atmosphere of the cultured world at a time when ecclesiasticism held supreme control over education.* But this failure of moral development to subdue the savage in man, during the domination of theological thought, was further exemplified by the fearful spirit of intolerance and religious bigotry which burst forth in relentless fury during the last half of the sixteenth century. Indeed, it is a fact never to be forgotten that the spirit of intolerance and

* See "Encyclopædia Britannica," vol. xx., page 321.

† "The Inquisition of the Middle Ages." By Henry Charles Lea, Vol. iii., p. 639.

persecution has *cast a portentous shadow across the pathway of progress whenever dogmatic theology has shaped education*. I have called attention to these facts as they relate to the condition among the cultured and most favored during the reign of the education which came as the blossom of the many centuries of union of church and state, following the reign of Constantine; *not for the purpose of exciting or awakening any religious prejudice*, for I believe no man lives who abhors the vicious spirit of bigotry, partisan hate, and religious fanaticism more than I do, and I have no sympathy with those who attempt to create bitter hostility between religious bodies by appealing to prejudices, and thus seeking to fan anew the spirit of intolerance and persecution. But the issue has been forced so persistently upon those who believe in secular education, and the public school has been so determinedly assailed as a pernicious and godless institution, that I should be recreant to duty not to point out the fact that when the religious education, so dear to those who assail secular schools, had full sway, *it utterly failed to accomplish the very thing for which the public school system had been assailed*; while in addition to this failure, it fanned the flames of intolerance which dogmatic theology sooner or later awakens.

After we have made full and liberal allowances for the differences in the periods and the progress made by humanity since the era of intellectual freedom and popular education dawned, I believe all impartial students of history will agree that our system of secular education may stand proudly erect in the presence of the much lauded system which preceded it. But if any one doubts the comparative merits of the two systems, let him compare the popular intelligence and general progress of the nations where at the present time religious education is most absolute with those countries in which public instruction is divorced from religious training. Compare, if you will, our republic with Spain, where it is probable that education is more completely under the control of the church than in any other land; or compare any of the South American civilizations, whose educational systems are under the control of the church, with our secular system.

In every case it will be found that where dogmatic theology prevails, and where no hospitality is extended to truth-loving science and untrammelled thought, progress moves with slow and halting step, and the fires of intolerance are ever ready to flame forth. This is an all-important point for us to bear in mind while we frankly criticise the shortcomings of our present-day secular education. Each of the old systems failed signally to properly develop a well-rounded, tolerant, liberal, and just character. The new method is based upon the broader, deeper, and more pro-

foundly human thought of our time, which holds that it is less difficult to fascinate a child into the ways of virtue and progress than to drive him thither; and it seeks to open all the windows of the soul which look skyward.

V.

The new education is not, as the superficial imagine, a series of innovations introduced to amuse and entertain the young. Never did ignorance err more egregiously than when she applied the contemptuous epithet "fads" to those radical innovations which are steps taken by the most enlightened educators in the introduction of a broad and comprehensive system of schooling as utilitarian as it is philosophical. The apostles of the new education, recognizing the defects and failures of the past, employed the modern scientific methods, and sought the fundamental cause of these failures. They found that children were above all else imitative, and that the vivid impressions made in early years were often the most enduring influences which operated in later life. They learned that, long before the youthful brain was able to reason, or in any vital way grasp and intellectually appropriate lessons or arguments presented by word of mouth or by written thought, those things in the child's environment which appealed to the imagination and more sensitive faculties made life-long impressions. Here was a fact of stupendous importance to the educator. The child's mind was plastic as the sculptor's clay. It was largely moulded by those early surroundings and influences which appealed in a real or moulding way to the mind.

The more deeply the subject was considered, the more apparent it became that the education of the past, notwithstanding its excellent intentions, had played upon one or two keys in that wonderfully mysterious and complex instrument, the human mind, leaving the others to the caprice of environment.

The new education seeks, in a perfectly rational and common-sense way, to touch all the keys of the human brain which can yield divine harmony. It would make the life of a child a symphony rather than a discord. Now, this splendid result can never be accomplished through the old didactic and pedantic methods of intellectual drill, any more than it would be possible to make a whole field blossom with flowers when only a little patch of the same had been planted or cultivated. And what is more, the intellectual training, while having its place, is entirely inadequate to compass the requirements of a full-orbed education. The imagination must be appealed to, and the child must be developed through actions and environment, as well as through conventional mental drill.

I remember some years ago reading a description of the salt

mines of Austria, in which the author describes persons who had been born and had grown up in the mines without ever seeing the splendor of the earth above them. Now, we might describe to such persons the beauties and fragrance of the flowers and the music of the birds, but they would receive a very inadequate conception of what we desired to convey, if only words were used. On the other hand, if we could bring them up to the earth and lead them into a garden of roses and lilies, where birds were carolling their songs, the eye, the ear, and sense of smell would be appealed to simultaneously. They would at once be illuminated with a knowledge which no words could convey.

This is precisely what the new education does. It impresses the mind on all sides by bringing it into vital relationship with those things which appeal irresistibly to the nobler and more essential elements of being. It trains the eye, the ear, and sense of touch. It develops at once body, brain, and soul. It substitutes tangible art, music, and practical manual labor for an education made up entirely of phrasings and mental drill. It unfolds to the child mind the inherent loveliness of the pure, the elevating, and refining. It subtly carries into the brain the inspiration of goodness, as the sun beam bears life to the flower. It is the only rational and entirely common-sense system of education ever employed.

The results of the kindergarten instruction, of the industrial schools, and other institutions where intelligent, though as yet imperfect, attempts have been made to develop a high ideal of manhood, have demonstrated that the system is not only essentially rational and perfectly practical, but that it changes the school for the ordinary child, from an irksome prison, into a temple of delight, where the young brain *is fascinated into goodness and lured into greatness.*

Space forbids me more than briefly noticing some cardinal points of excellence not present in the old system.

1. *The new education stimulates original thought, fosters genius, and encourages the inventive spirit.*—It is suggestive rather than didactic. It teaches the child to model, to make boxes, to draw and color, and in various ways awakens thought and sets the machinery of the brain in motion. Its every impulse favors the calling out of the best from the young mind. Then, again, this new method brings the brain into direct relationship with life and objects of life, and in a very real way awakens the child's inventive skill. "To make," suggests "to improve," and before long his mind is lured into many vistas of thoughtful speculation which in time must yield practical fruit never to be hoped for from those who were chained to books and taught to expect the ultimate of wisdom in the expressions of others' brains.

2. *The new education is utilitarian in its impulses.*—It teaches the young to bring the hands as well as the brain into play, and tends to destroy the aversion for manual labor which the old system too often created. When a girl is taught how to sew or prepare a dinner, far more has been done for her than merely placing knowledge of a practical nature within her grasp; for her mind has been acquainted with work which others must perform, even if she never is required to put her training to actual use; and with this knowledge she is brought in sympathy nearer to the manual laborer. She has learned to work with her hands, and that work does not seem degrading or servile, for *she learned it in school*. The same is true of the boy who is instructed in some trade; and ultimately, I believe, industrial education will complement all other schooling in the best ordered institutions.

3. Nowhere is the advantage of the new education more perceptible than in the *realm of true ethical development and the unfolding or calling forth of all that is finest and best calculated to yield the purest and highest pleasures*. As I have observed, the most progressive and thoughtful teachers, who are also careful students of social and ethical problems, have observed that man's life is largely moulded by impressions and thoughts given at certain periods in life; and at no time has thought such *destiny-fixing power* as during the early years of life, when the brain is plastic and receptive. The child who at school receives only dull and irksome instruction, and into whose home life the higher pleasures do not enter, will soon have his brain filled with low ideals and gross pleasures found on the sensual plane. Let the mind during this formative period brood upon base objects and imaginings, and a downward bent is given to life. Low jests, coarse language, and frequent participation in vicious and degrading deeds, in order to gratify abnormally developed passions, result in making a man with low ideals, sensual tastes, and uncontrollable appetites; a man who is likely to squander the little he may earn in drink, and who is liable to become a criminal or a pauper. Now it has been proven that when children, during the period when the brain is plastic, come under ennobling influences, when their minds are filled with thoughts and ideals seductively presented, yet refining in character, the aspirations, tastes, and bent of life, in a large proportion of cases, respond to these upward impulses. Acting on this fact, the new education fills the brain with music and song; it teaches the child to draw and color, and thereby gives him a taste which, while positively refining in its direct influence, is also subtly developing a deep-rooted appreciation for the glories of nature and art undreamed of before. Through his young brain, instead of the vile jests and repulsive stories of the street, float strains of

melody, breathing sentiments of patriotism, of noble attainments, and of love. He sees the glory of the sunset with a sense of keen delight, whereas before he never so much as noticed the splendor of the greatest of all artists. Every flower possesses a new charm. The art galleries and museums have for him an interest far greater than the saloon holds for his father. In a word, the influence of this new education has been the practical carrying out of the divine injunction to "overcome evil with good." The teacher has opened the window of the soul, and revealed a new world, whose pure pleasures exalt and will prove a rich heritage through life. This is one marked tendency of the new education, and this is the influence exerted to a greater or less degree by music, drawing, color work, and modelling, which the enemies of the new education contemptuously dismissed as useless "fads."

The new education fully recognizes the value of book learning, but at the same time guards against that pedantic reverence for books and for ancient thought which tends to make imitators. It fronts the dawn rather than the evening. It stimulates the inventive and creative spirit by teaching the child in the primary school to manufacture boxes, and to model in clay. It also thus early in life establishes a right idea in regard to the dignity of manual labor, and gives an added interest to the common things of life. The child who makes a little box in school finds a pleasure and interest in the large box on the street, not known before.

Secondly, it develops the capacity for enjoying the highest and most elevating pleasures by the introduction of music, drawing, painting, and modelling, and by calling constantly into the mind noble and pure ideals.

Thirdly, it develops the physical body, and gives easy grace and refinement to its every movement.

It is an intelligent and scientific attempt, based on practical experience and undisputed facts, to develop the body, so that the pupil may carry an atmosphere of health through life; to illuminate the brain, giving not only a trained intellect, but a mind capable of forming independent judgment; to cultivate the higher nature, that the finest sentiments of life and the most real sources of delight may be fully appreciated by the awakened soul, and thus to give to the republic a normal manhood and womanhood.

The old systems were fashioned too nearly upon the ideal popular in Greece at the time when Christianity almost lost her primitive character in Grecian speculation. At that period, observed the late Professor Edwin Hatch, D. D., of Oxford University, "*Her schools, instead of being the laboratories of the knowledge of the future, were forges in which the chains of the*

present were fashioned from the knowledge of the past." The new education appreciates this serious flaw, and seeks to remedy it.

The old has proven fatally defective in many particulars; the new seeks to remedy these shortcomings. The old was a magnificent stride towards universal enlightenment; the new stands for developed humanity. The old bears much the same relation to the new that a fleshless skeleton bears to a man with life pulsing through every fibre of his body, and brain luminous with wisdom and love.

Instead of depriving the public schools of the new education, its *fullest* expression should be welcomed. The kindergarten should become a part of every public school system, and a determined demand should be made that the child of the humblest citizen may have the advantages of *the best schools in the land* from the hour that the little toddler is able to enter the kindergarten until he has reached his fourteenth year; and during this period every practical means should be employed to develop a robust body, a clean soul, a healthy brain, and a noble character.



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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CRIME.

BY HENRY WOOD.

EVERY outward manifestation is a harvest. No full-fledged or overt act takes place that is not the lawful sequence of previous incubation, nourishment, and growth. When a criminal offence "happens," the usual concern is only with the event, its details, and the adequate punishment of the offender. The act is vividly outlined, its heinous features are analyzed, the guilt of its supposed author is passed upon, and a demand is made for the enforcement of the proper penalty. This comprises all that society feels called upon to do in the premises. A blow has been dealt to the community, in one of its parts, and the community deals a proportionate one in return, and thus the transaction is closed and the books are balanced. Possibly some "motive" may be discovered, which forms the last or immediate step behind the act, but further back, or in broader scope, neither general nor special investigation is thought necessary.

While the deeper research may not be practicable officially, it is of great importance that there should be a more general and intelligent appreciation of the processes through which crime and disorder are generated. The superficial and objective spirit of our western civilization is unfavorable for a thorough study of primary and subjective causation. The Within that finds expression in the Without lies hidden away from the popular gaze, and only through some application of psychological law can it be clearly interpreted.

No criminal motive ever grows in weight so that it finally preponderates, except by slow and intangible accretions. However spontaneous or impulsive any given offence may appear, in its method, the foundation upon which it rears itself has been slowly formed from a variety of sediment. The great lesson of modern science is that nothing "happens." Everything that comes is pushed from behind. This philosophy, which is accepted by all careful thinkers, and perhaps theoretically by a wider circle, is yet far from being acknowledged as a practical truism. We live under an economy of law absolutely universal in its scope; but while no chain of detail includes the least element of chance, there is no fatalism involved in this perfect order. On the contrary, all real freedom comes only from its aid, and through intelligent conformity. Law is always in readiness to serve us, but we must adopt its methods.

There is no pessimism involved in a study of the generation of crime, for the very laws and forces which by abnormal use bring it into expression, are abundantly potent, when rightly used, for the production of its normal and wholesome opposites. While recognizing an upward trend as broad as humanity, and an optimism which views "evil" only as a subjective condition, yet it is evident that there are operative, at the present time, special forces that directly germinate crime and disorder. It is said that about seven thousand murders have taken place within the limits of the United States during the last year, and offences of lesser degree have been so numerous that even an approximate estimate can hardly be formed. However, we are dealing not with statistics but principles.

The luxury and artificialism of our modern civilization, the struggle for wealth and social position, the pursuit of sensuous gratification—all of these are powerful factors which disintegrate character, obscure high ideals, and bring disorder and abnormality into overt manifestation. But perhaps a more potent element of demoralization than any of those above enumerated, is found in the deluge of delineated criminality and other morbid reading matter, in which the community mentally dwells, the malaria of which it is constantly inhaling. This great, unceasing supply of unsound mental pabulum comes in the forms of offensive sensationalism in the daily press, flashy illustrated weeklies, and the

cheap "blood and thunder" fiction which is devoured in unlimited quantities by youthful and immature minds.

That a large ratio of space in the great dailies is crowded with matter that in varying degree may be classed as abnormal and unwholesome, is a palpable and unquestioned fact. It is also quite unnecessary to prove the existence of the flashy illustrated weeklies. Their numbers and suggestiveness are evidenced by the gaping crowds always seen gathered about the news-shop windows, gazing at pictorial representations which are as near the border line of indecency as it is possible to be and escape the law. The world is full of "suggestion" of every quality. That which is distinctively classed as "hypnotic" is, in quantity, but "a drop in the bucket" when compared with the every-day variety.

The sediment which settles from all these turbid agitations furnishes the soil out of which murders, suicides, sexual immoralities, thefts, and numberless other disorders are the continual growth and fruitage. If unsound meat or decayed vegetables are palmed off upon the public, the guilty offender is arrested and punished; but youthful and pure consciousness may be invaded and poisoned, and all is taken as a matter of course. Society concerns itself considerably with the punishment of crime, but very little with its prevention. The punishment for overt criminality is conventionally supposed to act as a powerful deterrent, but it has only a limited power in that direction. While government — or organized society — cannot take legal cognizance of anything less than overt acts, it is important that there should be a general and intelligent knowledge of the constructive process through which criminals are made. They do not come by chance, but grow, and their growth is through suggestion. The immediate psychical impulse which precedes the overt act is but one link in a chain which reaches back indefinitely.

Society in general is responsible for its criminality. Its criminals are not detached units on the outside, but rather eruptions from within. The circulation of the body politic is impure. Prevailing morbid thoughts and ideas naturally find embodiment, an illustrative specimen of which was seen in Guiteau, the slayer of President Garfield. As well cut off an occasional thistle head with the expectation of killing the crop, as hope to exterminate crime through the deterrent power of penalty.

The lack of moral and social progress is due to a prevailing sensuous superficiality, which concerns itself only with phenomena instead of deep causative forces. Criminality is purely expressive and symptomatic. The laws of mind are unswerving and exact. Mental conditions, including all qualities of thought and suggestion, tend to outward expression. To illustrate: An atrocious murder takes place. The daily press, by full detail and embellishment, graphically engraves it, with all its suggestiveness, upon the public consciousness. Its passion and abnormality are held up and analyzed until they permeate the whole psychic atmosphere. The criminal is surrounded by the halo of romance and the glamor of notoriety. His likeness is given a prominent place in a leading column, and is thus brought before the eyes of unnumbered thousands. And, recently, modern "enterprise" reproduces the whole scene—as supposed—not omitting the weapons. A mental picture of the *tout ensemble* is thus photographed upon all minds and memories. The details are read, reread, and discussed. Where there is any mind containing, in any degree, a chord of savagery, animalism, or morbidity, it is stirred into corresponding vibration. Possibly some, who have been near the verge of a similar act, are pushed over the line. But no one escapes untarnished. The soundest and sanest minds cannot thus have the imaging faculty tampered with, without some deterioration, even though it be unconscious.

In the evolutionary transition from primeval or animal man to humanity, there has been brought over a large residuum of animality, and this forms a kind of false self which is stirred and stimulated by outward morbid suggestion. A pugilistic encounter, a street fight, or even a dog fight will, as if by magic, draw a crowd, much as a magnet will gather iron filings. In many cases a man seems to be but a thin veneer to the animal within, the latter often breaking through from outside suggestion. The occasional boy who starts out with hatchet and pistol to rob, or fight with Indians, as suggested by mental pictures drawn from the great juvenile library of "blood and thunder" fiction, only goes somewhat farther in the same direction than all other boys travel who live upon the same mental stimulant.

The Borden murder and trial furnished a striking illustration of the extent to which a single tragic event can fill the

public mind and consciousness. The official trial of the accused party was but little more exhaustive than thousands of unofficial trials which took place in drawing-rooms and business offices. But this is by no means solely the fault of publishers and editors. The public taste needs to be rectified. Every one who reads, dwells upon, and rehearses such a quality of thought, is in some measure responsible. All this is common, not because of any intention to give currency to that which is unwholesome, but from a lack of knowledge of psychological laws and the power of suggestion. A true understanding of mental philosophy is all that is needed. As soon as we intelligently grasp the laws of any force or thing, we have it not only under control but harnessed for use. The principles of suggestion, like edged tools, when rightly used are of wonderful utility. Its power to project high ideals is unlimited, but it recoils when misdirected.

The modern "daily" possesses a gigantic power to mould and color public consciousness, and its conduct involves a very grave responsibility, which its managers either lightly regard or are quite unaware of, but, after all, it is but an articulation of that which preponderates in human thought. A majority *want* sensationalism, and supply always responds to demand. But if rapid money making could be made secondary, the daily press would be an immense educational and uplifting force in society. In general observations, it would be unjust to intimate that all papers are on the same plane, for there are all grades and qualities. Principles only are here considered, and when once understood they will make their own application discriminately. The purveyors of the daily press cannot be expected to be disinterested philanthropists, more than other men, though their power is gigantic and their responsibility peculiar. As things are, the main hope for reform must begin with the public, or on the side of demand. The great need is a more intelligent understanding of the psychological laws of suggestion and subjective realism as causative forces. Results can only be modified through internal and underlying antecedents, and not by mere external repression.

The mechanical and news-gathering facilities of a great modern daily are marvellous. It is comparatively a new and unprecedented force, for no former period can be compared

with it. But, gentlemen of the daily press, why is it that under the plea of "enterprise" or giving "the news," a murder in California, a robbery in Arkansas, or some nameless outrage in Alabama should be put in thought pictures, framed, and hung up in the mental chambers of millions, where high ideals are scarce for lack of room? Why should the horrors of lynchings, the morbidity of suicides, or even the details of catastrophes be branded upon thousands of sensitive souls where their scars will be indelible? A material photograph may be destroyed in an instant, while an immaterial one, printed by the imaging faculty, may remain for a lifetime, often forcing its way into the consciousness uncalled for or even when forbidden.

When the wise man uttered the familiar aphorism, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," he expressed not merely a moral maxim but a scientific truism. What men mentally dwell upon they become or grow like. Thought, even when centred upon a non-entity, in proportion to its intensity and continuity, confers subjective realism. Not by chance but by law, each mental delineation leaves its distinctive hue in the grand composite which makes up character. The undisciplined thinking faculty has a sponge-like absorbability of the medium which surrounds it, and only by systematic idealism can it be trained to close its avenues against discordant and depressing environment. Thought projected in specific directions soon forms its own channels, which are rapidly deepened by habit. When turned upon the pure, the true, and the beautiful, these positives soon cast out their negative opposites. When Paul urged the importance of thinking upon "these things," he showed himself to be a metaphysician and scientist as well as a religious apostle.

The quality of thinking determines consciousness, and consciousness forms character. Character is, therefore, nothing more nor less than a habitual quality of consciousness. It is often supposed to consist of action, but it is that which is back of action. Any demoralization which comes from without does not come direct, but from the sympathetic vibration of corresponding unisons within. Action is often temporarily modified from motives of outward policy, but its constant effort is to become a true copy of the inner pattern.

The scientific way to destroy evil is not to hold it up and analyze it in order to make it hateful, but rather to put it

out of the consciousness. To the degree that one does not see it, to him it becomes non-existent, because there is nothing to arouse its vibrations within. But it is important to remember that evil is real only as a subjective condition.

Whether or not we so wish, we are modified by every picture thrown upon the mental canvas. No matter to what extent one may detest a crime, he cannot immerse his consciousness in its turbid waves without taking on some of its slime and sediment.

But outside of what is distinctively classed as crime, the outpicturing of everything of a negative or inharmonious nature is unprofitable. The frictions, accidents, discords, and every other lack of harmony, of whatever name, occupy room in the consciousness which is of value. A thousand objective normal human developments attract no attention, while the single abnormality is put in the lens and thrown upon the screen. Its kind is thereby propagated. Occasional "outs" are made so important that they almost appear to be the rule. Reform will come only so fast as the necessity for more ideal mental pictures is appreciated. All real entities were formed by the Creator, and all are good, so that the abnormal when displaced from the human consciousness finds no resting place.

The real world we dwell in is our thought world, rather than the material objects which surround us. The color of all outward environment depends upon the glasses through which we view it. The human consciousness is like an endless corridor in a picture gallery, each visitor executing and hanging his own works of art. His preference is determined by the character of those before which he lingers.

A READY FINANCIAL RELIEF.

BY W. H. VAN ORNUM.

It is daily becoming more and more evident that whatever relief is to be hoped for from the present condition of financial stringency and business stagnation, must come from the efforts of business men themselves, and not from any action of either Congress or the bankers. Even if the wisest laws should be adopted at the coming session of Congress, it will take months to bring them into operation so as to afford any relief, during which time thousands of fortunes will be wrecked and the present hard times be intensified. But there is slight reason to expect even wise legislation. Every change in the law always affects, favorably or unfavorably, great private or corporate interests, which seek to protect themselves by every means possible, regardless of all others. Thus any attempted legislation, in any direction, must bring about a clash of these rival interests, in which the interests of the people will become of secondary consideration. Under the influence of these clashing elements, often wholly unscrupulous as to the means they adopt to further their ends, the chances for the enactment of wise laws are reduced to a minimum. In view of these facts it becomes perfectly evident that those representing the real business interests of the country must look to themselves for whatever relief is to be found.

It is just as evident that our trouble arises wholly from a want of currency with which to do the business of the country. Either one or the other of two things is true — there is not enough currency in existence, or else it is so controlled as to prevent its circulating and performing its proper functions. It is of no consequence which of these must bear the blame. In either case our financial system is at fault. Business men cannot obtain their accustomed accommodation at the banks, no matter what amount of collateral they may have, so that failures are reported every

day where the assets greatly exceed the liabilities.* Even the banks suffer from the same cause. It is a remarkable feature of the present crisis that probably a majority of the failed banks have gone under from no fault in their business methods, as banks go, but because of inability to realize on assets in time to meet demands; in other words, from a want of currency. I think it is easily demonstrable that the present financial crisis—and probably all others which have ever existed—comes from inherent faults in the system of banking itself and from a false basis of currency.

The first step in the treatment of any case is the diagnosis. Let us see what a diagnosis will give as to the nature and function of money, and the cause of its scarcity. Money—stripped of all its excrescences, such as “standard of value,” “intrinsic” or commodity value, etc., which are but reminders and remainders of the time when all exchange was a barter exchange—is purely a certificate of credit, which certifies to the world that the holder is entitled to take just so much of the goods of the world as that certificate calls for, at his own option. The value of the certificate depends wholly upon the certainty of its being honored, and not upon the material of which it is composed. It may be stamped upon a piece of metal or printed upon a piece of paper. It adds nothing to the value of the credit to make the certificate itself expensive. A bank check calls for a certain amount of money specified in its face. It would not bring any more if the check was made of gold. It would only add to the expense of business to decree that all checks should be stamped upon gold pieces.

In the function that money performs, it is a tool or implement of trade, an indispensable tool, which facilitates exchange and avoids the inconvenience and expense of a barter exchange. Whenever any person or class is given a monopoly in its production or management, it becomes possible for that person or class to lay an embargo upon trade for the time being. When they say “No,” it cannot be conducted, for want of the necessary tools.

* The *Chicago Tribune* of July 21 contained the following in its financial article:—“So far as the local situation is concerned it is practically just what it has been for some days. There is no money market. No loans are made as merely a matter of business because a man wants to borrow money and has proper collateral to offer as security. Bank accommodations are to be had only by those people who have special claims, and the mere offering of ample security will by no means bring out a loan. Money is just as tight as it has been at any time, nor is there any immediate prospect of an improvement in that direction. It seems certain that we will turn into August with the situation quite as stringent as it was at the beginning of July.”

By making the production of money a government function, it is brought at once within the domain of politics, and subjected to all the influences which control politics. Then where there is a separate class whose business it is to deal in money, the members of which, as a class, are not engaged in the production or exchange of wealth, and therefore are not the ones who must use it in its proper function, and whose interest it is to limit the supply in order to increase the price, the foundation is laid for all the abuses of currency manipulation. The present currency is issued by the government, based upon its own power to compel the people to honor its certificates, instead of by the people who are to use those certificates, based upon their own abilities and interests to honor them. It represents force instead of co-operative interest and ability.

Now let us see where the fault is in the system of banking. A merchant or manufacturer must have ready at hand at all times, a certain amount of currency to meet the requirements of his trade, according to its character and volume. But he must have some place of safe-keeping, which is also convenient in paying it out on account. For that reason he deposits it in the bank, against which deposit he draws his checks from time to time as required. The things which he seeks are security for his funds and facility in payment. But in order to get these he runs the risk of losing his money. He, in effect, says to the banker: "I do not wish to use this money just now. I will let you take it and use it in your business until I want it. I will not exact any security from you. You may speculate with it as you like. All I ask is that you give me the facilities that I require." Sometimes the banks do allow a small rate of interest; but that amounts to an added stimulus to the banker to take risks with the customer's money in order to realize a profit. In this way bankers are enabled to borrow, often many times over the amount of capital invested by themselves in business, to enable them to carry on speculations for their own profit, and without giving the slightest security. Here is the greatest possible temptation to those who are inclined to be dishonest, to carry out their inclinations.

But aside from any question of dishonesty, the banker is expected to make use of a large proportion of his deposits in order to bring profit to himself. That is his capital in busi-

ness. It is manifest that the safety of even the best-managed banks depends upon the continuance of the public confidence, so that they are not called upon to restore, all at once, the capital they have borrowed as deposits. But along with this condition go others which are certain to shake that confidence and bring about that demand. The unwise basis of the currency itself, which has already been mentioned, makes manipulations of it possible through the concerted action of large banking institutions, aided by political allies, by locking up money in aid of stock and other speculations, so that a condition of stringency can be produced at will, to the serious embarrassment of business. If, at a time of such tension, a few banking houses are forced under, alarm is awakened, and men rush to get their money, perhaps to find that it is not there. The bankers have done just what, in effect, the depositors told them they might do — used it in their business. That element which is always present to an extent, the dishonest and fraudulent bank, is only so much more tinder to hasten the conflagration. The conditions are all there for a great fire, and the only question ever is, how long it will be delayed.

In view of these facts, it is plain that no act of Congress can possibly bring the slightest relief from the present financial stringency. The evil is too deep seated to be reached by any tinkering with remonetization of silver, gold bond issues, repeal of the Sherman Act, or any other measure. Financial panics have occurred at irregular but short intervals for the last five hundred years in every civilized country in the world, and will continue under any government control, no matter what form of currency may be authorized by governments, and so long as the present system of banking prevails.

But why should business men depend upon government to furnish or sanction any particular form of currency? And why should they continue to furnish capital to the banks, without security, on which to carry on their speculations, at the customers' risk and the bankers' profit? It is entirely unnecessary. So far as a currency goes, the New York and Chicago clearing houses have recently set an example which business men ought not to be slow to follow. They have put out, for temporary purposes, clearing-house certificates, some say as high as \$23,000,000 in New York alone, which

are only certificates of credit, having the backing of the associated banks, and which are perfectly good, so far as they go, for all purposes of money.

There is nothing to hinder business men from doing the same thing. They can form mutual associations for their own convenience and credit, to facilitate their own business. Each member can be rated for credit according to his financial ability or business probity, being guided by the same considerations as now enable the banks to determine the credit of customers. Then let the association issue to each member respectively certificates of credit, in denominations corresponding to the present paper currency, to the full amount of the credit allowed, which will circulate as money, backed by the credit of the whole association. These certificates should show that they are receivable by any member of the association, for all bills or accounts due such members, and in payment for all services rendered or goods purchased; in short, let every member guarantee to receive and treat them precisely like any other money. The association will constitute a co-operative bank for the benefit of its members, in which the certificates of credit will be deposited, to be checked against or added to in new deposits like any other bank account. The bank, being for the mutual convenience of its members, need not and ought not to make a profit. It should discount no notes; deal in no securities, exact no interest, or in any way risk the money of its members. For the running expenses, each member should pay enough to cover the cost of the individual service to him, which can be based upon the volume of his credits; and in an association of even moderate proportions, that need not exceed a very small part of one per cent annually.

There is no reason why an association of merchants, manufacturers, and other business and professional men should not be able to do what an association of bankers can do. And if the issue of certificates of credit by the bankers is good as a temporary convenience, there seems to be no reason why the same thing is not equally good as a permanent arrangement, when done by the men themselves who are to use them. In fact, this furnishes a key to the solution of the whole financial question.

An association in any city or town may quickly be extended to include every business or profession of any

importance in that town. The larger the association, the more generally confidence will be inspired and its certificates will circulate. The less, too, will be the proportion of its running expenses to its volume of business. It will place the currency beyond the power of any combination whatever to manipulate it for speculative or other purposes. It will remove all the objectionable features of the present banking system. Every man's deposit will be inviolate, remaining to his own credit in the bank until he uses it himself. No man will have occasion to discount his own note, because, if it is good, he will be able to get the currency on it without interest or discount. There can never arise any financial stringency, because the volume of the currency will always keep pace with the needs of trade. It will relieve business of the terrible incubus of interest, which amounts to an enormous tax, hampering it in a thousand ways; and will completely do away with "wild cat" banks and banking. It will do away with the bad and uncertain features of the credit system, abolish promiscuous credits, and reduce trade practically to a cash basis, while avoiding the harsh features of a strictly cash system. If a man is entitled to credit, he will be able to get it in certificates, which he can use as cash in all purchases.

Other advantages which these associations will possess are, that they can be started as easily as Building and Loan Associations can be, and their workings will be quite as simple. They do not depend upon any act of Congress or the administration to make them practical. It is not even necessary to obtain a state charter; in fact, it is better not to have one. By organizing under a state law it may be considered a state bank, and so brought under the Act of Congress levying a tax of ten per cent upon state bank issues. By organizing as a co-operative association without charter, it will stand on the same footing as a private partnership for specific purposes, with each member as a partner. The association (or firm) has a perfect right to issue its firm notes to the members of that association if it chooses, and on such terms as it chooses. Whatever the members of the firm do with those notes the association has no concern. The association itself will have no dealings with the community at large, and therefore will not be liable to the ten per cent tax. The only advantage which a charter can confer is to

limit the liability. But an association should seek to strengthen the liability, in order to give greater confidence in its currency, so that, if people go about it in a proper way, they can begin issuing their certificates within thirty days; and relief from hard times will date from that moment.

The formation of one such association will quickly be followed by others all over the country; and almost immediately the prevailing hard times will be relieved in a permanent and satisfactory way. Then Congress may pass whatever laws it pleases bearing upon the present bankers' currency. It may make it plenty or scarce, high priced or low. It may establish an exclusive gold basis, or restore silver to its ancient position in the coinage. It will not affect these associations one whit. No one will be obliged to take the bankers' money for ordinary purposes if he does not wish to, because he can get other just as good, at least, and cheaper. For extraordinary purposes, such as where contracts have been made stipulating that payments are to be made in gold, it is only necessary to point out that the general adoption of this plan will reduce the demand for gold, as a currency, almost to zero, and so cheapen its price and make it easier to obtain than now.

Among the farmers there is a demand for government loans at two per cent on the security of their farms and products. But what is much better, let the farmers form associations of this kind, with such business men of their towns as they wish to do business with, and then establish exchange relations with other associations in the cities, so that their certificates will circulate generally and buy everything that they want, which will give them money without any interest at all, and without waiting to force concessions from unwilling politicians and money mongers. They do not need to wait to secure control of the government before they can obtain even better than their sub-treasury scheme.

Already steps are being taken in Chicago for the establishment of such an association, and it is meeting with remarkable success. It is expected that within a few weeks, at most, it will be in full operation. It has received very slight notice from the daily press, because that press is so largely under the influence of existing banking interests.

But many of the trade and farm papers have taken it up warmly, and are using their columns freely to promote it. They recognize that it will not only end our present financial troubles, but prevent a recurrence of them by removing the causes which produce financial disturbances.

It is not expected that all this will be brought about without a struggle. Already the epithet "wild cat" has been hurled at the scheme, but it does not stick. And besides, the present panic has uncovered too many wild cats among existing or recent banks for this to have much force as an argument against reform. But one thing is certain, that the plan is so simple and easy of application, and the reform is so sweeping, that men recognize that it is worth trying. Not the least among the benefits to be derived is that men will be taught to look to their own efforts for relief from evils, instead of depending upon a lot of politicians, called government, to obtain it for them.

JUDGE GARY AND THE ANARCHISTS.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

AFTER the so-called Chicago anarchists have been six years in the grave, Judge Gary grants them a new trial, in a forum of his own selection, *The Century Magazine*. In this new trial he performs all the duties of judge, jury, prosecuting attorney and sole witness. In each and every character he is consistently partial, prejudiced, and unfair. He is always against the prisoners.

Whether it was remorse or politics or self defence that inspired the article, matters not, but it must have been a strong motive, because it is not usual for judges, after punishing men with death, to try them over again in a pictorial magazine, and such a novelty is a breach of judicial decorum that goes far to justify a suspicion that the original trial was not fair.

In this *post mortem* trial, Judge Gary appears as a witness knowing that he is exempt from the test of cross examination. He is not sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He is privileged to tell just as much and as little of the truth as may please him, and to tell it in his own way.

If Judge Gary desired candidly to invoke the calm judgment of his readers, why did he try to move their feelings by sensational pictures? What use other than to excite the emotions could he have had for those theatrical bits of art, "The Jury Going to the Court House," "Turning back the Anarchists," "Captain Ward Commands the Crowd to Disperse," "The Monument to the Martyred Police," and all the rest of it? Why divert the attention by portraits, especially the portraits of seven bombs, two of them "poisoned bombs"? Judge Gary finds it easier to inflame the passions than to convince the judgment, and therefore he imitates the lawyer-like tactics adopted by the prosecution at the trial.

Explaining his reasons for writing the article, Judge Gary says:—

The motive, then, or at least the principal motive, of this paper is to demonstrate to my own profession, and to make plain to all fair-minded, intelligent people, that the verdict of the jury in the case of the anarchists was right; that the anarchists were guilty of murder; that they were not the victims of prejudice, nor martyrs for free speech, but in morals as well as in law were guilty of murder.

Therein is an unfortunate admission that after having had seven years to think of it, the bar of Illinois is not satisfied that the verdict was right; and as nobody else will do it, the hard necessity is thrown upon Judge Gary himself to "demonstrate" in a magazine article to his own profession that the anarchists were guilty of murder. This is a humiliation to which no other judge has descended in our time.

Before Judge Gary can "demonstrate" anything, he must first reverse himself, and contradict this letter which he wrote to the governor of Illinois:—

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 8, 1887.

To the Honorable Richard F. Oglesby, Governor, etc.

SIR: On the application of Samuel Fielden for a commutation of his sentence, it is not necessary as to the case itself that I should do more than refer to the decision of the Supreme Court for a history of his crime.

Outside of what is there shown, there is in the nature and private character of the man, a natural love of justice, an impatience at all undeserved suffering, an impulsive temper, and an intense love of and thirst for the applause of his hearers made him an advocate of force as a heroic remedy for the hardship that the poor endure. In his own private life he was the honest, industrious, and peaceable laboring man.

In what he said in court before sentence he was respectful and decorous. His language and conduct since have been irreproachable. As there is no evidence that he knew of any preparation to do the specific act of throwing the bomb that killed Degan, he does not understand even now that general advice to large masses to do violence makes him responsible for the violence done by reason of that advice, nor that being joined by others in an effort to subvert law and order by force makes him responsible for the acts of those others tending to make that effort effectual.

In short, he was more a misguided enthusiast than a criminal, conscious of the horrible nature and effect of his teachings, and of his responsibility therefor. What shall be done in his case is partly a question of humanity and partly a question of state policy, upon which it seems to me action on the part of your excellency favorable to him is justifiable.

I attach this to a copy of his petition to your excellency, and refer to that for what he says of the change that has come upon himself.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

JOSEPH E. GARY.

The condemnation of Judge Gary lies in the words, "*There is no evidence that he knew of any preparation to do the specific act of throwing the bomb that killed Degan.*" Did the judge not know that when he overruled Fielden's motion for a new trial, and sentenced him to die upon the scaffold? Did he just find it out on Nov. 8, 1887? In that letter Judge Gary justifies and gives emphasis to all the censure that has been thrown upon him for his conduct at the trial. Why did he not give to the jury the opinion that he gave to the governor? That letter leaves nothing on which to base Fielden's conviction, except "general advice to large masses to do violence"; in other words, what in law is called "sedition." He was sentenced to death for what the Supreme Court, in affirming the sentence, called his "queer doctrines."

Fielden's exculpation covers all the others. It was a part of the case, and a very important part of it, that Fielden was the principal that fateful night, and the others his accomplices. He was actually speaking when the bomb was thrown; it was affirmed by witnesses that he said, "Kill the law, stab the law, throttle the law"; that when the police appeared he said, "Here come the bloodhounds, you do your duty and I will do mine"; that when the police captain gave the order to disperse, Fielden gave the signal for throwing the bomb, "We are peaceable," and immediately began firing his revolver at the police. More than that, it was made the excuse for the coming of the police, that after the mayor left the meeting, Fielden's talk became so inflammatory and dangerous that they were compelled to interfere. It was pretended that "peaceable" was equivalent to the German word "*Ruke*," and that "*Ruke*" was a call to arms.

That the excuse and the testimony were false is the tragic part of it. They were urged upon the jury as true by the prosecuting attorney, the jury accepted them as true, Judge Gary himself reasserted the truth of them when he overruled the motion for a new trial, and the Supreme Court in sustaining the judgment adopted the mistake. With deadly precision the Supreme Court proclaimed that there *was* evidence to show that Fielden had knowledge of the preparation to do the specific act of throwing the bomb; but Judge Gary, contradicting the Supreme Court, assured the governor that there was no such evidence.

The sophistry that convicted Spies and Parsons as Fielden's

accomplices was concealed in some changeable and contradictory conspiracies that were invented by the prosecution and adopted by the judge; then whatever was said or done by the mythical conspirators was metaphysically said and done by all the others, and as Fielden had given the signal to throw the bomb and had fired upon the police, therefore Spies and Parsons were psychologically accessories before the fact. In that way false testimony against Fielden was spun into threads by the law spiders, and woven by Judge Gary into a rope for Spies, Engel, Fischer, and Parsons.

Judge Gary with pen and picture puts the jury on parade, and while he metaphorically marches it along to slow music, perhaps it would be well to examine it, "ranging in age from fifty-three years down to early manhood." It was a jury packed by the prosecution, and the selection of it was in the hands of a mere bailiff dependent for his office on the whim of the sheriff. Three fourths of it were dependents on the "classes" who were clamoring for the hanging of the anarchists, "law or no law"; two of the jurors were in business for themselves, and one was a school teacher; the other nine were clerks and salesmen, two of them in the employ of the Northwestern Railroad Company. This may have been very innocent and fair, but wealthy and powerful as that corporation is, it was hardly entitled to so large a representation on the jury. The classes to which the prisoners belonged were excluded from the jury altogether.

In that rendition scene so melodramatically portrayed, there was one incident which Judge Gary has left out of his pictures, but which history will preserve. So long as the record of the trial shall stand, men will read with a shudder that the judge thanked the jury for a verdict that condemned seven of their fellow citizens to death, and told the jurymen that they ought to have a private pecuniary reward. Here is what he said: "It does not become me to say anything in regard to the case that you have tried, or the verdict you have rendered, but men compulsorily serving as jurors as you have done deserve some recognition of the service you have performed besides the meagre compensation you are to receive." That hint was eagerly seized by the press, and immediately the papers were eloquent with calls for a fund amounting to one hundred thousand dollars to be given to the jury for their verdict. Probably nothing ever came of

that; but the covert call of Judge Gary, made at the most pathetic moment of the trial, put the tragedy on a money basis, and lowered the dignity of the judge and the jury too. While the wives and children of the condemned men were shrieking and fainting because of the barbarity of the sentence, Judge Gary, cold and calculating, was telling the jury that they ought to have a reward besides the "meagre compensation" provided by the law.

Moreover, the jury was illegal because men were placed upon it who declared themselves prejudiced against the defendants, but who were led by Judge Gary to say that they could try the case fairly outside their prejudices. Judge Gary held that the promise cured the prejudice, a doctrine that practically took away from the defendants their challenges for cause. That ruling the Supreme Court sustained, because it was necessary to sustain anything to hang the anarchists. After the anarchists were put to death there was no longer any reason to preserve the innovation, and so the Supreme Court reversed it in the Cronin case. If the jury in the Cronin case was illegal, so was the jury in the anarchist case.

As soon as the anarchists were in their graves, and the mad passions of the hour had subsided, the bar awoke from sycophancy with alarm, perceiving that the law in the anarchist case was the overthrow of trial by jury in Illinois, and some of the judges even went so far as to demand its restoration in the following manifesto:—

The jury system is valuable in so far as it yields impartial juries, and when it does so it is invaluable; when it fails to do this it is pernicious and dangerous. To be impartial the jury should be selected from all honest walks of life—from the body of the people—and in such manner as to preclude their being selected or excluded because of race, color, creed, or political opinions. This can be done by using a method of selection in accord with existing provisions of the law, and that will prevent any of the public agents charged with the duty of furnishing jurors for courts from saying beforehand what individuals are to be placed on or debarred from the jury list.

All citizens possessing the legal qualifications of competent jurors prescribed by the statute constitute the body of the people from which trial juries should be drawn. The following suggestions show how this can be done, and done in such a way that impartiality and honesty can be secured. Taking the precincts one by one, write the names and residences of all the voters of a precinct on separate cards and place these in a box, and, in the presence of a committee from the county board and the county clerk, let there be drawn from the

box, after the cards bearing the names have been well shaken up, a number of the names equal to one tenth of the whole number in the box. The cards bearing the names and residences of the one tenth of the whole body of the citizens thus selected from each and every precinct in the county to constitute the jury list, all to be placed in a large box, to be known as the jury-box, to be provided for that purpose, the same to be then thoroughly shaken, such a box to be in the custody of the county clerk. Thereafter the clerks of the various courts, as jurors are needed for the term or on special venire (if the court directs), are to proceed to the county clerk's office and *draw at random*, a sufficient number of names from said box, as provided by section 8 of the statute on jurors.

When the jurors appear in court the judge is to examine all under oath, both as to qualifications and to pass upon excuses, and to dismiss all who do not appear to have the necessary qualifications and all who do not appear to have reasonable and proper excuses. The bailiff in each court is to be furnished with a small box in which the cards bearing the names of the panel of jurors are to be placed and the jury to be called by *drawing these cards one by one at random* from this box. In this way, and in this way only, can juries be secured in accordance with the provisions of the jury system. This jury list, thus selected, will be sufficient for about two years or more.

We submit this plan to the honorable board of county commissioners, with our approval, satisfied that it is feasible and fair. The idea of selecting at random from all the names furnished by the court commissioners is in force in the United States courts in this district, and gives satisfaction. All who are exempt and disqualified by statute to be stricken from the list.

We approve the foregoing:

RICHARD PRENDERGAST,
RICHARD S. TUTHILL,
JOHN P. ALTGELD,
ROLLIN S. WILLIAMSON,
FRANK BAKER.

The men who signed that call for the restoration of trial by jury, were all of them, at the time of signing it, judges in Chicago, and one of them is now governor of Illinois. Judicial courtesy would not allow them to refer specifically to Judge Gary's rulings, but it is a solemn coincidence that every one of the wrongs they condemn in that memorial was practised at the trial of the anarchists with the deliberate sanction of Judge Gary. The jury was packed by the prosecution; it was not "impartial"; it was not "from the body of the people"; it was not "drawn from the box"; it was not "drawn at random"; it was not drawn at all.

The charge that at the trial Judge Gary was partial, is proved by his article in the *Century Magazine*. He is not impartial now, though the anarchists are dead. He is trying them still. He assails with undignified invective their

names, character, and qualities, their supposed aims, and their doctrines, imaginary and real. If he can show such prejudice now, with a pen in his hand, and in the quietude of his own study, what must have been his antipathy to the prisoners at the time of their trial, when the very atmosphere of the court house and of the city outside was charged full with revengeful electricity, and when every ruling adverse to the prisoners was hailed with "a roar of almost universal approval."

That column or so of scolding at the labor demagogues who lead the working men astray is well enough in its way, but hardly to the point. So also it is interesting to know that Judge Gary spent the summer of 1840 working at a carpenter's bench and singing songs, but that also is outside the argument, for the questions at issue are these, Were the so-called anarchists guilty of the murder? and Did they get a fair trial, according to the law of the land?

Judge Gary assumes the affirmative of both propositions, but confines himself chiefly to Spies and Parsons, because, says Judge Gary, "To show how each was guilty would require more space than could be given to a magazine article." Before he came to that apology Judge Gary had already exhausted thirteen columns of the magazine in pictorial and sensational description of scenes and incidents; therefore his excuse cannot be accepted. He confines himself to Spies and Parsons because these were the publishers of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* and the *Alarm*, and this bit of good luck enables Judge Gary to evade his own proposition "to demonstrate to all fair-minded, intelligent people, that the anarchists were guilty of murder." Instead of doing that he actually pads his article with more than twenty columns of selected extracts from the *Arbeiter Zeitung* and the *Alarm*, although he gives no proof whatever that any of the defendants except Spies and Parsons ever saw a word of them. That course of action was prudent if not brave, because thereby Judge Gary approaches the reader on the sentimental side. He appeals to passion, for it is not easy to read with patience the lurid rant and sulphurous threatenings of the *Alarm* and the *Arbeiter*. They were the delirious ravings of agitators intoxicated by enthusiasm for a new order of society, and there was no connection whatever between them and the bomb throwing in the Haymarket.

The murder of Abraham Lincoln aroused the revengeful feelings of the people, but nobody ever thought of hanging the editors who for years had been invoking "the dagger of Brutus," and advising the assassination of the president. It is true that Governor Wise pretended that Horace Greeley was criminally liable and guilty of murder because his editorial writings in the *New York Tribune* had caused the John Brown raid; but the claim was not seriously pressed, although there was talk at the time about an extradition process by which Mr. Greeley was to be surrendered and given over to Virginia for trial. The selections from the *Alarm* and the *Arbeiter* serve Judge Gary's purposes; they excite sympathy for the Gary side, and they inflame the reader's prejudice against the anarchists.

The narrative part of the article is not to be relied on, because it is the prosecutor's version of what occurred, and the side of the anarchists is carefully suppressed. Much of the story is yet in controversy, and some of it has been convincingly disproved. Here is a specimen of the careless manner in which Judge Gary testifies. Speaking of the memorable Haymarket meeting, he says, "The language of the speakers was of a very violent character"; but the mayor of the city, who was present at the meeting until very near its close, and who heard all the speakers, says that the speeches were not violent, and that he went to the police inspector and told him to dismiss his men, because it was a quiet meeting, and there was no necessity for the police. The truth is the police were bent on making a riot, and as soon as the mayor went away they marched up to the meeting. After the catastrophe it became necessary to excuse their illegal action, and so they invented a story to the effect that although the meeting was quiet and orderly while the mayor was present, yet that as soon as he went away, the speech of Fielden became violent and inflammatory, making it the duty of the police to disperse the crowd. This was an after-thought; nobody believes it now, and Judge Gary himself could not have believed it when he wrote that letter to the governor.

The partial character of Judge Gary's testimony further appears in his manner of summing up the case against Neebe. Having promised to show that the accused anarchists were guilty of murder, he convicts Neebe in the following easy

way: "Neebe was a stockholder in the *Arbeiter*, and took charge of the property on May 5, 1886, after Spies and Schwab were arrested. He distributed some of the 'Revenge' circulars. All of the defendants were members of groups of the Internationals." That is all; and yet limp and rickety as it is, the hidden truth of it makes it weaker still, for Judge Gary knows very well that Neebe was no more a "stockholder" in the *Arbeiter* than was any other member of the Socialistic Publishing Company. He had five dollars' worth of interest in it, and yet this paltry contribution enables Judge Gary to pamper Mr. Neebe into the important rank of a "stockholder." And this is a fair specimen of the manner in which the prosecution inflated all the testimony given at the trial.

The rest of Judge Gary's testimony against Neebe is distorted in the same way; for instance, "He took charge of the property," as if Neebe had an owner's authority at the office of the *Arbeiter*, when the truth was that Neebe was merely there as an inquirer after news along with a crowd of others, and when a policeman said, "Who's in charge here?" Neebe answered, "Well, I suppose I am, in the absence of Spies and Schwab," meaning that he would see that the property should not be stolen or destroyed.

All the testimony brought against Neebe would not justify his imprisonment for one day, and had the bomb broken a window merely, instead of killing a man, and had Neebe been sued for damages on account of the broken window, Judge Gary would have held that Neebe's connection with the bomb throwing was too uncertain and remote to make him liable in damages to the value of a pane of glass; yet on that flimsy testimony the jury found Neebe guilty of murder, and that irrational and revengeful verdict Judge Gary solemnly sustained. Of what value, then, are his opinions as to the guilt of the others, or as to anything connected with the anarchists and their trial?

Even less testimony than was produced against Neebe would have been sufficient for Judge Gary. Neebe belonged to the Internationals, and that was enough to make him guilty of the murder of Matthias Degan. That reactionary doctrine carries us backward several hundred years. It is too imperialistic now even for the old monarchies. It would be held barbarous to-day in Russia, Austria, Italy, or Spain;

and yet Judge Gary has the temerity to say, "The mere fact that the defendants were members of the Internationals, more or less active in the organization, even though their action was confined to meetings of the groups, made them co-conspirators with the more active members who worked publicly." This grotesque and sanguinary jurisprudence may be good enough for anarchists, but it is not law.

With amazing hardihood Judge Gary, in defiance of the record, says, "The anarchists were not tried for being anarchists, but for procuring murder to be done, and being therefore themselves guilty of murder." Surely he remembers the frenzy of the time and the roar of a mad people demanding that the prisoners be hanged for anarchy. He himself says that the verdict was received with "a roar of almost universal approval." Murder was the technical crime charged, but the case put before the jury was "Anarchy." The press, drunk with passion, would not agree to anything else, and so thoroughly was the public mind saturated with that view of it, that the *Chicago Tribune*, in its New Year's day edition for 1888, recording the executions for 1887, the names of the condemned in one column, and their crimes, murder, arson, rape, or whatever it was, in another; when it came to November 11, mentioning Spies, Engel, Fischer, and Parsons, the *Tribune* was very careful to say that they were hanged for "Anarchy." Thousands of men in Chicago believe it to this day.

Surely Judge Gary has not forgotten the closing speech of the prosecuting attorney, the false issue presented by him to the jury, and his theatrical exclamation, "Anarchy is on trial!" Conscious that the charge of murder had altogether failed, he changed the issue to "anarchy" and "treason," the penalty for which, he said, was death. In vain the counsel for the defendants appealed against this wrong; Judge Gary allowed the prosecutor to go on; and to this day, no doubt, some of the jury believe that the accused persons were on trial for anarchy and treason, under a nominal indictment for murder.

So glaring was this at the time that Fielden, when asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him, rebuked the prosecuting attorney and Judge Gary for substituting a false issue at the eleventh hour. Referring to his indictment for murder he said: —

I answered that charge in this court. My attorneys in my behalf met that charge; we brought evidence to meet and rebut the charge of murder. After all our evidence was put in, after all the speeches had been made on both sides, with the exception of one (the closing speech of the state's attorney), we were suddenly confronted with the fact that the charge of murder had not been proven. When all the witnesses had been heard I am suddenly told that I am being tried for "anarchy." *If I had known that I was being tried for anarchy, I could have answered that charge.*

And so painfully impressed by this view of it were many members of the bar in Chicago that they openly expressed their disapprobation. I will merely quote the opinion of Lyman Trumbull, a very conservative man. Many years ago he was a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois; for eighteen years he was a member of the United States Senate, and chairman of the judiciary committee of that body, a man in active practice now, and easily first among the lawyers of Illinois. Judge Trumbull said:—

I am not altogether satisfied with the manner in which the trial of the anarchists was conducted. It took place at a time of great public excitement, when it was about *impossible that they could have a fair and impartial trial*. A terrible crime had been committed which was attributed to the anarchists, and in some respects the trial had the appearance of *a trial of an organization known as anarchists*, rather than of persons indicted for the murder of Degan. Several of the condemned were not at the meeting where the bomb was thrown, and none of them, as I understand, was directly connected with the throwing.

That is enough, but if anything more is needed, Judge Gary's article will supply it. If this was a trial for murder, why does he take so much pains to show the sanguinary character of anarchy? Why does he labor to controvert the real and imaginary doctrines of the accused men? Why does he devote nine tenths of his article to abstract anarchy, and only about one tenth of it to that promised evidence of murder? The truth is that he tried Spies and the rest of them for anarchy in 1886, and he is trying them for anarchy now.

The abstract law of conspiracy quoted by Judge Gary from the statutes and the text-books is trite enough, but it has no application to the facts in the anarchist case, and when Judge Gary, an old carpenter, makes a specific and definite attempt to dovetail them together, he falls into laby-

rinthine mental confusion, as in the attempt to fit the case of Brennan vs. The People (15 Illinois Reports, 511) to the case of the anarchists. In the Brennan case the court said:—

There is a fatal objection to the eighteenth, twenty-first, and twenty-second instructions asked by the prisoners. These instructions require the jury to acquit the prisoners, unless they actually participated in the killing of Story, or unless the killing happened in pursuance of a common design to take his life. Such is not the law. The prisoners may be guilty of murder, although they neither took part in the killing, nor assented to any arrangement having for its object the death of Story. It is sufficient that they combined with those committing the deed to do an unlawful act, and if death happens in the prosecution of the common object, all are alike guilty of the homicide. The act of one of them done in furtherance of the original design is, in consideration of law, the act of all, and he who advises or encourages another to do an illegal act is responsible for all the natural and probable consequences that may arise from its perpetration.

Very well, but suppose that Brennan and his party, having combined to beat or rob Story, some unknown person should beat or rob somebody else, would Brennan be guilty of that? Certainly not, and yet this would be a true parallel to the anarchist case. There was no connection shown between the defendants and the unknown person who threw the bomb in the Haymarket, nor between their words and his action. Judge Gary's doctrine is not new. He borrowed it from those defenders of "social order" who proclaimed in 1859 that Horace Greeley, Frederick Douglass, Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison were engaged in a conspiracy to subvert the constitution by the overthrow of slavery, and that in pursuance of that conspiracy John Brown made a revolutionary attack on Harper's Ferry, and that as Horace Greeley and the others had assailed the Constitution and given general advice to overthrow slavery, they were "co-conspirators" with Brown.

Let us take another illustration. For some time past popular stump orators and social agitators have advised, in a general way, the spoiling of trusts by the confiscation and larceny of their property. Would Judge Gary hold them guilty of larceny if some unknown person should steal coal from the coal combine, or oil from the Standard Oil Company, or sugar from Havemeyer, or any other property belonging to those powerful corporations? Probably not, and yet this is the doctrine he maintained in a graver case

than larceny, in a case involving the tremendous issues of life and death.

Lord Coke said, "The Common Law is the perfection of reason." Judge Gary does not approve the definition. He calls it "a stilted phrase," and so he substitutes a stunted phrase in place of it, "And the law is common sense." This musty and mischievous old maxim has been chimney-corner law for ages, and Judge Gary fondles it as an original discovery of his own. He quotes it again and again, he uses it as the motto for his article, and he bestows it upon us in a patronizing way as if it were a fatherly benediction. The sentiment is utterly lawless and abandoned; it is the very anarchy of jurisprudence. The term "common sense" has no definite meaning, and the law has never permitted the life, liberty, and property of the citizen to depend upon it. The phrase is often used for the commonest nonsense, and for the display of conceited egotism. Whenever it is used by a judge, suspicion always attaches to it as an apology for setting aside the law, and substituting for it the "common sense" of the judge.

In judicial proceedings the phrase is dangerous as dynamite, because nobody knows what common sense is. For ages it has been the object of statutes, charters, and constitutions to protect the people against the capricious "common sense" of the judges and the courts. Every lawyer knows that "certainty," so far as it is possible for human wisdom to express it, is one of the essential qualities of law. This is necessary, in order that all men may understand it, but no man can tell what is, or what may be, the "common sense" of a judge. It is because the "common sense" of the judges is not certain that the constitution and laws of Illinois command that every man accused of crime shall have a fair and impartial trial by an unprejudiced jury of his peers, and no judge has any right to abolish this protection and say that his own "common sense" is better than the constitution and the law.

Even the "common sense" of Judge Gary changes with his moods. In 1886 his "common sense" told him that Fielden was guilty and ought to be hanged, and in 1886 he fully intended to hang him. Having overruled the motion for a new trial, he proceeded to pass sentence of death upon Fielden and the others, and said: "You are all men of

intelligence, and know that if the verdict stands it must be executed. The reasons why it shall stand I have already stated in deciding the motion for a new trial." In 1887 his "common sense" told him that as to Fielden the verdict ought *not* to stand, and that it ought not to be executed. He appealed from his own decision to the governor of Illinois, and pleaded for a commutation of the sentence, partly for sentimental reasons but principally on legal grounds. If Judge Gary believed that the governor was not a judicial magistrate, with authority to review and reverse the decisions of the courts in criminal cases, why did the judge tell the governor that the verdict against Fielden was not supported by the evidence? Every position taken by Judge Gary in the *Century Magazine* is contradicted and condemned by his own letter to Governor Oglesby.

Judge Gary quotes prophecy, and indulges a little in prophecy himself, as Fielden did at the time Judge Gary sentenced him to death. Addressing the judge, the prisoner said, "We have been tried by a jury that has found us guilty; you will be tried by a jury now that will find you guilty." Before this generation passes away that prophecy will be fulfilled. The judgment in the anarchist case will be reversed as triumphantly as the judgment against Alice Lisle was reversed in the next generation. And, by the way, Judge Gary tells us in the *Century Magazine* that the anarchist case is without a precedent; but this is a mistake, for it has a glaring precedent in the case of Alice Lisle. She had given shelter and food to one of the prominent leaders of the Western revolt, and the "common sense" of Judge Jeffreys led him to decide that by giving such aid and comfort she became a "co-conspirator," and was therefore guilty with all the rest. He therefore condemned her to death, a barbarous judgment that was barbarously executed, a sentence that will give Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys a conspicuous place on the roll of infamous judges for all time.

Some rewards are harder to bear than punishments. Judge Gary testifies to that. He has been praised and rewarded because of a popular belief that he would not allow such trifles as the constitution and the law to stand between the people and revenge. In some agony of spirit he says:—

Mixed with all the approval of my own part in the conviction of the anarchists that has come to my eyes and ears, the amount of which is beyond my summing up, there has been an undertone like a minor strain in music, that the anarchists deserved their fate; that society has the right to enforce the first law of nature, self-preservation; and therefore if I had a little strained the law, or administered it with great rigor against them, I was to be commended for my courage in so doing. I protest against any such commendation, and deny utterly that I have done anything that should subject me to it.

When a judicial magistrate bends to power, and yields to the irrational clamor of the mad majority inside the court house or outside of it, and gets a "roar of almost universal approval" for doing so, men do not glorify his action by such a word as "courage," but they describe it in words that mean the opposite of that. Seven years of such praise as Judge Gary has endured is torture enough, and even a "minor strain in music" becomes painful when played for seven years; therefore he does not wish to be commended any longer because he "strained the law." He repudiates the commendation thus: —

If, therefore, I have strained the law — gone beyond its intent and meaning — I am not to be commended but blamed for doing so. The end, however desirable its attainment, excuses no irregular means in the administration of justice.

In saying "If I had a little strained the law," Judge Gary is too modest altogether. He strained it until it broke. For some of his harsh rulings at the trial he offers no justification or excuse, although they have been criticised for nearly seven years. He compelled eight men, in peril of their lives, to be tried in a batch together, and he denied them the right to be separately tried. By this device each man was weighted down with all the testimony given against all the others, and his right of challenge was grievously impaired. That right is individual and personal, and a man on trial for his life ought not to be compelled against his will to mix his own challenges with those of other men. Where eight men are jointly arraigned, some of them may desire to challenge a juror whom the others wish to retain, but by Judge Gary's rulings they were compelled to unite in their challenges or forfeit them altogether. The law of Illinois gives the defendant in a capital case twenty challenges, but Judge Gary limited the eight defendants in the anarchist

case to a joint interest in a hundred and sixty challenges, which is a privilege much inferior to the other. He also allowed the state's attorney to multiply his twenty challenges by eight, so that the prosecutor had one hundred and sixty separate challenges, while the eight defendants were allowed only the same number, and these they were compelled to use jointly or not at all.

In the way of oblique excuse, Judge Gary pleads that "This case is without precedent." He says, "There is no example in the law books of a case of this sort." This is a mistake, except in the purely physical sense that no two men are exactly alike. Cases containing the same legal and moral elements that were involved in the anarchist case, are multitudinous in the books. Take, for instance, the case of Thistlewood and his gang, tried for treason in 1820. This has a strong resemblance to the anarchist case, excepting that, unlike the anarchists, Thistlewood and his party actually committed the deed for which they were condemned. They organized a conspiracy to overthrow the government, and were to begin the reign of terror by murdering all the ministers of the crown at a cabinet dinner given by Lord Harrowby in Grosvenor Square. On the day of the dinner, the conspirators assembled in the loft of a neighboring stable, and after arming themselves with knives, daggers, and pistols, they were about to start on their sanguinary expedition when the police appeared and ordered them to surrender. They opened fire upon the police, killing some and wounding others, but in the end were overpowered. In the midst of intense public excitement, Thistlewood and fifteen others were jointly indicted for their crime, and being arraigned, they said they wished to sever in their challenges, whereupon they were granted separate trials as a matter of absolute right. The case of Frost, Williams, and Jones, tried at Monmouth in 1840, is a similar instance; the case of Ashton, Elliott, and Lord Viscount Preston, tried before Lord Holt, in the reign of William III., is another, and these can be multiplied by hundreds. If Judge Gary meant to declare it "without precedent" that eight men jointly indicted for a capital crime were denied the right to sever in their challenges and to be separately tried, he is probably correct. It is very likely that "There is no example in the law books of a case of this sort."

"I suppose," remarks Judge Gary, "that in the Lord George Gordon riots we may, perhaps, find something like this; but Lord George Gordon was indicted for treason, and the government failed in its proofs upon the trial as to what he had done. Very likely they did not want to prove it very strongly against him." The comparison between the anarchist case is unfortunate for Judge Gary, and he falls into error in supposing that the government did not wish to convict Gordon. He was the very man the government was after, for his pernicious activity was troublesome. He was a fanatical enthusiast of high rank, a member of Parliament, a magnetic demagogue of dangerous oratorical ability, and the inspiration of the riots. The government was anxious to exterminate Gordon, and would have done it if the judges had not given him a fair trial.

Also it is a mistake to say that the government failed in its proofs of what he had done. They proved that for months he had been stimulating a "No Popery" rebellion by speeches of the most fiery and violent character; that on the very day the riots began he had addressed an excited multitude of sixty thousand people, protesting that there would be "no help until all the popish chapels were destroyed"; that the mob then retired, and at night began the work of burning the chapels and many private residences. They burned the house of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield and everything it contained, including his priceless library. For four days they had London in a state of terror. Scores of houses were burned, many lives were sacrificed, and much pillage was done. There was no deficiency of proof, but the government failed because the prosecution could not show any legal or logical connection between the words of Gordon and the deeds of the mob. In the language of Judge Gary, "There was no evidence that he knew of any preparation to do the specific acts" of treason, arson, and murder. Lord George Gordon was acquitted because no traitorous or malicious intent was shown, nor any intent to produce the riots that came out of the "No Popery" agitation.

A word or two about that picture of "The Monument to the Martyred Police" and its forged and counterfeit epigraph. The figure is a policeman with uplifted hand, and the command he gave, according to the motto chiselled on the pedestal, was this, "In the name of the people of Illinois I

command peace." Judge Gary knows that nothing of the kind was uttered. Here is what the policeman said, "In the name of the people of Illinois I command this meeting to disperse." Judge Gary himself confesses that, but he does not say why the falsification on the monument was made. The command actually given by the police captain was in violation of the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Illinois, as the monument committee very well knew, and so they changed it into a gentle appeal for peace. And every day and every hour that bronze policeman with uplifted hand repeats the false quotation to every man and woman and child that passes by. There is a parallel to it in the old monument that rears its head a hundred and fifty feet into the air on Fish Street Hill, and commemorates the great fire of London. For years it bore an inscription saying that London was burned by the Roman Catholics, a falsehood of which the city became ashamed at last, and therefore cut it out of the stone. Pope refers to it thus: —

Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies.

The police monument gives false testimony. Carved on the face of it is a forgery of the record, a perversion of the truth; and so long as it stands in the Haymarket, it will remain a brazen symbol of the trial. Ere long, all the citizens of Chicago will point at it with derision, and say: —

There Bonfield's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head, and — lies.

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR, ASTRONOMER.

BY REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY.

No writer of this generation has done more to interest people in the high science of astronomy than the man whose name appears at the head of this article. Both by original investigation and by numerous popular treatises on the subject, Professor Proctor strove to promote a knowledge of astronomy. Yet his body has lain in a neglected grave in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, since his death from yellow fever, Sept. 12, 1888. His children have earnestly desired to properly honor their father by removing his remains to a lot of their own and erecting a suitable monument to his memory, but they have not been able to do so, having to earn their own living. Recently Miss Mary Proctor, Professor Proctor's eldest daughter, who now resides in St. Joseph, Mo., and several of her father's friends and admirers, began a movement by which they hoped to raise the funds necessary to the purchase of a lot and monument for the aforesaid purpose. They were successful beyond anticipation, for that well-known philanthropist and patron of all that is high and noble, Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, when the project became known to him, generously offered to assume the entire expense of the reinterment of Professor Proctor's remains; and so, at last, this servant of science will receive the honor due him. It is specially appropriate, therefore, to review at this time the life and work of Richard A. Proctor.

He was born in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, on March 23, 1837. He was the youngest of four children, two sons and two daughters, and was rather a delicate child. His mother seems to have been a clever woman. She kept him at home as long as possible, attending to his education. His boyish contemporaries remember him as a great reader, devouring books of a more advanced type than boys usually care for. His father, who was a solicitor with literary tastes, died when his little son was thirteen years old.

Young Proctor's health having improved, he was in due time sent to King's College, London, and then to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he obtained a scholarship. During his collegiate course he took much interest in athletic sports, and was made captain of the Lady Somerset, a Johnian boating club, and brought his boat up several places on the river. During his second year at Cambridge he lost his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached; and shortly afterwards, while travelling with his sister, he fell in love with a young Irish lady, and was privately married to her while at college. He came out in the honors list of 1860 as twenty-third wrangler, a degree which greatly disappointed his friends, many of whom had already recognized his remarkable talent.

Upon leaving college he had, of course, to decide upon some profession. Finding that he could not conscientiously comply with his mother's wish and enter the ministry, he thought of the law, and for a while ate dinners at the Temple. But this also proved uncongenial to his mind, and he finally determined to adopt a scientific career, having been led thereto by reading Nichol's "Architecture of the Heavens," and Mitchell's "Popular Astronomy." He lived for short periods first in Ayr, then in Edinburgh, then near Dublin, and afterwards at Davenport.

Mr. Proctor's first literary venture was an article on "Double Stars," which he sent in 1865, without introduction of any kind, to the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. To his delight it was accepted, and he was about to despatch a letter of warm thanks to the editor when a check arrived. Not knowing that magazines paid for such contributions, he fancied that there must have been some mistake, but upon inquiry he learned that this was not the case, and he devoted the money to the purchase of telescopic adjuncts, which he needed. Not every young writer would have been so anxious to discover such a mistake!

His first book was on "Saturn and its System," and was published in 1865, at his own expense; its preparation occupied four years. It was very favorably received by astronomers, who recognized that a writer of exceptional ability had appeared. Geometrical conceptions were expounded with great clearness, and astronomical and historical details were explained with an ease and enthusiasm

which attracted the reader. But though the book was well received by the reviewers, the public did not buy it, and he found, to his great disappointment, that its publication was a source of loss instead of profit. He might have borne this loss better had not a greater calamity befallen him at the same time. He was a large shareholder in a New Zealand bank which failed during the commercial panic of 1866, entirely absorbing his capital. His family was increasing in number, and the grave question pressed upon him whether he should not forsake the study of astronomy and devote himself to teaching, or seek an official appointment. He finally determined to continue in his chosen work, and wrote some articles on "The Telescope" for the *Popular Science Review*.

"For five years," he says, "I did not take one day's holiday from the work I found essential for my family's maintenance." It frequently seemed to him that he must abandon his scientific work. His articles were constantly sent back to him, and he says, pathetically, "I would willingly have turned to stone-breaking on the roads, or any other form of hard and honest but unscientific labor, if a modest competence in any such direction had been offered me."

Even Anthony Trollope wrote to him, on receiving an article on "The Gulf Stream," that it seemed interesting, but he must ask for some evidence to show that the author was competent to deal with a subject of the kind in a scientific way — as if such evidence must not be found in the article itself, if anywhere! Fortunately Mr. Proctor was able to satisfy him, and the article appeared in due time in the *St. Paul's Magazine*.

The publishers were equally shy of his books, and both the Longmans and the Macmillans refused to accept his "Handbook of the Stars"; so with the help of a friend, five hundred copies were printed, which sold and paid expenses. With similar help he brought out his "Constellation Seasons" and his "Sun Views of the Earth," both of which paid expenses and a few pounds over, but no new editions were prepared. At last Messrs. Hardwick engaged him to write a small book called "Half Hours with the Telescope," for twenty-five pounds.

During this time he advertised for pupils in mathematics, and secured the position of mathematical teacher in a military

academy at Woolwich and Sandhurst, but the work was very distasteful to him. Slowly he obtained a footing with leading magazines, and after the publication of his popular work on "Other Worlds than Ours," in 1870, his ability was fully recognized and he was asked to write other books. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society on June 8, 1866, and one of its honorary secretaries in 1872. He held this post until November, 1873, when he retired in order to come to America on a lecturing tour.

He was warmly received in this country, and soon made for himself a national reputation as a pleasing and forcible lecturer. When his first wife died, in 1879, leaving six children, he married an American lady, settling for a time in St. Joseph, Mo., and finally in Florida. There it was that he contracted the yellow fever, which carried him off in 1888. His last wife has married within the past year, and now resides in Belfast, Ireland. Two of his daughters, Misses Mary and Agnes, live in St. Joseph; his eldest son, John M. Proctor, is a resident of Portland, Ore.; Richard T. Proctor makes his home in Denver, Col., and Henry Proctor is living in Brighton, England. Thus the Proctor family is largely identified with this country, and it is only proper that the father's remains should permanently rest among us and be honored by us.

Professor Proctor was the author of fifty-seven volumes on astronomy, the most popular of which is perhaps "Other Worlds than Ours." His last work, however, is his most important and complete production. It is entitled "Old and New Astronomy," and has been finished and published since his death by his friend, Mr. Arthur C. Ranyard of England, to whose sketch of Mr. Proctor's life and work, in the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society, I am largely indebted for the *data* used in this article.

One of Mr. Proctor's favorite theories was the inhabitability of "other worlds than ours," and those who have read his arguments on the subject must feel that all the probabilities of the case point to his conclusion. Of course absolute demonstration cannot reasonably be required, but when it is shown that the same conditions of life prevail on other planets that exist here, we can hardly refuse to believe that life must also exist there, and Mr. Proctor gives strong reasons and many facts to show that such conditions do

exist in Mars and other planets as are necessary to life, animal and human.

But more important than such speculations are his original discoveries respecting Venus and Mars. In a series of papers communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society, he examined into the conditions of observation for the transits of 1874 and 1882 with great thoroughness and at much detail, and his opinions may be read in "Old and New Astronomy" (pp. 251-72).

Amongst other matters with which Mr. Proctor's name will always be associated in astronomy may be mentioned his accurate determination of the rotation period of Mars.

One of Mr. Proctor's greatest undertakings was the charting of the three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars contained in Argelander's Catalogue, showing the relation of stars down to the eleventh magnitude, with the Milky Way and its subsidiary branches. In a series of papers on "Star Distribution," "The Construction of the Milky Way," "The Distribution of Nebulæ and Star Clusters," and on "The Proper Motions of the Stars," etc., he completely disposed of the artificial theories which had been previously held regarding the stellar universe.

Amid all this scientific activity Mr. Proctor found time for the lighter accomplishments. He was passionately fond of music, and played the piano with much delicacy of touch and feeling. He was an authority on whist, and was the author of a book on the subject; and he was at one time president of the British Chess Society in London.

"It may certainly be said of Mr. Proctor," says Mr. Ran-
yard, "that he has succeeded in interesting a larger public in the science of astronomy than any other man. His books have been read and his lectures listened to not only in England and America, but in most of the English colonies; and the wide interest he has stirred up in astronomical subjects will no doubt have far-reaching results, and bear important fruit."

SILVER OR FIAT MONEY, WHICH SHALL IT BE?

BY A. J. WARNER.

UNLESS the use of silver as money is to be left to automatic regulation through the production of the mines and unrestricted coinage, it might as well be abandoned for monetary purposes, and sooner or later will be. Unless this metal is to remain as a fountain of supply for money, endowed with all the functions required for a standard of value and for coin of ultimate payment for debts and obligations of every description, it cannot long hold its place as a money metal. As secondary money, the value of which is to be maintained by legislative limitations or by promise of redemption in gold, silver is no better than greenbacks. In fact, as Cernuschi has said, such coins are but silver greenbacks, and it is altogether needless to resort to a material as costly to produce as silver for that kind of money. The writer feels justified, therefore, in saying that he believes economists generally agree that unless silver is to stand as a money metal, possessing the same monetary rights as gold, its use as money, except, perhaps, for subsidiary coins, will be abandoned in the near future.

The question first in importance, then, is, What shall take the place of silver as money, or whence is the supply of money to come, to carry on the increasing business of the world? The answer cannot be Gold, for the gold of the world is already hardly able to do the work now imposed upon it, and under this strain is constantly growing scarcer and dearer. As a money standard it has already increased from fifty to sixty per cent in twenty years. In the presence of the world's vast debts such an increase becomes alarming, and, instead of being a standard of equity, has already led to world-wide and unpardonable injustice. Surely Christian nations cannot much longer

tolerate this method of confiscation. Moreover, the production of gold is on the decline; and if silver mines are closed, the production must necessarily fall off still more rapidly. All competent geologists agree that there is no probability of any material increase in the supply of gold, even for brief periods, and that for the long future the supply must grow less. On the other hand, the consumption of gold in dentistry and for industrial uses is gradually increasing; and if the stage has not already been reached when the world's stock of money is being drawn upon for the arts, the time is near at hand when the stock of gold money will begin to disappear in this way. Nor can the loss of gold in other ways be left out of our calculations. The researches of Jacobs led him to the conclusion that gold coin in circulation wore out, on the average, in two hundred and sixty-four years.

But enough has been said to show that the annual supply of gold is likely to be insufficient even to meet the present demands upon it, and altogether unable to fill the place now filled, under various conditions, by silver. This being the situation as to the supply of metallic money, the possibility of making gold take the place of the present stock of full legal-tender silver money, even in countries where silver has been in whole or in part demonetized, is quite out of the question.

But another point of vital importance arises here. Can we have automatic regulation of money, or of the money standard, with gold alone as that standard? From before historic times, and certainly for thirty-five centuries, gold and silver have been in use as money, with no limitation on them; and their value, as compared with other things, in all ages has been determined by the quantity furnished by the mines, and, consequently, by the same laws that regulated the value of everything else. During all this period, through Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman civilizations, down to 1873, according to the high authority of Max Müller, the ratio of the two metals did not vary more than from 13 to 1, to $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The relative production of the two metals, however, has varied widely during this time, and often over long periods of time. But this variation in production did not affect the relative value of the two metals.

From this fact has been deduced the compensatory law of bimetallism, which is that with the unrestricted use of the two metals as money, or under free mintage, if, through increased production or otherwise, one metal for the time being becomes more abundant or more accessible than the other, and tends in consequence to become cheaper, then, under the law of legal tender, whether established by custom or by legislative action, the more abundant metal is taken up and its use extended, while that of the other is correspondingly diminished, and in this way parity is maintained. Of course, without the power of legal tender, bimetallism could not exist. Nor can it if the option is given to the payee. Hence, when the secretary of the Treasury assumes that, in order to maintain the parity of gold and silver under the Act of 1890, he must give the option to the payee to take which metal he prefers, he is adopting a policy which, if persisted in, must necessarily result ultimately in the use of but one of them. If the metals were at a parity to begin with, such a policy would certainly produce disparity. Bimetallism could not be permanently maintained even if we had, to begin with, a general concurrence of nations on a common ratio. It necessarily rests upon the law of legal tender which gives the option to the payor.

But our question is, Can we have automatic regulation with gold alone? In other words, Is it possible, with gold as the only money of ultimate redemption, to have such an adjustment of supply to increasing population and wealth as to secure anything like stability of prices — or, which is the same thing, stable relations between money and population and business?

With no new gold for money, instead of an adjustment of money supply to increasing population and business, prices must undergo frequent readjustment to the relatively reduced quantity of standard money. Hence it is within the bounds of proper economic deduction to say that with gold alone, automatic adjustment of money supply to needs of money, or automatic regulation of the money standard, is impossible. Consequently, to give up silver involves the overthrow of the vital principle of automatic regulation of money.

The importance of this principle cannot be magnified when

viewed in connection with the vast load of debts under which the world is now laboring. How the equities of contracts extending far into the future are otherwise to be preserved, is not easily seen. On the other hand, fear is expressed, on the part of those holding long-time obligations, lest the production of silver may so increase as to cheapen money till it will become of comparatively little value; but a little reflection will dispel this fear.

Under regulation of money supply through the production of the mines, the limit of variation is always the relative cost of mining the metal and the cost of producing other things. If in the course of years the annual production of either metal, or of both, should so add to the money stocks of the world as to materially cheapen money and raise prices (and it is only by raising prices that money is shown to be cheaper), the point would be soon reached when it would be easier and take less labor to get a dollar by producing commodities than by digging it from the mines. The supply of money would therefore be checked, and the tendency to constancy in the relative supply of money and commodities would be restored.

The importance of this principle in the regulation of money supply cannot be overestimated, and gold monometallists do not know what they do when they destroy this principle, which is absolutely ruined when bimetallism is overthrown. The opinion, however, prevails widely, even among the banking and mercantile classes, that metallic money is no longer of importance, and that a paper currency, left to banks to issue freely, may be made to expand and contract in response to the wants of trade. They seem to have the idea that the demand for money is controlled by the same conditions that control the demand for anything else; that only so much would be taken up, no matter how much was issued. They forget that the first effect of an inflation of money is to raise prices, and that as prices rise the need for money is increased. As prices get higher more money is required to perform the same number of exchanges. Twice as much money would be needed to pay for horses at two hundred dollars apiece as would be if horses were worth but one hundred dollars each. Money, therefore, is never given back as a thing that can be no longer used. Mr. Weguelin, president of the Bank of Eng-

land, in answer to the question put to him by the Parliamentary Commission of 1857, as to how much money there was a demand for in England, said there was no limit. It may therefore be laid down as an admitted principle that there is no such relation between the demand for money and the ability to issue it, as admits of automatic regulation.

But a much larger class, including not a few writers on the subject, while they may question the soundness of the principle of automatic adjustment of money supply to the demand for money when everybody with credit enough to put out notes is left free to issue notes to circulate as currency, nevertheless maintain that if the notes are made redeemable and properly secured, there can be no excess of issue, and that the adjustment of money supply to needs for money will be perfect. Even a cursory examination of this claim will show that it is no more tenable and scarcely less dangerous than that just exposed.

In the first place, there is absolutely no difference in the fundamental principle between basing the issue of notes on land and on the public funds. Of the two, however, the latter is the more vicious, because there is a better defined limit to land than there can be to debt. The issue of notes on land is lawism, pure and simple; so is that of notes on bonds. The only difference is in the kind of security. Macleod, in his "Theory and Practice of Banking," says:—

The principles of basing a paper currency upon land and upon the public funds are absolutely identical and equally vicious. To permit a man to spend his money in buying part of the public debt, and to have it, as well, in the form of notes, is as rank an absurdity as to permit him to spend it in land and also have it as notes.

Worse, if possible, is the theory of basing a currency upon the discount of commercial bills, as sometimes proposed by bankers.

The answer may be set up that the notes are to be redeemable in gold, or in legal-tender paper, which in turn the government will redeem in gold, and if redeemable in gold that they cannot fall below gold. But the doctrine was laid down by one of our earlier secretaries that the promise of redemption was not such regulation of quantity as would secure stability of value in the currency. This principle is now as generally admitted as any doctrine of economics. It has also been abundantly shown that promise

of redemption, with ample security of final redemption, has not prevented, and will not prevent, the depreciation, at times, of such a currency. There could be no doubt as to the ability of the United States ultimately to redeem a billion dollars of greenbacks, but that would not prevent the depreciation of such a volume of currency if it should be at once issued. If a thousand millions of government bonds, bearing four per cent interest, could at this time be had at par, they would be seized upon by the banks as security for notes, and wild inflation would follow. The only principle that would govern the issue of such a currency would be the interest of the banks. This is proven by the issue of national bank notes in 1865-66, in addition to an already inflated paper currency.

The first effect of such an increase of the currency would be to depreciate the whole volume of money, which would be indicated by a rise of prices, followed by the export of gold. If a safe proportion were 5 of paper to 1 of gold, then in order to preserve the same proportion, if \$100,000,000 of gold were exported, \$500,000,000 of the paper must be suddenly extinguished. But such a contraction would precipitate panic, and spread ruin broadcast. A large part of existing financial troubles arise from just such a condition. Of course with both gold and silver as a basis for credit, a much larger structure could be safely erected upon the broader foundation of the two metals.

But the point I have aimed to bring out is that convertibility, with ample security behind the notes, is not such regulation of quantity as will secure stability in the value of the currency; but that, on the contrary, a currency regulated by no other principle is certain to undergo wide fluctuations, and periodically to lose convertibility, with all the disastrous consequences of the sudden breaking down of a credit currency.

That such a currency will operate to expel gold as effectively as any other form of currency, is very likely.

Webster said, in his sub-treasury speech, "There is a liability to excessive issues of paper, even while paper is convertible at will; of this there can be no doubt." And again, "The circulation of paper tends to displace coin; it may banish it altogether; at this very moment it has banished it."

Lord Overstone laid down the principle that "Nothing will secure the permanent convertibility of paper money but a constant regulation of the amount of that paper money in conformity with the variations in the amount of the bullion."

Indeed, the doctrine may be said to be well established that neither convertibility nor security of ultimate redemption can be relied upon to insure stability in the value of a paper currency. Nothing but the due regulation of quantity will preserve the parity of a paper circulation with the coin in which it is redeemable. In view of these principles, so well established, and which every enlightened nation has accepted and acted upon in regulating the issue of currency, it is almost unaccountable that the United States should be threatened with further experience with a kind of currency that wrecked so many fortunes and spread such devastation in 1837, and at other periods of sudden collapse after wild inflation of "convertible" bank notes. No one acquainted with the discussion of this subject in England, before and following the passage of Peel's Act of 1844, would favor a return to such a currency. That Congressman Harter should propose the issue, by thousands of banks, of all the currency for which they could put up bonds of any sort, provided only that they promised to redeem in gold, need not, perhaps, surprise any one; but that a writer of the standing of Mr. Horace White should seriously propose, first, to reduce the money of redemption to gold alone, and then to provide for the issue of paper promises to pay gold, limited only by the bonds that can be procured as a basis for such an issue, can hardly be rationally accounted for.

We have already shown that the issue of a currency based on debt is the worst form of lawism; and when it is seriously proposed to substitute such a currency for one of the precious metals, and to resort to regulation by the quantity of evidences of debt that may exist, instead of the automatic regulation of the mines, silver men may well ask, Where are we drifting?

Although a return to such a form of currency may be discussed and may get into a party platform, we are not prepared to believe that it will ever again be actually resorted to. What would be the volume of a currency of that kind that could be kept convertible into gold in this country, with silver demonetized?

Surely, there must be some proportion between the currency to be redeemed and the coin provided for its redemption. If it be 5 to 1, the limit of such a volume would be much below the present volume. The banks, all told, now hold less than \$200,000,000 of gold. The Treasury contains of its own less than \$100,000,000. There is no evidence that there is \$100,000,000 in circulation, or in the hands of the people. The mint estimates of gold for years have been excessive. If there were \$25,000,000 in actual circulation east of the Missouri River, it would be made evident; but there is no evidence that any such quantity is held in actual circulation. It is hard to believe, either, that \$50,000,000 of gold is hoarded in this country. Great Britain has less than \$400,000,000 of gold in the kingdom, although it has a gold currency, and no notes are used in England for less than £5, and none in the kingdom for less than £1, or \$5; nor is it believed that more than \$400,000,000 of gold is left in the United States, after the excess of exports since 1888. With less than \$200,000,000 of gold in the banks, and \$200,000,000 in the country, and paper all redeemable in gold, what a prospect for a country like ours! Would such a system stand? Surely not long. Let no one be deluded with the notion that the basis of our money can be reduced to gold alone, and at the same time the volume of currency be increased, or even be maintained long at its present limits.

The issue here is between a broader basis of primary money and a relatively smaller volume of credit currency based upon it, and a narrower basis with a larger superstructure of credit. Which is the safer? which is best? It is no answer to say that ninety-five per cent of the business of the country is done with credit devices. In the first place, that is not true, as can be demonstrated. In the next place, whatever the proportion may be, the utmost limit of this sort of credit has been attained in our enormously extended system of bank credits; and the larger this structure is, the greater the collapse when the drain of gold comes. The idea, or want of idea, that some have, that it does not matter whether there is much or little gold, if there is only confidence, is well exhibited in the definition of standard of value quoted by Sir Robert Peel in his speech of May 6, 1844, as a sample of ideas then afloat, "The standard is

neither gold nor silver, but it is something set up in the imagination, to be regulated by public opinion."

No, this country will not accept a precarious gold basis without a gold currency, and with no supply of gold to meet the demands of increasing population and wealth; nor a currency based upon it, issued and controlled by private banking institutions, whether secured or not by bonds or other evidences of debt. The principle is unsound; it is vicious all through, and will only bring trouble. If silver is abandoned and the automatic regulation of standard money through the production of the mines is given up, the demand will be for the issue of money by the government, regulated in amount by some definite proportion between the volume of money, on the one hand, and population and wealth on the other, with provision for an annual increment that will maintain the proportion between the money volume and population and wealth as nearly constant as possible. And this would be more rational and far safer than any scheme founded on a gold basis with a credit currency issued by innumerable banks. This would be a substitution of legislative regulation for automatic regulation through the production of the mines. It would be the substitution of the "vagaries of legislation" for "the uncertainties of the mines."

The contest is really between these two principles; for it is impossible that the gold basis alone, with private issues of currency, can ever gain a firm footing in this country. There is too much intelligence abroad in the United States to permit the adoption of a system that has been discarded by every nation of Europe.

Which, then, shall it be — gold and silver automatically regulated by the production of the mines, with free coinage of both metals as it had been for indefinite ages before 1873, supplemented by Treasury notes under such limitations and regulations as will secure at all times the ready convertibility of the paper into the metals; or paper money issued by the government, under such regulations as Congress from time to time may impose?

In other words, shall it be silver with automatic regulation through production, or fiat money under legislative regulation?

This question, it is believed, is freighted with conse-

quences of greater moment to the people of this country and of the world than any other now under discussion. For if bimetallism is destroyed, the automatic regulation of money will go with it, and the entire volume of silver money now in the world must be withdrawn, for it will soon cease to be worth more than a small percentage of its normal value. What this involves can be better imagined than described. Moreton Frewen is doubtless right when he says such a contraction "would leave not a bank or mortgage company standing in the entire western hemisphere." Hence, if metallic money falls with the failure of automatic regulation, gold must go also.

AIONIAN PUNISHMENT NOT ETERNAL.

BY W. E. MANLEY, D. D.

THIS heading will be understood by all who know that the original of *eternal* in the expression "eternal punishment," is the Greek word *aionios* (αἰώνιος). I propose to analyze the word, and show the usage of all its forms, (1) in the Old Testament, (2) in the New Testament, (3) in classic Greek authors, (4) in Jewish writings, and finally, (5) in the early Christian fathers.

Aionios comes from *aion*; and this last is generally regarded as composed of two smaller words, *aei* (ἀεί) *always*, and *ōn* (ὢν) *being*. Then *aion* is found in a number of different forms, all of which will be exhibited and commented on; after which I will name several words that are found in the New Testament, having the meaning of eternal or endless, but *never employed in the Bible to express the duration of punishment*.

I. *The Old Testament*. On this part of the Bible I need not employ much time, for the reason that the Hebrew words (and there are several such) which have a meaning similar to that of *aion* or *aionios*, have these last as renderings in the Greek version of the Old Testament, and these must be presumed to have the same meaning there as they have in the New Testament; and what this is will be fully shown in this article. But in doing this, I shall not deny myself the privilege of making references to that part of the Scriptures, when necessary for proof or illustration.

II. *The New Testament*. The only part of *aion* that has any duration in it, expressed or implied, is the little adverb *aei*. It occurs eight times in the New Testament, and is translated *always*, both in the old and new versions, in every instance but one. I will quote enough of each passage to give the sense.

The multitude began to ask Pilate to do as he had *ever* done to them (Mark xv. 8). The revisers have it, "as he was wont to do." "As he had always done," would have

made all the renderings uniform. Ye do always resist the Holy Spirit (Acts vii. 51). We . . . are always delivered unto death (2 Cor. iv. 11). Always rejoicing (2 Cor. vi. 10). Cretans are always liars (Titus i. 12). They do always err (Heb. iii. 10). Being ready always to give an answer (1 Pet. iii. 15). I shall be ready always to put you in remembrance (2 Pet. i. 12).

The word is used precisely as we use *always*, not so much to denote duration as constancy. The first passage shows the meaning of all the rest. Pilate had been governor of Judea about five years. But this had nothing to do with the demand of the multitude. They asked him to do as he had constantly done before. The use of the present tense, in all but the first passage, is confirmation of this view. The word denotes continuity of action, and not perpetuity — what is being done, and not what will be done. Punishment that has no more duration than what is contained in this word is not objectionable. The wicked are *always* punished.

But it is said that when *aei* and *ōn* are united, the meaning is “always being,” and that is eternal. Not exactly. There is a great difference between always being, and always continuing to be. The latter idea is not in the words. Besides, this *aion*, “always being,” is said to have an end. There are five instances of this kind in the New Testament. These will come before us in due time. I will now give the different forms in which this word is presented.

1. It is used of past time, and is generally rendered world. Since the world began (Luke i. 70, John ix. 32, Acts iii. 21). From the beginning of the world (Acts xv. 18, Eph. iii. 9). Before the world (1 Cor. ii. 7). From ages (Col. i. 26). One cannot help seeing that here a limited period is intended. If the past denoted by this term is limited, the future must be. Besides, some of these are in the plural; the last is of this kind. There can be but one unlimited period — two eternities is a contradiction in terms.

2. *Aion* is rendered world, and is found in the expression “*this* world,” which implies “*that* world,” thus constituting two unlimited periods. As this cannot be, *aion* cannot denote an unlimited period. (See Matt. xiii. 22, Mark iv. 19, Luke xvi. 8, Rom. xii. 2, 1 Cor. i. 20, ii. 6, iii. 18, 2 Cor. iv. 4, Gal. i. 4, Eph. vi. 12, 1 Tim. vi. 17, 2 Tim. iv. 10, Tit. ii. 12.) I would add that *world* is not a correct translation,

though our argument is not affected by this circumstance. Both world and age are equally limited terms.

3. *Aion* is found in the expression "world to come" (Mark x. 30, Luke xviii. 30, Heb. vi. 5). Ages to come (Eph. ii. 7). "This world and that which is to come," is found in Matt. xii. 32, Eph. i. 20. It requires no remark to show that here *aion* cannot denote an unlimited period. It should be added, however, to prevent misunderstanding, that the world or age to come is not the future state of existence, but, as Dr. Clarke and others contend, the age of the Messiah, about to succeed the Jewish dispensation. Such was the usage of Jewish writers in the time of Christ. But the principal passages make this plain by the use of an important word, *omitted in the version*.

For some reason, "best known to themselves," the translators and revisers have left out an important word, found in Matt. xii. 32, Eph. i. 20, and Heb. vi. 5, which, if used, would make "the world to come," to be "the world *about* to come," or near at hand. This could not be said of the immortal world, for, in one sense, that world has existed from the beginning, and, in another sense, it has not yet come, and will not, while this world stands. But the kingdom of God, or Christian dispensation, was about to come, and the Jewish economy was soon to terminate, to make room for it. Though Jesus was on earth, he represents his mission as future, though at hand and about to come. He was preparing for it.

On Matt. xii. 32, which says, "The sin against the Holy Spirit shall not be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in that which is [about] to come," Dr. Adam Clarke has the following: "I am fully satisfied that the meaning of the words is, neither in this dispensation, namely, the Jewish, nor in that which is to come, namely, the Christian. *Olam habo*, the world to come, is a constant phrase for the times of the Messiah, in Jewish writers." Bishop Pierce, Wakefield, and many others hold the same opinions.

4. In the following passages, the end of the world (*aion*) is mentioned, meaning the end of the Jewish economy, at which time the Christian dispensation would begin; for the words of Dr. Clarke are as applicable here as to the other passage. (See Matt. xiii. 39, 40, 49, xxiv. 3, xxviii. 20, Heb. ix. 26, 1 Cor. x. 11.) All I refer to these passages for

is to show that *aion* does not denote an eternity of duration, and this requires no argument. The last passage referred to, 1 Cor. x. 11, declares that the *ends* of the *worlds* (ages) had come on the apostles, meaning, I suppose, that in their day one age, the Jewish, ended, and the other, the Christian, began. This proves that *ages* and not *worlds* are intended by *aion*.

5. *Aion* is used in an adverbial phrase, and rendered *forever*. Its form is *eis ton aiona* (εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα), literally, *to the age*. (See Matt. xxi. 19, Mark xi. 14, Luke i. 55, John vi. 51, 58, viii. 35, xii. 34, xiv. 16, 2 Cor. ix. 9, Heb. v. 6, vi. 20, vii. 17, 21, 1 Pet. i. 23, 25, 2 Pet. ii. 17, iii. 18, 1 John ii. 17, 2 John i. 2, Jude 13.) These are all the places of this kind in the New Testament. The same form is found in the Hebrew; and it evidently originated in the Old Testament, when everything was thought of with reference *to the age* of the Messiah. The possession of Canaan, the priesthood, and all the Mosaic institutions were to continue *to the age*, meaning the Messianic age. The expression *to the age* limits itself; for what is to be *to* a certain period, is limited by that period. Though this seems to be the origin of the expression, it is often used, both in the Old Testament and the New, with no reference to any future period; and in such cases, it must be understood according to the nature of the subject. The servant served his master *eis ton aiona*, that is, during life. When a priest filled his office *eis ton aiona*, it also was during life.

6. It is used in the same way as above, only that both the *aion* and the article are in the plural, thus, *eis tons aionas* (εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας), *to the ages*. (See Matt. vi. 13, Luke i. 33, Rom. i. 25, ix. 5, xi. 36, xvi. 27, 2 Cor. xi. 31, Heb. xiii. 8.) There does not appear to be any difference between this form and the preceding. They are used and translated in the same way.

7. There is still another form, called the double plural. The form is *eis tons aionas ton aionon* (εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων) *to the ages of the ages*. This is translated *forever and ever*. Of course it is supposed to denote much more than either of the other forms, which is saying that the other forms do not denote an eternal duration. Neither does this denote eternal duration; nor is this possible, with the word *aion*, give it as many reduplications as you please; for if one

aion does not mean eternity, no number of them can have this meaning. (See Gal. i. 5, Phil. iv. 20, 1 Tim. i. 17, 2 Tim. iv. 18, Rev. i. 6.)

The same form is found in the Old Testament in a limited sense. To the children of Israel Jehovah says, "I will cause you to dwell in this place, in the land that I gave to your fathers, forever and ever," *olam ad olam* (Jer. vii. 7). Of Idumea it is said, "None shall pass through it forever and ever," *netsah netsahim* (Isa. xxxiv. 10); Septuagint, "from age to age."

In the Vulgate or Latin version, the form above given is translated *secula seculorum*, ages of ages, exactly as it is in the Greek, and in the margin of the Revised Version. Of the three similar forms, the last expresses the most, and is still limited; from which it follows that the others are still more limited. Ages of ages, if taken literally, is a long period, but eternity is a *trifle* longer.

8. *Aionios* may be considered a form of *aion*; for it is derived from it, and takes all its significance therefrom. If eternal duration is not in the noun, it cannot be in the adjective. A stream cannot rise higher than the fountain from which it flows. If *aion* means world, as the translators have rendered it a few times, then *aionios* means worldly, or long as the world stands. If *aion* mean age, as sometimes rendered, then *aionios* means belonging to the age, or age lasting.

The corresponding word, with a similar form, in the Old Testament, denotes the duration of the Mosaic dispensation. It is probable that in the New Testament it is employed in the same way, to denote the duration of the Christian economy. This is as far as one can safely go, in view of the facts that have been developed. But some hold that the word denotes not the duration but some other quality or attribute of the Christian religion. Assuming that *aionios* denotes duration, whatever else is implied, the duration cannot extend beyond the end of the Messiah's reign, when he shall deliver up the kingdom to the Father, and God shall be all in all (1 Cor. xv. 22-28).

(1) Instead of introducing a large number of passages, which the limited space allowed to this paper will not permit, I will notice those that relate to retribution, or reward and punishment. There is no word so commonly employed to

denote the effect of faith and obedience as *life*, often called aionian life. The reason of this usage is found in the fact that unbelievers and bad men are said to be dead, and when converted, to pass out of death into life. In the Revision the rendering is uniformly eternal life. (See Matt. xix. 16, Mark v. 17, Luke x. 25, xviii. 18, Matt. xix. 29, Mark x. 30, Luke xviii. 30, Matt. xxv. 46, John iii. 15, 16, 36, iv. 14, 36, v. 24, 39, vi. 27, 40, 47, 54, 68, x. 28, xii. 25, 50, xvii. 2, 3, Acts xiii. 46, 48, Rom. ii. 7, vi. 22, 23, Gal. v. 8, 1 Tim. i. 16, vi. 12, 19, Tit. i. 2, iii. 7, 1 John i. 2, ii. 25, iii. 15, v. 11, 13, 20, Jude 21.) It must not be forgotten that aionian or eternal life is enjoyed the moment a man becomes a Christian. He "passes out of death into life." "He *hath* eternal life," is often affirmed. He hath it, and he continues to have it, so long as he remains a believer. But he may renounce his faith, and what then? Is that eternal life to a man which he enjoys only for a day or a year?

If this word mean spiritual, or Christian, there is no impropriety in saying that the man has it, if it is but for a brief period; but not if we give the word the sense of eternal, unless one take the position, "Once in grace always in grace." On the other hand, eternal punishment runs parallel with eternal life, and one can as surely be suffered here as the other can be enjoyed here. But suppose the bad man becomes a Christian, and "passes out of death into life," his eternal punishment is of short duration. Call it severe, disciplinary, paternal, or moral, and the absurdity disappears. It is difficult to say exactly how the word ought to be translated; but it is not difficult to see that it ought not to be translated eternal. If punishment can be eternal, though no one will ever suffer eternally, as some men have argued, then there is no such difficulty as that just alluded to. The punishment is eternal, in the sense that it will always be suffered by the evil doer; and the knowledge of this fact, it is thought, will exert a restraining influence throughout eternity. That God is eternally just, and that sin will be punished, whenever and wherever it exists, no sensible man will deny. But may we not hope that, in the distant future, men will come to understand so well in what their highest happiness consists as not to need even the thought of punishment to keep them in the path of righteousness?

(2) In various forms of expression, *aionios* is applied to

punishment in the following passages: Eternal fire (Matt. xviii. 8, 25, 41, Jude 7). Eternal punishment (Matt. xxv. 46). Eternal destruction (2 Thess. i. 9). Eternal judgment (Heb. vi. 2). Eternal damnation (Mark iii. 29) has become, in the hands of the revisers, eternal sin. This is the sin against the Holy Spirit, which in the parallel passage is limited by the two ages to which it is confined, and is not, therefore, eternal, as we commonly use the word. Not one of these passages has any reference to future punishment. The fire of gehenna, employed to represent punishment, went out long ago, and could not denote an unlimited punishment. All the facts developed in this investigation go to prove that *aionios* cannot denote an eternal punishment. Matt. xxv. 46, containing "eternal life" and "eternal punishment," and more frequently adduced to prove the common theory than any other, is wholly irrelevant to the purpose, and would appear so to any one who should look at the whole passage, and not at the concluding verse alone. The parable represents the reign of Christ, which began at the close of the Jewish dispensation and is still in progress. The gathering of the nations before him represents the progress of the gospel. Most of the nations have been thus gathered, and the work is still going on; the separation goes on at the same time, with its aionian life and aionian punishment. Who ever heard of a king having but one separation, and that at the end of his reign? At the close of this reign, no mention is made of a separation, nor of punishment. Paul mentions two things—the destruction of all evil things (1 Cor. xv. 24, 26), and the subjection of all intelligent moral beings, God alone excepted (verses 27, 28).

It is argued that, because the happiness of the righteous and the punishment of the wicked are both called eternal, the duration of the one must be the same as that of the other; which is admitted: but it is not admitted that either is eternal, or that these terms refer to the future life.

The word *aion* has been transferred, by legitimate changes, into the Latin language. *Aion* becomes *ævum*, which has the meaning of life, lifetime, time, period, age, men of an age, etc. From *ævum* come *avitas* and briefer *ætas*, both having essentially the same meaning as *ævum*. From this last comes *æviternus*, and this becomes *æternus*; and hence our word *eternal*. But none of these, not even *æternus*, has

generally the sense of eternal. (See "Retribution," E. Beecher, pp. 252-53). Mr. Beecher gives examples from Virgil, Plautus, Cicero, Ovid, Pliny, and others, of the use of *æternus*, in a limited sense, showing that it denotes during life. So Facciolatus, in his great lexicon, says of this word, "It is *very frequently* used to denote *what endures for life*." This is the word for eternal in Matt. xxv. 46; and in those places in which *aion* is translated *world*, the Latin is *seculum*, age, as was shown to be correct before the Vulgate was consulted. This is a decided confirmation of the views that have been advanced concerning *aion* and *aionios*. The fact shows that the first advocates of eternal misery who used the Latin language, had no more to help their defence of the doctrine than they would have had from the original Greek.

III. *Classic Authors*. Here, fortunately, I can avail myself of the labors of another. Rev. E. S. Goodwin of Sandwich, Mass., entered on the investigation of the usage of *aion* and *aionios* in the Greek classics, A. D. 1828, and published the result in the *Christian Examiner* till 1833, when the work stopped on account of his death. But he had examined a large number of books, and accumulated a long list of quotations, from Homer down to Plato. I can only refer to a portion of them, and state the result.

(a) *Homer*. Iliad iv. 478, xvii. 302, ix. 415, v. 685, xvi. 453, xix. 27. Odyssey v. 152, 160, vii. 224, ix. 523, xvii. 203.

(b) *Hesiod*. Scut. Herc. 331, Prometh. 860, Sep. con. Theb. 219, 774, Persæ 263, Suppl. 47, 570, Agam. 230, 249, 556, 716, 1150, Chæph. 24, 348, Eumen. 315, 360. In all the above, *aion* is used in the sense of human life. Hesiod has an example of special interest. He speaks of the "ceaseless life" of Jupiter, using *aion* for life, but another word for ceaseless, a convincing proof that *aion* alone did not answer his purpose.

(c) *Pindar*. Olym. ii. 18, 121, ix. 153, Pyth. iii. 153, iv. 331, v. 8, viii. 139, Nem. ii. 11, iii. 130, Isthm. iii. 29, vii. 59, viii. 27. In some of these, age is better than life, but life is generally the meaning.

(d) *Sophocles*. Electra 1030, 1091, Ajax. Flag. 657, Antig. 589, Œdip. Colon. 1812, Trachinia 2, 34, Philoct. 179, 1390, Œdip. Tir. 526, Ajax. Flag. 195, Antig. 999, Œdip. Col. 149, Trachin. 81. This author uses the expres-

sion "long-enduring life," employing *aion* for life, but another word for long enduring; so that *aion* is neither eternal nor long enduring.

(e) *Aristotle*. De Mundo cap. 2, 5, 7, Metaph. lib. xiv. cap. 7, De Cœlo lib. i. cap. 10, lib. ii. cap. 1, lib. i. cap. 9. This author uses the words, "From one unlimited life, or age, to another." He employs *aion* for life, or age, but uses *aterminos* (ἀτέρμινος) for unlimited. He also speaks of life or age, continuous and eternal, using *aidios* for eternal. He also says, "The entire heaven is one and eternal" (*aidios*).

(f) *Euripides*. Hec. 754, Orest. 596, 971, Phœniss. 1498, Med. 245, 645, Hippol. 1123, Androm. 1218, Suppl. 1008, Iphigen. in Aul. 1517, in Taur. 1129, Bacch. 92, Suppl. 962, Iphigen. in Aul. 552, Bacch. 426, Phœniss. 1537, Med. 426, Bacch. 395, Hiral. 903, Ion. 637, Phœniss. 1545, Suppl. 1087, Helen 215, Ion. 126, Herc. Fur. 673.

(g) *Plato*. Protag. vol. I. p. 345, Georg. p. 448, De Leg. lib. iii. vol. II. p. 701, lib. ii. vol. II. p. 368. Till Plato, *aionios* is not found; nor is it frequent with him. It is properly rendered *lifelong*; nor could it well be otherwise, considering the uniformity with which *aion* is used in the sense of life.

These are not all the instances of the use of *aion* in these authors; but they are sufficient for our purpose, nor would the result be different if there were twice as many. It is evident at a glance that in these writings eternal is no part of the meaning of *aion* or *aionios*. The latter can hardly be considered a classical word, it is so seldom used. Though these writers often had occasion to employ words having the meaning of eternal, they never use either of these in this sense. The word that occurs most frequently in this way is *aidios*.

IV. *The Antiquities of the Jews*, written by Josephus, belongs nearly to the time of the New Testament; and we may reasonably suppose that the usage of *aion* and *aionios* will be similar in the two. Though Josephus often employs both these words, he never uses them in an unlimited sense. The following examples are a fair illustration of his manner of employing them. He says Esau should obtain renown forever (δι αἰῶνος). The landmarks of the Jews would last forever (εις αἰῶνα). A Roman senator desired that the quiet of the country might remain *for all time* (εις πάντα

αἰῶνα). The remembrance of the patriarchs is called everlasting (αἰώνιον). The Jewish soldiers were promised everlasting (αἰώνιον) celebrity. The fame of Herod was everlasting (αἰώνιον). Antiq. I. xviii. 8, IV. viii. 18, XIX. ii. 2, I. xiii. 4, XII. vii. 3, XX. x. 5.

But when Josephus expresses the idea of endlessness, he employs other words, generally *aidios*. He says the Pharisees believed that "The souls of the base were allotted to an endless prison," using *aidios* for endless. He tells us that the Essenes believed in "incessant punishments" for the wicked, again using *aidios*.

Philo, a learned Jew of Alexandria, in Egypt, wrote extensively, near the time of Christ and the apostles. He employed these words in the same manner as Josephus. He uses *aionios* for temporal punishment, but *aidios* for expressing the idea of eternal. All Jewish writers who made use of the Greek language wrote much after the style of the Greek Old Testament; and as the New Testament writers did the same, we may judge the one class by the other. From all of them we may learn the Old Testament usage of these terms; and it is a fair inference that the New Testament will not digress greatly from the Greek Old Testament, with which all Jews were familiar.

V. *The Early Christians*. Among the Christians of the first three centuries with whose writings we are acquainted, *aion* and *aionios* were freely used to denote future limited punishment. I say *limited*, for most of them held either to the annihilation of the wicked or to their universal restoration to holiness and happiness. Justin Martyr calls the punishment of the wicked *aionian*, or everlasting, though he held to their annihilation. The Sibylline Oracles repeatedly called punishment everlasting (*aionios*), but taught that it would end in restoration, in answer to the earnest petition of the righteous. "Of the Orthodox writers, nearly all allude to, or expressly assert, a future judgment and a future state of punishment. Seven — namely, Barnabas, Hermas, Sibylline Oracles, Justin Martyr, Relation of Polycarp's Martyrdom, Theophilus, and Irenæus — call it the everlasting, the eternal fire or torment; but out of these there were certainly three who did not think it endless, since two of them believed the damned would be annihilated, and the other asserted their restoration to bliss" (H. Ballou, D. D.).

Of Origen, who was later than the foregoing, and the most renowned of all the church fathers, before or after, and withal a believer in universal restoration, Mr. Ballou says, "In all his works, Origen freely uses the expressions, everlasting fire, everlasting punishment, etc., without any explanation, such as our modern prepossessions would render necessary to prevent a misunderstanding." Is it to be supposed that such a man as Origen, who made the Bible his constant study, and was perfectly at home in the Greek language, did not know how these terms were used in the New Testament? Or shall we say that he used them in a manner different from the New Testament usage? Neither supposition is admissible. Though Origen had views of punishment which he might not have been able to prove from the New Testament, it is not likely that he differed widely from the New Testament writers in the sense he attached to the words under consideration.

If the question were asked, How came these terms, more particularly *aionios*, to be interpreted in an unlimited sense, after they had for centuries been understood and explained differently by the leading men in the church? the answer is not difficult. As the church changed, and converts to Christianity who had before held the doctrine of eternal misery multiplied, the word *aionios* took on a meaning to meet the wants of the popular faith. Tertullian was the first to advance the argument, from Matt. xxv. 46, that the punishment of the wicked was of the same duration as the happiness of the righteous, assuming that both are in the future world. But Augustine, at a later period, urged this argument with much greater effect, both because he was a man of more talent and wider influence, and because the church was more generally willing and prepared to receive the doctrine which the argument was designed to support. Neither of these men had any knowledge of the Greek language. When this usage became general, the new meaning was firmly established.

The thought may occur to some, that as most of the New Testament writers were not learned men, they may not have known of any stronger terms for expressing the duration of punishment than those which they actually employ. This is surely a great misfortune, if the doctrine of eternal punishment is of God, who desired to reveal it to the world; for

millions may perish, who might have been saved if the doctrine had been presented to them in suitable terms! But it so occurs that the New Testament contains some of the strongest terms in the Greek language for expressing eternal duration. The plea of ignorance cannot be accepted.

(1) *Aidios* is found in Rom. i. 20, and is applied to the power and divinity of God. The same word is found in Jude 6, and is figuratively applied to the divine laws in nature, called *chains* or bonds, by which men and angels are held, till they are properly punished. If punishment itself had been denoted by this term, its eternal duration would have been established beyond dispute. The revisers have rendered this word *everlasting*; while the same word, as the rendering of *aionios*, in the Old Version, is dropped out, and eternal is put in its place, from the supposition, apparently, that the latter is a stronger term. Thus *aionios* has the stronger rendering, and *aidios* the weaker! There is more policy in this than honesty.

(2) *Akatalutos* occurs once, Heb. vii. 16, and is found in the expression "endless life," referring apparently to the immortal life. But the expression "endless punishment," is not found, so much as once, in the Bible — not for want of terms to express it, but *for some other reason*.

(3) *Aperantos* is the word for *endless*, in the expression "endless genealogies," 1 Tim. i. 4, referring to the genealogy of the pagan gods, apparently, and not to human genealogies, which are not endless. But this word is never associated with punishment. There are some more in the language, as *aterminos*, *adialeiptos*, *ateleutetos*, etc., that could have been borrowed for the occasion, if necessary. Besides, it is not difficult, in almost any language, to say of punishment that it is without end, or has no end; but even this easy and simple method is not adopted in the New Testament.

The only rational conclusion is, that AIONIAN PUNISHMENT IS NOT ETERNAL.

VI. But there are a few considerations that will confirm the conclusion here arrived at, which I wish to add.

First, that the doctrine of eternal punishment, if it is a part of divine revelation, was not made known to the world till four thousand years had passed away. Hear what Dr. Edward Beecher says on this subject: "The only form of retribution prominently presented in the Old Testament, as

existing for four thousand years, was temporal, and did not refer to the spiritual world and a future state. . . . What is meant is this, that in the law of Moses, taken as a law, a rule of life, individual or national, there is not one motive derived from a future state and its retributions. All is derived from this world and the present life. . . . The same is also true of the patriarchal dispensation, and of the world before the flood. . . . If we examine this whole governmental system, for four thousand years, so far as express promises or threats are concerned, we cannot infer from it any knowledge or thought of a future life, or of any retributions beyond this life." Mr. Beecher wrote the above statements after a most thorough examination of the Old Testament; and it may be added that he is probably the most learned of the remarkable family whose name he bears, unless we include in the family one who does not bear the name, that is, the late Professor Stowe, who may have been his equal. Nor is Dr. Beecher the only one who has taken this position. Bishop Warburton, in his "Legation of Moses"; Jahn, in his "Biblical Archæology"; Dr. George Campbell, in his "Preliminary Dissertations," and, if I mistake not, Milman, in his "History of the Jews," all take substantially the same position.

What is the conclusion? It is that the Creator of man and of the universe allowed millions on millions of human beings, made in his own image, to live and sin and die, sinking to eternal perdition, without the least intimation of the terrible doom that awaited them! We may be perfectly certain that if this doctrine was not revealed for four thousand years, *it was not revealed at all*. If it is not revealed in the Old Testament, it is not in the New, a more glorious revelation.

Second. It required more than five hundred years for the doctrine of eternal misery to become fully established in the church. Hear again what Dr. Beecher says: "Thus it appears, by applying penetrating tests to history, that the modern orthodox views as to the doctrine of eternal punishment, as opposed to the final restoration, were not fully established till the middle of the century; and that they were not established then by thorough argument, but by imperial authority" (Retribution, p. 246). What does this imply? It implies a very small beginning and very slow progress.

It implies that there was little or none of it in the early church ; and when it was introduced, it "made haste slowly." It implies that, for a long time, the great body of believers found in the religion of Christ something which they thought better in itself and better supported by the teachings of the gospel.

Third. What we learn of the theological schools in the early church confirms the opinion that eternal punishment had few believers for several centuries. While the Christians who held to universal restoration had four theological schools, well attended, from which ministers were constantly going out to preach the gospel, believers in the opposite doctrine *had not a solitary school*. On this point, Dr. Beecher has been misunderstood. He speaks of six theological schools, in one of which eternal punishment was taught, and in one annihilation, while the four taught universal restoration. But as he afterwards explains the matter, it appears that the first two were not schools at all, but communities or "schools of thought," in which these doctrines were held. But the four schools were real schools, "theological seminaries," each with suitable buildings, a president, professors, and pupils. And these four were all the schools of this kind in Christendom. They were located at Alexandria in Egypt, Cæsarea in Palestine, Antioch, and Edessa or Nisibis, in Syria. The two "schools of thought" were one in Asia Minor and one in North Africa. In the first, annihilation was believed ; in the last, eternal punishment. The inference is that these people were few. Besides, if they wanted ministers, the four Universalist schools could send them the very best men, fully equipped for their work and having no occasion for being ashamed.

Fourth. The church was comparatively pure, so long as it was in the minority, and subject to persecution, but when it became numerous, and especially after it was the established religion of the Roman empire, under Constantine and his successors, it rapidly became corrupt. And it is a significant and remarkable fact, that the very date assigned by Dr. Beecher to the full development and establishment of the doctrine of eternal punishment, is coincident with the beginning of the thousand years of the Dark Ages, ending with the Reformation. It was not the thousand years during which Satan was bound, for he had full sway ; and nearly all,

from the highest to the lowest, in the church and out of the church, became his willing votaries.

Nor was the floodtide of corruption in the least checked by the terrors of damnation, which were hurled in thunder tones from every pulpit in Christendom. That the doctrine of eternal damnation prevailed universally at such a time, and with such results, is a fact that surely does not bestow much honor on the doctrine, especially when we reflect that it did not grow up in the church, but was brought in and afterwards held independent of divine revelation or Christian teaching.

MR. INGALLS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG.

ONLY a little while ago, ex-Senator Ingalls was the most pronounced orator in the land against the rapid concentration of capital. Since his fall from office he has lashed himself with increasing industry into prominence as the defender of what he so recently and conspicuously assailed. At heart, Mr. Ingalls is perhaps as nearly as may be a socialist. That is to say, his aggressive intellectual proclivity would swerve him naturally, if not almost irrepressibly, toward industrial democracy. But by history he has been what he has judged he could afford to be. At least that which the country believes it has seen of him in recent years, is the not very commanding spectacle of his cowering before the menace of his state into a disavowel of certain policies and opinions attributed to him relative to politico-economic questions, of his humiliation at the hands of his constituents in spite of the recantation, and of his nimble talents placed once more, in his character as a free lance, unreservedly at the service of the doctrines so lately repudiated. In fact, penance more suppliant and ample than Mr. Ingalls is now again offering at his first altars for brief apostasy on the floor of the Senate might not seem easy to parallel. Certainly the gods whom he serves to-day should be thoroughly placated, were it not for the fatal facility offered by his case of the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, or, concretely speaking, that he has answered himself in advance.

Permitted to be his own historian, Mr. Ingalls would doubtless be able to give a considerably modified version of his alleged public and personal inconsistencies — of what, in short, seem to be generally credited as his almost marvellous feats of moral and mental tergiversation. But certain it is that the light of self contradiction, if not stultification, without corresponding profit, is the light in which Mr. Ingalls has been for several years viewed by the large majority of his fellow citizens who, since his political lapse, have kept

track of his personal career. For this reason his utterances from the platform or through the columns of the newspapers, on economic and other topics, have fallen with diminished impressiveness on the public ear. From another point of view, however, they may be allowed to have a somewhat larger claim to notice — that is, from their wide publicity and from the piquant, even if sometimes flippant, boldness which not infrequently lend them the plausible air of statements of large general principles underlying the subjects which they concern. For it is as undeniably true that Mr. Ingalls has of late set himself the task of giving rhetorical point and force to certain trite generalizations respecting economic questions, as that, less than three years ago, in his ever memorable recantation before the Senate, he placed epigrams in the mouths of those holding views the very opposite of those he now professes concerning these questions. Less scholarly and wise than the great masters of the doctrines of the conservative economy he champions, he is characteristically less prudent in their assertion, thereby offering the tenets he would aid as a peculiarly shining mark to the logic which rends them. For this reason, as well as from the fact that none other has succeeded in compressing into similarly brief compass an equal number of sophisticated misstatements on economic affairs, one is more than commonly tempted to accept Mr. Ingalls for the moment as the especial champion of the doctrines he defends, and to offer such answer as may still be needed in any quarter to their hackneyed iteration.

In order to present fairly the body of argument, if it may so be called, of those who resist propositions for radical industrial reforms, as well as to omit no justice toward Mr. Ingalls, I prefer to quote freely from his recent syndicate letter to the newspapers, his latest publication on this theme. Mr. Ingalls says: —

Utopia is yet an undiscovered country. Ideal perfection in society, like the mirage of the desert, recedes as it is approached. Human nature remains unchanged in every environment. Will, foresight, industry, sobriety, thrift, and economy succeed. Irresolution, folly, idleness, waste, and drunkenness fail. To him that hath is given, and from him that hath not is taken away even that which he seemeth to have. To one is given five talents, to another two, to another one — to every man according to his ability. The wicked and slothful servant digs in the earth and hides his Lord's money, and is cast

into outer darkness to weep and gnash his teeth. The good and faithful servant puts his five talents to the exchangers, and is made ruler over many things.

The condition of the masses is immeasurably bettered with the advance of civilization. The poorest artisan to-day has free enjoyment of comforts and conveniences that monarchs with their treasures could not purchase five centuries ago. But De Tocqueville observed the singular anomaly that as the state of the masses improves they find it more intolerable, and discontent increases. Wants and desires are multiplied more rapidly than the means of gratification. Education, daily newspapers, travel, libraries, parks, galleries, and shop windows have widened the horizon of working men and women, increased their capacity for enjoyment, familiarized them with luxuries and the advantages of wealth. Political instruction has taught them the equality of man and made them acquainted with the power of the ballot. False teachers have convinced them that all wealth is created by labor, and that every man who has more than he can earn with his hands by daily wages is a thief, that the capitalist is a foe, and the millionaire a public enemy who should be outlawed and shot at sight.

Although the tendency to centralization of capital is excessive and should be checked, it is not true that the poverty of the poor is due to the wealth of the rich, nor that the laborer is robbed by the employment of capital. On the contrary, it is those countries where capital is most concentrated that wages are highest and the necessities of life cheapest and most abundant. The statement of Marx, so often repeated, that extreme wealth is the cause of extreme poverty, is a fallacy. It might be correct if it were the partition of the estate of a deceased person among his heirs, or the division of prize money among the captors of a galleon; but as applied to the distribution of the assets of a nation engaged in productive industries by the interchangeable activity of its economic energies, it is an indefensible absurdity to assert that the increase of wealth in one class necessarily involves an increase of poverty in another. Each receives that portion to which it is entitled by its contributions to the common fund of wealth that is created by the combined efforts of labor and capital.

The method of increasing the possessions of the poor is not by compulsory or voluntary transfer from those who have to those who have not, not by the single tax, the abolition of rent, interest, and profits, but by an increase of the aggregated wealth through greater production and wider distribution.

Great private fortunes are inseparable from high civilization. The richest community in the world, *per capita*, at this time is the tribe of Osage Indians. Its aggregate wealth is ten times greater, proportionately, than that of the United States. It is held in common. Community of property may not be the cause of barbarism, but in every state, as social and economic equality is approached and wealth "created by labor" without the intervention of capital, as in China and India, wages are low, the laborer is degraded, and progress impossible. Were the wealth of the United States equally

distributed among its inhabitants at this time, the sum that each would possess, according to the census, would be about one thousand dollars. Were this equation to continue, progress obviously would cease. Had this been the prevalent condition from the beginning we should have remained stationary. Only as wealth becomes concentrated, can nature be subjugated and its forces made subservient to civilization. Until capital, through machinery, harnesses steam, electricity, and gravitation, and exempts man from the necessity of constant toil to procure subsistence, humanity stands still or retrogrades. Railroads, telegraphs, fleets, cities, libraries, museums, universities, cathedrals, hospitals — all the great enterprises that exalt and embellish existence and ameliorate the conditions of human life — come from the conception of money in the hands of the few.

Even if it were desirable to limit accumulations, society possesses no agency by which it can be done. It has no bed of Procrustes upon which to lay its victims. The mind is indomitable. The differences between men are organic and fundamental. They are established by ordinances of the Supreme Power and cannot be repealed by act of Congress. In the contest between brains and numbers, brains have always won and always will.

The social malady is grave and menacing, but the disease is not so dangerous as the doctors and the drugs. The political quacks, with their sarsaparilla and plasters and pills, are treating the symptoms instead of the complaint. The free coinage of silver, the increase of the *per capita*, the restriction of immigration, the Australian ballot, and qualified suffrage are important questions, but they might all be accomplished without effecting the slightest amelioration of the condition of the great masses of the wage workers of the United States. Instead of disfranchising the poor and ignorant, it would be well to increase their wealth and their intelligence, and make them fit to vote. A proscribed class inevitably become conspirators, and free institutions can only be made secure by the education, prosperity, and contentment of those upon whom their existence depends.

All this is not only very characteristic of Mr. Ingalls, but of the logical method of the whole school which he represents. This sort of presentation of a subject is catching and plausible, even slightly glittering. If you do not read it twice you can possibly imagine it to contain truth. Review it or examine its statements, and they are found to be worthless, having no bearing upon conclusions — in short, no relation to argument or reasoning. The vice of this method of treating a subject is that its premises are a haphazard mixture of falsehoods and half-truths, occasionally and fleetingly suggestive, it may be, but leading nowhere. Flavor the mixture with a few touches of pathetic fatalism — to the effect that rich and poor have always existed, that man is a discontented animal, at best, that human legislation is

impotent for remedy — and you have exhausted the argumentative device of the *quasi* economists who in these days are frantically attempting to beat back the rising demand for a juster distribution of the products of civilized industry.

Let us inspect a few specimen bricks of Mr. Ingalls' logical edifice. The illustration will be entertaining. He dreamily tells us that "Utopia is yet an undiscovered country"; that "Ideal perfection in society, like a mirage of the desert, recedes as it is approached."

These misty truisms do not appear to have very directly to do with any matter practically in hand — the matter, for instance, as Mr. Ingalls elsewhere notices, that "One half of the possessions of the American people are under the direct control of less than thirty thousand persons and corporations." If your neighbor reminded you that his family was starving while you and others were revelling in more than abundance, the assurance that "Ideal perfection in human society recedes like a mirage of the desert," etc., would hardly appear to him either in the light of a pertinent reply or a satisfying morsel. An offer to lay an immediate tax on your own and others' superfluity to relieve your neighbor's scarcity would seem to be very much more to the purpose; and if history has not thought of some equally direct and sensible means of lightening human want, or has tried such means ineffectually, so much the worse for old barbarism.

Mr. Ingalls proceeds. "Human nature," he says, "remains unchanged in every environment." We can allow him the platitude. But there are some hundred or more industrial communistic schemes, in active working order, dotted over the face of our modern competitive civilization, and in which we may admit, if Mr. Ingalls so desires, that human nature is unchanged from, and precisely the same as, the human nature in the competitive world outside. There is this difference, however — the greater number of these societies are successful and affluent. There exists within them neither individual riches nor individual poverty. *There is no want* — the difference that separates worlds! But it is the vicious insinuation of Mr. Ingalls' statement, that no human industrial organization is possible to which poverty and want are not essential incidents. If it be his contention simply that socialism, or anything approaching it, is not practicable on a large scale, let him apply himself honestly

to the argument. Sonorous generalizations on the identity of human nature under diversity of environment, in the language of the comic opera, "have nothing to do with the case." There are many excellently well-educated persons now alive, who, seeing that the functions of modern governments are already in part socialistic, and that the wages of government officials, as Mr. Ingalls himself observes, are larger than in any private business, and tending to a more generous distribution of wealth, venture to premise that these socialistic functions may be largely if not indefinitely extended, to the increasing comfort and advantage of society. Such propositions in detail are proper subjects for fair debate. But evasions do not answer for reasons, nor rhetorical indirections for argument.

The next brace of statements introduced to support this curious pleading are similarly in character. Says Mr. Ingalls: "Will, foresight, industry, sobriety, thrift, and economy succeed. Irresolution, folly, idleness, waste, and drunkenness fail," — a bald truth and a bald falsehood side by side! As for the truth, namely, that vice and idleness and their like fail, neither this criticism nor society is largely concerned therewith, as the contention of reformers is not primarily for the vicious. As to the falsehood, that "sobriety, thrift, economy, etc., succeed," Mr. Ingalls has himself refuted it in his reference elsewhere to the man "able and willing to work, who perishes for want of embers, rags, and a crust." One of the saving features of Mr. Ingalls' heresies is that, through his fatal proneness to both sides of a question, given a little rope he invariably hangs himself. But to any actual observer of the facts of our present industrial civilization, none is more striking than that the exercise of any or all of the sententious virtues enumerated by Mr. Ingalls is helpless to guarantee success to any human being; and nowhere does the injustice of our chaotic competitive scheme appear so flagrant and pathetic as in the inequality of its rewards to the actual benefactors of society. This, as will presently be seen, Mr. Ingalls thoroughly knows and admits. But the million of working men in our own country, "able and willing" and chronically out of work, abruptly puts to flight this whole theory in the air as to the necessary success, under our industrial order, of the prudential virtues.

Mr. Ingalls naïvely tells us that "The condition of the masses is immeasurably bettered with the advance of civilization"; that "The poorest artisan to-day has free enjoyment of comforts and conveniences that monarchs with their treasures could not purchase five centuries ago." Recovering from the shock of the originality of this information and of our compassion for the tragically unconvenienced monarchs of the old time, it may be pertinent to suggest that because a feudal prince lacked the luxury of Axminster rugs, is not a particularly relevant reason why, amid the redundancy of carpets, modern working men should be content with bare floors; and that the connection, generally, between mediæval poverty and squalor and the justice of the demand of nineteenth century freemen for an equitable portion of the riches and comforts of their time, is not glaringly conspicuous.

But, following his bent, Mr. Ingalls himself, as will be observed, explains the alleged "anomaly" of this demand with a wonted quotation from the wisdom of De Tocqueville, and it is not necessary to dwell on this hack absurdity, impressed for the needs of argument, further than to remind his readers that feudal poverty itself was more humane than our modern competitive wealth, in that its scheme embraced some guarantee, even though scanty, for the subsistence of the laboring masses.

"False teachers," says Mr. Ingalls, "have convinced working men and women that all wealth is created by labor," — that is, physical labor; which is to say that Mr. Ingalls, accepting the priggish exposition of certain outworn books of pedagogic economy, denies this proposition. All the same, the proposition, in its substantial and widest sense, is irrefragable. With the exception of the contributions to human possession by the rare inventors, and the services of the professional classes, *litterateurs*, and artists — who add, also, at times imaginative values to commercial products (all of which classes tend to remain poor) — the wealth of the world is the result, pure and simple, of manual labor, — "railroads, telegraphs, fleets, cities," and all the rest. The work of "promoters," speculators, so-called captains of industry, etc., does not count against the truth of the statement; since the energy of these classes is not employed in swelling the general wealth of society, but in the seizure of that wealth for the engorgement of personal fortunes.

Stripped of their opportunities for the selfish monopoly of wealth, the organizing talent of these classes, so far as it is exceptional, could readily be hired at a price representing, not as now, the total products corralled and appropriated by them, but its actual service to society. Nothing can be simpler than the demonstration in detail of all that is involved in these plain suggestions. It is the defect of the most ordinary analysis of common industrial facts that makes the failure of the whole school of the bookish and shallow theories which Mr. Ingalls accepts.

He proceeds to instruct us that "Although the tendency to centralization of capital is excessive and should be checked [observe that it is the whole burden of Mr. Ingalls' argument that it cannot be checked], it is not true that the poverty of the poor is due to the wealth of the rich, nor that the laborer is robbed by the employment of capital"; that, "on the contrary, it is in those countries where capital is most concentrated that wages are highest and the necessities of life cheapest and most abundant." This may be considered among the more iridescent examples of what the late Mr. James Russell Lowell might have termed Mr. Ingalls' stern-foremost victories in logic. If, indeed, the poor are not robbed by the wealth of the rich, and labor is most favored in countries where capital is most concentrated, why should the concentration of capital be checked, or ever be regarded as "excessive"? Why, on the other hand, should it not be stimulated and perennially encouraged to the last point? But here, again, Mr. Ingalls' dictum that the poverty of the poor is not due to the wealth of the rich, so far as it has any pertinence to conditions in our own country — which he is supposed to be mainly discussing — is a palpable untruth. The contrary proposition is the fact. Either the thirty thousand persons and corporations which, Mr. Ingalls is fond of assuring us, "own and control more than one half of the wealth of the United States," hold their wealth at the detriment of the great mass of their fellow citizens, or they do not. If they do not, then the statement of this stupendous ownership has no significance unless as an assertion that this paltry handful of Americans have been gifted by nature with powers so marvellous that they have been able to produce more wealth than all the remaining nearly sixty-five millions of their countrymen —

an absurdity so great that it howls for the relief of common sense. It is equally demonstrable that the existence of one million or more of Americans, "able and willing" and yet perennial paupers for the want of opportunity to work, is the immediate result of the control of the nation's wealth under its present congested forms, rather than by its use under a wise co-ordination for the development of the country's waiting resources; the remedy not being here the matter under consideration.

As to the assertion that it is in those countries where capital is most concentrated that wages are highest and the necessities of life are cheapest and most abundant, why does not Mr. Ingalls instruct us that great cities are the localities of densest population, or that, since an ostrich has more feathers than a fish, it follows that locomotion on land is more conducive to the growth of quills than swimming in the sea? Such novelties of information would afford an equally dazzling spectacle of acuteness in reasoning. He would not even have to supplement the exhibition with the statement that the Osage Indians are the richest community in the world *per capita*, as the conclusive demonstration of the decivilizing power of communal wealth.

It is an "indefensible absurdity," he assures us, "to assert that the increase of wealth in one class necessarily involves an increase of poverty in another. Each receives," he says, "that portion to which it is entitled by its contributions to the common fund of wealth that is created by the combined efforts of labor and capital." Upon these essential asseverations it may seem preferable once more to oppose Mr. Ingalls, the economic publicist, with the words of the Kansas statesman who, as recently as the January of a little more than two years ago, startled his constituents and his political associates in the body of which he was a member with the following declaration: "By some means, some device, some machination, some incantation, honest or otherwise, some process that cannot be defined, less than the two-thousandth part of our population have obtained possession, and have kept out of the penitentiary, in spite of the means they have adopted to acquire it, of more than one half of the entire accumulated wealth of the country. That is not the worst, Mr. President. *It has been chiefly acquired by men who have contributed little to the material welfare of the*

country, and by processes that I do not care in appropriate terms to describe." (The italics are by the writer.) This statesman sonorously continued: "A financial system under which more than one half of the enormous wealth of the country, derived from the bounty of nature and the labor of all, is owned by a little more than thirty thousand people, while one million American citizens able and willing to toil are homeless tramps, starving for bread, requires readjustment. A social system which offers to tender, virtuous, and dependent women the alternative between suicide and beggary, is organized crime, for which some day unrelenting justice will demand atonement and expiation." *

Mr. Ingalls is always the happiest protagonist and answer to himself. He leaves the burden easy and grateful to all others who essay the facile task of opposing him.

This is the briefest examination of a few of the specimen bricks, as I prefer to name them, of this representative edifice of reasoning, intended to confound the surging tide of demand, in this and other modern countries, for equity to the industrial masses — the modern people themselves. The rationale and necessity of this demand even Mr. Ingalls' intellect, shifting, flickering, vacillating, unfruitful, as it is, for his own ends or for any consistent ends, is seen to perceive acutely. For the purpose of dissipating his present uneasy conclusions, he has formulated, in the paper under review, the causes of this necessary demand with more than adequate phrasing — "the inequality of fortunes and the obvious injustice of the unequal distribution of wealth among men"; "the existence of hunger when there is an excess of food, of want in the midst of superfluity"; that "one man should have possessions beyond the needs of extravagance to squander, and another, able and willing to work, should perish for want of embers, rags, and a crust. So long," he adds, "as such conditions continue, the key to the cipher in which destiny is written is not revealed, the brotherhood of man is a phrase, justice is a formula, and the divine code illegible."

But turning to the question of what he implies to be the remedies proposed by those "who are engaged in the reconstruction of society," Mr. Ingalls again plunges floundering

* Speech of Hon. John J. Ingalls of Kansas, in the Senate of the United States, Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1891.

into his favorite sea of rhetoric, buffeting men of straw and landing nowhere. "The method," he says, "of increasing the possessions of the poor is not by compulsory or voluntary transfer from those who have to those who have not, not by the single tax, the abolition of rent, interest, and profits, but by an increase of the aggregate wealth through greater production and wider distribution." Certainly, that is the precise question at issue—wider distribution!—the issue he here evades and against which his whole argument is supposed to be intended—if anything clear can be gathered of Mr. Ingalls' logical intentions on any point.

"Great private fortunes," he says, "are inseparable from high civilization." Who has discovered this? The Osage Indians, he asserts, are not duly privy to this secret. Other persons more wise than the Osage may be equally ignorant of the truth of this *ipse dixit*. The examples of history do not give it any conclusive support. On the contrary, they tend to show that wherever in a few hands "wealth accumulates men decay"; that all the great civilizations have swerved abruptly toward ruin from the moment of their dominance by plutocracies—as in the instance of the Roman empire, which, in the time of the Cæsars, as Mr. Ingalls assures us with rhetorical fulness, was practically owned by two thousand lords. Mr. Webster, a statesman whose acuteness may be admitted to have nearly equalled that of Mr. Ingalls, said, "The freest government cannot long endure where the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of the few."

"Railroads, telegraphs, fleets, cities, libraries, museums, universities, cathedrals, hospitals—all the great enterprises that exalt and embellish existence and ameliorate the conditions of life," says Mr. Ingalls, "come from the conception of money in the hands of the few,"—once more a statement so baldly and notoriously untrue that one wonders at the temerity that conceives its utterance; since, on the contrary, again, nearly all the greater monuments of man, present and past, including cathedrals, museums, universities, libraries, fleets, many cities and even railroads, and not a few telegraphs, have been the creations of *public* wealth—from the conception of wealth in the hands of the many.

"Even were it desirable to limit accumulation, society possesses no agency," Mr. Ingalls asserts, "by which it can

be done. It has no bed of Procrustes upon which to lay its victims." Still, to the contrary, society has at its command a hundred expedients, if it chooses, for abridging the accumulation of private fortunes; and no class of rational reformers, so far as can be seen, is hunting for beds of Procrustes upon which to stretch Mr. Ingalls' rhetorical victims. For its actual victims, according to the repeated and perfervid confessions of Mr. Ingalls himself, society prepares and keeps its million of couches of more than Procrustean torture.

"The mind is indomitable," says Mr. Ingalls. "The differences between men are organic and fundamental. They are established by ordinances of the Supreme Power and cannot be repealed by act of Congress. In the contest between brains and numbers, brains have always won and always will." All of which — carefully remembering that in all the great progressive movements of history numbers have also possessed the brains — is unusually excellent oratory and, for Mr. Ingalls, unusually true, but having no slightest bearing, earthly or other, upon certain very simple and practicable remedies against the encroachment of private fortunes upon the rights of the many — to wit, the remedies so successfully employed in recent years by scores of English and American cities, of assuming public control of municipal functions, such as the supplying of water, gas, transportation, etc., thereby cutting off, as they have done in single localities, millions of dollars from the possible possessions of the hitherto alleged "brains," and transferring them to the pockets of the hitherto plundered "numbers." Despite airy generalizations, the process of such clear remedies against the "indomitable might of brains" appears to be susceptible of various and indefinite extension. As Mr. Ingalls rightly apprehends, the conception of this process includes the already triumphant scheme in several countries of the absorption for the public good of the railroads and telegraphs, whose management in private hands, by his admission, has been guilty of "shameless robbery, gambling, and extortion, and has piled up stupenduous fortunes by practices that are as repugnant to financial integrity as they are shocking to public conscience."

Recurring, in conclusion, to certain preliminary utterances of Mr. Ingalls in his recent paper, there may be noted strains

like the following: "At last, after much random groping and many bloody and desperate combats with kings and dynasties, privilege, caste, and prerogative, old abuses, formerly intrenched orders, titles, and classes, the ultimate ideal of government has been realized and the people are supreme. The poor, the toilers, the laborers, are the rulers. They make the laws; they form the institutions. Louis XIV. said, 'I am the state.' Here the wage workers, the farmers, the blacksmiths, the fisherman, the artisans, say, 'We are the state.' Confiscation, pillage, and the enrichment of royal favorites are unknown. Every man, whatever may be his nativity, faculty, education, morality, has an equal chance with every other in the race of life." Here it may be parenthetically recalled that this latter argument is the favorite advertisement of the Louisiana lottery swindle.

Our orator continues: "Legislation, whether good or bad, is enacted by the majority, and bears equally upon all. The means of education are widely diffused, and the desire to know and the opportunities for happiness are commensurate with the capacity to enjoy." Closing this patriotic burst, Mr. Ingalls, with the familiar Professor Sullivan rush, rides once more to his self-unhorsing: "*Vaster political power,*" he tells us, "*is consolidated in the hands of the few, and more stupendous fortunes are acquired by individuals under a republic than under a monarchy. The great gulf between the rich and the poor yawns wider and wider day by day.*" (The italics are not Mr. Ingalls'.) He further informs us that the "largest private fortunes in the world have been accumulated in the last half century in the United States"; that we have "scores of men whose annual incomes exceed in amount the entire fortunes of Morris and Washington, the richest men in the country less than a century ago, and one American estate that surpasses the assessed valuation of the four smallest states of the Union when the government was established, in 1789." Surely, this is confession with a vengeance of the political power of the majority in the republic, and of the "limitless opportunities of the masses for happiness commensurate with the capacity to enjoy"! and this is reasoning requiring no commentary "save the sound of its own dashings"!

Mr. Ingalls may not be called pusillanimous. The high office in which he has gained the ear of the public, even for

such pitiful maunderings as these, forbids the charge. We would not do him a personal wrong. But could exhibition more abject of intellectual cross purposes, of self-inflicted mental confusion and defeat, be demanded of the intellectually lost than the employment of such suicidal logical gymnastics as these to establish inference for an anti-social cause! Let the promptings be from what source they may, such wasting battles of mind with itself are their own spectacle and commentary.

"To admit that ignorance, wretchedness, disease, want, poverty, and degradation of society are inevitable and irremediable is to impeach God," says Mr. Ingalls; and then proceeds to characterize as "vagaries" and "chimeras" all struggle and suggestion prompted by the honest human heart to lift the degradation from our kind. To the brain and race that profess to be in any measure free for the ends of progress, such fatalism is worse than miserable—it is mindless; it is more than mindless, it is maudlin. Its inference is in accord neither with history nor with fact.

"If," says Mr. Ingalls, "the unequal distribution of the burdens and benefits of society depends upon legislation, institutions, and government, then under a system like ours the equilibrium should be restored. If wealth results from unjust laws, and poverty from legislative oppression, the remedy is in the hands of the victims." Assuredly! Who, save Mr. Ingalls and his fellow fatalists, denies it? All intelligent reformers assert it. It is simply a question of the education of the conscience and will of the people. The problem is compact in that. With many a far-fetched, glittering phrase the school of Mr. Ingalls asserts that the will of the people is helpless in the presence of industrial wrong, that legislation is impotent, that institutions are unchangeable, that the power of cunning to oppress and of human greed to control is eternal, that the ages must roll and the idle plutocrat continue to ride in his chariot and purple, and the toiling artisan and peasant to form the pavement for his wheel.

But what have tinkling phrases to do with accomplished facts? What answer have the phrase mongers to the fifty American cities which within a little more than a decade have sloughed off the tyranny of monopoly in their public supplies and reclaimed from the making of millionnaires the

heritage and wealth of the people? What have sophisticate half statements as to the failure of historic experiments to do with a score of already successful modern expedients? If the American people will to own their railroads and telegraphs, or to abolish a score of similar private monopolies established upon the appropriation of public rights, it is not in any slightest degree a question of infringing upon immutable laws or theories of the "indomitable mind of man," but of immediate, common-sense expediency for the needs of our changed modern civilization. That Rome, who ground her corn in mortars, and the Middle Ages could not do these things would not seem greatly to affect the problem. In fact, they had no railways. And such matters are no longer hypotheses or experiments; they have been tried and not found wanting. Wisely controlled co-operative establishments have in our own country already retrieved from capitalists millions of wealth to the hands of industry. They need the further encouragement of our laws.

Some of our states have ousted from their borders the foreign land monopoly. It will be precisely as simple and precisely as easy, when we have enough intelligence to desire it, to suppress the home robber of our soil—to crush the speculator. If his peculiar "business" inclines him to seek a "less hostile jurisdiction," society will struggle to endure the lonesomeness of his absence.

So much for the political quacks, and so much for the "sarsaparilla and plasters and pills," that are treating the symptoms of our industrial complaint!

The American democracy from the beginning has not greatly prided itself upon precedents. The tide of discussion and reflection has set inward. A civilization that has been in itself a revolution in human history, that has accomplished unprecedented things, that possesses a heart, that, even though staggering under the shock and burden of unexpected and distorting industrial forces, has kept its eye upon equality and the ideal right, will not, perhaps, greatly disturb itself over ancient precedent or abstractions of the impossible, as it advances its step to the ultimate goal of justice for our kind. Its better faith is indeed in the indomitable mind of man.

THE SOUTH IS AMERICAN.

BY JOSHUA W. CALDWELL.

A GREAT deal has been said and written by Southern men of the need for a history of the South. The admirers of the late Henry Grady were fond of predicting, before his death, that to his brilliant genius the South would become indebted for a history which would fully "vindicate" her. It is respectfully submitted that the South does not need vindication, and that in any event she must rely entirely upon the facts. We need not expect and should not desire any vindication except the truth.

It is highly improbable that the genius of Mr. Grady would have endured the drudgery of historical examination and composition, and it is certain that the time has not come for writing the true and final history of the long struggle which culminated in the war.

Now is the time to gather the material, to preserve it for the hand of the historian who shall extract from it the truth, but not until generations shall have passed, and feeling and prejudice shall have ceased to obscure and distort truth and judgment. We may rely upon it, the truth will finally be told, and the world will know it.

The war ended twenty-eight years ago, but it is still the habit of the North to think of the people of the states which attempted to secede as enemies of the Union and of the Constitution. It is the purpose of this article to present certain facts in aid of a correct judgment on this point, and this will involve the consideration of some matters of early history.

It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that throughout the South there is a positive and growing interest in historical research. A great deal has already been written, but such writings as have attracted more than local attention have been in the main polemical. As certain Northern writers — like Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge — who possess extensive knowledge of bare facts, but not of their true relations and significance, have studied and written without that degree

of sympathy which is indispensable to a correct understanding, so the Southern writers too often have manifested excessive sympathy. Mr. Lodge's chapters on Old Virginia make that colony the dreary abode of indolence, ignorance, horse racing, wine bibbing, and cock fighting. The Southern writers, upon the contrary, are inclined to idealize it. The coarse, horsy, gambling, deep-drinking planters who fill Mr. Lodge's chapters have no place in their pages, but only the Beverlys, the Birds, the Randolphs, and the Lees — no ordinary mortals, but only fine ladies, fine gentlemen, fine birds, fine feathers. Gallants in flowing wigs and spreading ruffles, patrician dames and dainty damosels in rustling silks and rigid brocades, awfully hooped, go their stately ways, and dance graceful minuets.

These writers are special pleaders. The truth is that the founders of Virginia and of the other Southern colonies were average men and women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and had their full share of the vices and their full share of the virtues of the times. In the main they were English, with a comparatively slight intermixture of Irish, Scotch Irish, Dutch Germans, and Huguenots.

Virginia, the oldest and most important of the Southern colonies, may be treated as thoroughly representative, and it is important, therefore, to know who the Virginians were.

The fact first to be noticed is, that of all the British colonies, Virginia was the most English. In blood the Virginians were not more English than the Puritans; but they held to the English forms and methods, social, political, and religious, whereas the New Englanders attempted to set up a theocracy which should realize the ideals of the Puritans of old England and of the Covenanters of Scotland. In Virginia institutions were as English as the people.

The Puritan was, from the beginning, a malcontent, a rebel; not so much, however, for political as for religious reasons. Colonial Virginia, upon the contrary, was, except during the short-lived insurrection known as Bacon's Rebellion, constantly upon the most amicable terms with the home country and government. It is familiar history that because Virginia did, during the hundred years between Bacon's Rebellion and the war of independence, enjoy unbroken peace and quiet, she was accused of indifference to popular rights. This construction of her conduct makes

the sudden appearing of her patriots of the Revolution the most astounding fact in history.

The Puritan repudiated, as a thing abominable, the Church of England; the Virginian established the Church and persecuted dissenters. The Puritan embraced the Commonwealth, and made haste to banish the royal governor; the Virginian was steadfastly loyal to the Stuarts, invited the banished king to plant his sceptre anew in the virgin soil of his faithful colony, and refused to recognize the Commonwealth until Cromwell's war ships trained their cannon upon his capital.

To the superficial observer, Massachusetts and Virginia may appear to have been essentially unlike. In reality the unlikeness was superficial, and beneath it was a likeness which was essential. Their people were of the same race, and had the same conception of liberty and the same love of liberty. In the end, they two were to lead all the other colonies to the establishment of their common principles.

The Puritans were mainly of the English middle class, and so were the Virginians. It is true that the rich planters dominated Virginia, and that her institutions became, in a measure, aristocratic; but it is to be remembered that the love of liberty has never been confined to any class of Englishmen, and at all events the supply of plain people in Virginia was abundant.

Massachusetts was turbulent, Virginia placid; but when the time came, Virginia was as quick as her Northern sister to declare for freedom. When Massachusetts defied England, it was George Washington of Virginia who declared that to aid her he was ready to raise and subsist a regiment at his own expense. If Massachusetts gave Otis, Hancock, Adams, to the good cause, Virginia gave Randolph, Marshall, Madison, Jefferson, and Washington. Thus it appears that Virginia, the typical and dominant Southern colony, bore, in the struggle for independence, a part no less trying, no less important, no less honorable, than Massachusetts.

As Virginia had been the richest and most influential of the Southern colonies, she became the controlling Southern state. Indeed, for a time, she led all the states of the Union; but gradually, and from causes which need not be considered here, the larger Northern states outgrew her in population and in wealth. There was no time, how-

ever, prior to 1861, when she was not the foremost and the most influential Southern state.

It is a fact of great importance to our present purpose that the controlling elements of population in the younger Southern states are very largely of Virginian origin. It is correct, both geographically and politically speaking, to call the four Southern colonies the "Virginia group."

The Puritan influences of New England and the Dutch influences of New York never reached the Carolinas nor Georgia, but over all of them the Virginia influence was supreme. Socially, politically, and religiously the Southern colonies were of the same type; and it was mainly, almost exclusively, Virginia and the Virginians that shaped their institutions and determined the character and quality of their civilization. This civilization was essentially Anglo-Saxon. It is true that the population of the Carolinas was less homogeneous than that of Virginia, but the great and controlling majority was Anglo-Saxon.

We may then treat these facts as established, that among the Southern colonies and the Southern states Virginia was dominant; that Virginia was one of the most patriotic and thoroughly American of all the colonies; and that by studying Virginia we may find the salient and essential qualities of the people of the South, and of their social and political institutions.

Of the white races which originally settled Virginia, by far the most important in every respect was the English. During the first century and a quarter of her history, the immigration from other countries than England was not large enough to have any perceptible influence on manners or institutions. In the third, fourth, and fifth decades of the eighteenth century, the Scotch-Irish and the Germans made their settlements in the valley and in the adjacent highlands. It is nowhere asserted that the Germans exerted any particular influence except as the natural result of thrift and good citizenship. For the Scotch-Irish much more is claimed, and indisputably this vigorous and sturdy race has been a factor of great potency in the life of Virginia and of the entire South.

It is important to have in mind two facts concerning it. In the first place, it has been numerically greatly over-estimated. John Fiske, in an article published in *Harper's*

Magazine some years ago, declares that of the white population of Virginia at the time of the seven years' war, all but two per cent were English. In the second place, the Scotch-Irish were late comers. When they arrived the colony was already populous, and its institutions definitely and firmly established. As non-conformists they were by circumstances, as well as by their own inclination, kept apart, in some measure, from their neighbors, and thus possessed the influence which union and concentration always secure. But this could not prevent the natural results of incessant contact with the far more numerous English, and practically they were, in course of time, absorbed and assimilated.

If it had been otherwise, it would have made very little difference. While the Scotch Irishman had one of the most divergent and complicated genealogies in Europe, he was principally Anglo-Saxon in blood, and had been for centuries under English influences. For nearly two hundred years his people had been subjects of the English crown. And in this connection it may be further said that both the Scotch and the Irish settlers of North America shared the political beliefs of their English neighbors. The Anglo-Saxon civilization was not the separate property of the race from which it takes its name. The lowland Scotch and the Irish were and are as much Anglo-Saxon in this respect as the English themselves. In the war of the Revolution the Scotch and the Irish patriots held the same opinions and cherished the same purposes as the English, and fought for them with no less courage and devotion.

The American Revolution implied no change of principles. If it resulted in institutional changes, the new institutions are essentially English in origin and in quality. The establishment of the American republic was an advance in the true line of Anglo-Saxon development, and no part of the country has ever been so thoroughly Anglo-Saxon as the South. Even Mr. Douglass Campbell, who has written an ingenious polemical book to prove that everything good in the North is of Dutch origin, stops with Pennsylvania, and contents himself with saying that the South, which was not under Dutch influence, contributed only one principle to the commonwealth, and that a borrowed one.

But while the American colonists, more especially the Southern ones, were men of the Anglo-Saxon race and

had the Anglo-Saxon civilization, they were, at the time of the Revolution, not Englishmen but Americans. No writer has more satisfactorily presented this truth than Theodore Roosevelt. It is true that Georgia had not long been settled, but in most of the other colonies the white race had lived for more than two centuries. In Virginia they had dwelt for more than two hundred and fifty years.

Few Americans had ever seen England; the Atlantic was not easily nor quickly crossed; not many could afford the expenses of travel; the mixture of alien and sometimes unfriendly blood, combined with distance and a free life under new conditions, had moderated the sentiment of loyalty to Britain, and had begotten habits and feelings of independence. The people were not called English nor treated as Englishmen, and they were distinctively and truly American in feeling and in character. As the Anglo-Saxons had absorbed and assimilated all other elements in all the colonies, and as the absorption was more complete in the Southern than in the Northern colonies, it followed naturally that the development of the Southern states was wholly along the lines of the old German-English civilization.

The Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the South has never been overcome. So far as other white races are concerned, it has never been threatened. The white population has always been American and homogeneous. It will not be denied that the younger, inland Southern states have derived their population and institutions almost exclusively from the Virginia group of colonies.

The third decade of this century witnessed the setting in of that mighty tide of immigration which has "known no retiring ebb." Immigration, however, has a tendency to follow isothermal lines, a fact which makes Italian immigration a menace to the South. Our immigrants have come mainly from the north of Europe. This is not the only reason why they have settled in the North and Northwest, but reasons are less important for our present purpose than the fact that the South has had almost no immigration. The increase of population has consequently been less than in other sections. In some parts of the West we know that the foreigners possess the land, and do with it as they please. They control politics, and cast down rulers and parties for such intolerable offences against the rights of imported citizens as desiring to

have the English language taught in the public schools. The pocket-borough politics of Nevada afford a striking illustration of the benefits of foreign rule.

New York is more Jewish than Jerusalem ever was; more German, probably, than any city except Berlin; more Irish than any except Dublin; more Italian than any except Naples. Chicago is American only in geography and in politics. Of the fifteen million descendants of the Puritans, Boston retains very few; and New England has been so overrun by French Canadians that recently it was reported that some of them had, in an outburst of Gallic enthusiasm, proposed the establishment of a new Latin republic, with Boston as its capital.

But statistics are more convincing than general statements. In order to show how thoroughly American the population of the Southern states is, I present the following statistics taken fresh from our new census. I confine my attention to the white population.

According to the census of 1890, there were for every 100,000 native-born Americans 17,330 foreign born. The state of New York has in round numbers 4,400,000 native and 1,600,000 foreign born citizens, being 35,000 foreign for every 100,000 native. In Illinois for each 100,000 native-born citizens there are 28,200 foreign born; in Michigan, 35,000; in Wisconsin, 44,400; in Minnesota, 56,600; in Montana, 48,400; in North Dakota, 80,400.

When we turn to the Southern states, the contrast is impressive. By Southern states, I mean Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia.

The white population of Tennessee is 1,336,000, and of this number 20,029 are foreign born; that is to say, for each 100,000 native-born whites there are 1,500 foreign born. North Carolina is the most American of all the states, having a native-born white population of 1,055,000, and foreign born of 3,702, or for each 100,000 native born 370 foreign born.

In the other Southern states the figures are as follows:—

		NATIVE.	FOREIGN.
Alabama		833,000	15,000
Arkansas		818,000	14,000

	NATIVE.	FOREIGN.
Florida	225,000	22,000
Georgia	978,000	12,000
Kentucky	1,600,000	59,000
Mississippi	545,000	8,000
Louisiana	558,000	49,000
South Carolina	462,000	6,000
Texas	1,700,000	152,000
Virginia	1,000,000	18,000
West Virginia	730,000	18,000

I have omitted the odd hundreds; and the total foreign-born white population of the South, counting in these hundreds, is about 380,000.

Massachusetts alone has a foreign-born population of 657,000; New Jersey, 329,000, or nearly as many as the whole South; New York, nearly 1,600,000, or four times as many as the South; Pennsylvania, 845,000; Ohio, 459,000, or more than the entire South; Illinois, 842,000; Michigan and Wisconsin, each over 500,000; Minnesota, nearly 500,000; and California, 366,000.

If we omit Kentucky, Louisiana, and Texas, the little state of Connecticut has 60,000 more foreigners than all the remainder of the South; and wee Rhode Island, as large as an average county, has within 14,000 as many foreigners as the entire South, omitting the three states named.

But these figures do not indicate the real importance and influence of the foreign-born population. One of the mitigated and highly qualified blessings which we enjoy is universal suffrage. It is difficult to find one's consent to suffrage limited in any way; but there is abundant justification for dissenting from a system which converts a foreign anarchist like John Most into an American citizen in a very few years, honestly, and, on any political emergency, immediately and dishonestly.

The proportion of adult men among immigrants is much larger than in settled societies. For instance, of the 1,571,000 foreign-born citizens of New York, 1,084,000 are voters (that is, of voting age); while of 4,000,000 native-born citizens, only 1,769,000 are voters. In percentages the foreign-born vote of New York is 38.73; Illinois, 36.39; Michigan, 40.22; Wisconsin, 52.93; Minnesota, 58.55; North Dakota, 64.89; Nevada, 51.41; California, 50.21.

These are foreign countries, and it is a positive relief to

turn to the South and feel that there are still some Americans left. The percentage of foreign-born voters in some of the Southern states is as follows:—

Tennessee, 3 per cent; Kentucky, 7; Alabama, 2.50; Mississippi, 2; Louisiana, 10; Texas, 14; Arkansas, 3; Virginia, 3; West Virginia, 5; North Carolina, 0.61; South Carolina, 2; Florida, 11; Georgia, 2.

I have used the word "voters" to describe the class of immigrants last referred to. It is not a fact, however, that they all are voters; more than a million of them are aliens, and thirty-two per cent of these foreign Americans cannot speak the English language.

A comparison of census reports for 1860, 1870, 1880, and 1890 shows that in none of the Southern states—except Kentucky, with the large city of Louisville, Louisiana, with the large city of New Orleans, and Texas, lying upon the Mexican frontier—has there been any increase of foreign population since 1860. We know that there was none before that time. The white people of the South are almost exclusively the descendants of the Americans of 1775. Upon the other hand, it is safe to say that of the males of voting age in the Northern and Northwestern states, not less than fifty per cent are foreign born, or the sons of foreign-born parents.

The white people of the South are not only American—they are, in the main, the descendants of a race which from the days of Tacitus has been known in the world's history as the exemplar and champion of personal purity, personal independence, and political liberty. For them no life but one of freedom is possible, and I can never believe that the hybrid population of Russians, Poles, Italians, Hungarians, which fills so many Northern cities and states, has the same love for our country, the same love of liberty, as have the Anglo-Saxon Southerners, whose fathers have always been free.

The strongest, most concentrated force of Americanism is in the South, and Americanism is the highest form of Anglo-Saxon civilization. There is no part of the globe, except the kingdom of England, which is so thoroughly Anglo-Saxon as the South.

But it will be said, admitting that the South is American and has preserved the Anglo-Saxon traits, nevertheless a

war was necessary to keep her in the Union. To this matter my own inclinations, no less than limitations of space, require me to refer very briefly.

The excellence of the American Union is in the principles upon which it is established; that is to say, in the Constitution. Surely no man will say that it is more important to preserve the physical integrity of the Union than the principles of the Constitution.

We claim for the South, in the war between the states, absolute good faith. Whether she was right or wrong, the impartial judgment of the future will fairly determine.

I affirm that the South has been, from the first, absolutely faithful to the principles of the Constitution, as she in good faith construed it. Let me indicate briefly the extent of her participation in the formation of the Constitution and the establishment of the republic. It is correctly said by a Southern statesman that the Constitution was "adopted and promulgated by a convention in which Southern influences predominated." The heading of one of Bancroft's chapters is, "Virginia Statesmen Lead towards a Better Union."

Virginia did lead the movement for the establishment of the Constitution, and the reader who wishes to know the extent of the influence of George Washington of Virginia in this movement is referred to the pages of John Fiske of New England. Rutledge and Pinckney of South Carolina were the most important contributors to the form, as to the substance, of the Constitution, with the exception of James Madison of Virginia, who justly bears the name of "Father of the Constitution." The Bill of Rights is mainly the work of Thomas Jefferson.

During the first century of our national life, Southern statesmen held the presidency and shaped the policy of the government. They acquired Florida, and extended our domain to the Rio Grande and to the Pacific. The Constitution was first construed by John Marshall of Virginia. The school of strict constitutionists, which made a fetich of the Constitution, was founded and supported by Southern men. When the Southern Confederacy was formed, it adopted as its organic law the old Constitution, unchanged in any essential respect.

There is no fact nor logic which can prove that the South ever deviated from her fealty to the Constitution, or ever

shed a drop of blood except in defence of its principles as she construed it.

The war construed the Constitution, and the South has in good faith and unreservedly accepted every legitimate result of the war. No man who is honest and who is adequately informed will say that her people are not absolutely loyal to the Union and the Constitution. I go further, and affirm that in the troubles which the future is sure to bring, the principles and the institutions of American liberty will find their most loyal and steadfast support in the twelve millions of Southern Anglo-Saxon Americans.

A CONTINENTAL ISSUE.

BY RICHARD J. HINTON.

THE new West is a region of aridity. It is one of sublime scenery and almost weird picturesqueness. It is endowed with climatic conditions everywhere helpful rather than hindering to man. It holds great material capabilities. Its mines of precious metals have within forty years revolutionized commerce and traffic. Its resources in the useful minerals are already beginning to astonish the investor. And the bold announcement that with the use of water in irrigation its lands may be made to support in plenty twenty million families, or one hundred million persons, has struck those who read and listen in order to understand and not to sneer, with a bewildering sense of astonishment. But it is true, and whatever concerns the shaping and making of such results, is a matter of the weightiest import. Let me prove this if I can.

The "arid region" of the United States embraces a huge parallelogram of about one billion one hundred million acres. It lies between the ninety-eighth and one hundred and twenty-sixth degrees of longitude from east to west, and between Manitoba and British Columbia on the north, and the Rio Grande, the Gulf Coast, and the northern line of Mexico on the south. The average precipitation is less than eleven inches, ranging from three at Yuma in Arizona to over twenty at Walla Walla or Yakima, in Washington, our new edition of Pennsylvania. Everywhere, therefore, water as a necessity of cultivation, or for security in ripening days, must be artificially applied to the soil. Already from eight to ten million acres are so cultivated, and about twelve million more such acres are awaiting the arrival of settlers and occupants. Within five years one hundred and fifty million dollars of capital has actually been invested, and half as much more has been contributed in lands and labor.

The total area "under ditch," that is, under works designed to store and distribute water in irrigation, is not less

than twenty-one million acres. There is the possibility of reclaiming one hundred million more. These acres lie almost wholly under constant sunshine. The surface waters constantly convey millions of tons of fertilizing material to the thirsty soils. Some authorities estimate the area of possible reclamation by means of water applied in irrigation at two hundred and fifty million acres. I venture, however, to express as a conviction on my part, that the conservation of water for use is in the increase thereof, and that, therefore, there may reasonably be anticipated a large addition to service. In other words, the same amount of water necessary for the reclamation to agriculture of one hundred and twenty-five million acres, will, as the land fills up, serve an acreage of one hundred and seventy-five million at least.

The financial equations involved in such an outlook are, I know, of almost staggering amount, yet they may be estimated in very simple totals. Taking the average cost per acre at eight dollars, as figured out by the census authorities, we should have for the total area one billion dollars. That such a sum is no mere or wild guess can be shown by the expense of the costly works erected by the British engineers in India during the past forty years. The cost for eighteen million acres is resolved readily at nine dollars per acre. And the British Indian works, as a whole, are much more costly than those which we will construct in arid America. The expenditure of such a sum as I state will be found profitable, when governed by time, demand, and the other conditions that must enter in; for the land reclaimed can readily be made worth, by the creation of irrigation works, from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars per acre. The average market value, to-day, with but few buyers, will be not over two dollars per acre. And this great increase of land value will be accompanied by the actual creation of new wealth, in the industrial use of water now lost and wasted, to the amount of not less than another billion of dollars. That is to say, water, as an agent in agriculture, will certainly be worth ten dollars per cubic foot when delivered per second of time to the land. Engineers and experts will assure all doubters that this estimate is ridiculously low.

The land to be thus reclaimed from aridity will everywhere return in products, crops equal in quality to any grown in the humid areas, and in quantity at least four-fold greater.

All of the work involved in such great estimates may be achieved at the cost, in large degree, of those who are to be the beneficiaries. In other words, the reclamation of our arid region need not partake of a national eleemosynary character. There are certain positive and distinct requirements demanded in national and state legislation to render successful and safe this vast addition to the wealth of America and the world.

I am apt to assert that, broadly stated, there are but two syllogisms needed to express the roads along which poverty may be abolished. These are: — 1. Increase the wealth of the world by all just methods. 2. See to it that all who aid therein receive their equitable share of whatsoever wealth is developed. In considering the problems of irrigation in our arid region, I have all the time had in view the processes of equity in distribution as well as those of creation, construction, development, and administration. I am writing now to assert in all soberness that this pending development of our continental resources can be, nay, must be, effected upon lines which will automatically develop economic equity in distribution, and that, too, in a degree and with a security never yet dreamed of, except by the prophets and publicists of the social philosophies that are now derided.

It is my purpose briefly and in outline at least to establish this, and at the same time show how it may be brought about — how, indeed, it is even now coming about.

Again, the issues here presented are of present importance. When this article goes forth in the current issue of THE ARENA, an international convention to consider them will meet at Los Angeles, Cal.,* and its policy, formulated in demands, will soon thereafter be heard upon the floor of Congress.

Given, then, the wealth-creating possibility already indicated, and it will be desirable to show the connection of legislation and other public action with the same. Three propositions come to me as generally expressive of that association: —

1. The disposition of our public lands.
2. The nature and character of water control that must be established.
3. The form of ownership, supervision, and administration of the water and works necessary for irrigation uses.

* Oct. 10, International Irrigation Congress.

These cover the whole problem, and their statement indicates a logical order of discussion, to which I will proceed: —

Our public domain is now confined, with the exception of about twenty-five million acres, to the region indicated as arid in character. There is available for occupancy west of the ninety-eighth meridian of longitude about five hundred and forty million acres. There is of the public domain also, but not open to settlement, at least one hundred and twenty million acres more, now reserved as Indian lands, for military posts, and as unsettled Spanish grants. It is more than probable that five sixths of this area will ere many years be added to the public lands open to settlement. The state of Texas still holds at least eighty million acres of her state domain, nearly all of which lies west of ninety-eight. To recapitulate, there are, out of the one billion one hundred million acres embraced within the arid region, the following bodies of public and other lands: —

	ACRES.
Open to settlement, public lands U. S.	540,000,000
“ “ public lands of Texas	80,000,000
“ “ by purchase, railroad lands	75,000,000
Total for present and prospective settlement	695,000,000
Public lands that may yet be opened (Indian, military, and Spanish grants)	120,000,000
	815,000,000

Of the remaining two hundred and eighty-five million acres, water surfaces may take about one sixth, and of the balance, about fifty million acres are under use and development for cattle, agriculture, mining, and lumbering. The remainder is under private ownership for use or sale. The issue in this brief paper concerns itself most materially with the public lands open for settlement. These are, in the right solution of problems involved, more valuable to the interests that irrigation is creating than for anything else. They embrace the water-bearing lands. By that I mean the chief sources of water supply—the heads of all the interstate streams and courses, as well as the lakes, large and small, which exist in the Rockies and higher Sierras. The second factor of importance is the forest land remaining, and the third, but not the least, are the pastoral areas embraced. The choicest and most available portions of

the unoccupied arid region will be found, probably, in the areas owned by corporations and individuals, or those which are retained at present as Indian or other reservations. If there were water sufficient for cultivation, the public lands now open for settlement would afford one acre in five for arable use. The area of probable reclamation will hardly exceed one acre in ten, unless that systematic conservation of water supply which the future holds, shall enable considerable grain and root cultivation to be undertaken in connection with pastoral occupancy of the higher altitude tablelands, such as large segments of the Colorado and Raton plateaus, the ranges in the basin region, in Wyoming, Montana, and the coast Sierras.

The principal question now being raised in relation to reclamation by irrigation, and the national policy that should be pursued, relates directly to the permanent disposal of the remaining public domain. The first Irrigation Congress met in Salt Lake City in September, 1891, and as the sole result of its action put forth a demand for the transfer of that domain to the several commonwealths now or hereafter formed in the arid region. The proceeds of such transfer would thereby be used, it was claimed, for the advancement of reclamation by the storage and distribution of water. This demand for such transfer has been vigorously pursued. Mr. Warren, United States senator for Wyoming, presented a bill and advocated the same in the Senate. The discussion, so far as any has occurred, has been conducted mainly by an able and interesting specialist periodical, then published at Salt Lake City.

The most remarkable feature of the plan pursued has, however, been a "conspiracy of silence," which was most effectively illustrated by the committees of House and Senate in the Fifty-second Congress, that were charged with inquiry into the whole subject. The House Committee practically boycotted every one who did not believe in the transfer policy. The majority were indifferent to the matter, and the chairman, a Texas congressman, would allow no hearings whatever. Any information he got was sought privately, and only on one side. The Senate Committee acted in a similar manner, though less offensively, as its chairman was in character and manner more urbane and kindly. The fact became apparent and is still so, that the

last thing the chief advocates of public land transfer desire is a discussion in Congress and the press commensurate with the great importance of the questions and interests embraced. I do not know if the same course will be pursued at Los Angeles, but that the attempt will be made may be fully anticipated. There is a decided tendency within the present administration and the party press by which it is sustained, to favor the proposed transfer. In great part this view is taken at haphazard and without due consideration. It appears to be probably the easiest way of getting rid of vexatious questions, and the magic words "state control" fit in with their traditional feelings and views.

I am of those who are strongly opposed to the transfer policy, and who do not believe that its realization will be well for the states immediately involved or be for the best interests of all the people. My chief reason relates itself to the larger social-economic phases and appeals to the near future for its support of equity, order, and security. There are questions involved, such as relate to the capability of these young states to frame land control systems and to bear the burden of surveys, etc., as well as the dangerous incentive to corporate and real estate lobbying and corrupting that must inevitably follow such loose legislation as has been proposed; the probability of creating ill-advised irrigation "booms," that would almost inevitably accompany such a gift; the difficulty of preventing clashing and conflicts between the states over boundaries and water flow, etc., and the inability that would follow of appealing to the federal authority and courts to solve the questions at stake. I leave these detailed objections for another place. It is quite practicable to accomplish all the good that many advocates of transfer anticipate therefrom, by a retention of control in the hands of the general government and a judicious application of the lands and their proceeds to the encouragement of reclamation by irrigation.

But to my mind there is one insuperable objection to the proposed wholesale transfer of our public domain from nation to states, which rests upon the largest physical facts, is rooted in the greater hydrological and climatic conditions of the continent, and whose consideration belongs to the higher statesmanship that must govern rather than to the managing policies and purposes which are looking to imme-

diates relief from labor or impinging profit to community and person. To that objection, then, I address myself, and in doing so reach the second of the divisions already outlined.

The water supply is, of course, the first and most important of all questions in any region where irrigation is necessary to make agriculture possible. Land under aridity is of very slight industrial value; water when applied thereto is the solvent that, with labor, creates values. Water can never be private property. The carrying and placing of it will be, while controlled by private enterprise. The essence of property in legal terms is found in identity and place, neither of which inures to that element. Water is natural wealth, just as the air is the necessary condition of all life. These primary truths must be borne in mind when dealing with my subject. The farmer who needs water pays for the conveniences by which it is stored and conveyed to him. And water is a natural agent, essential to use of land; it must, wherever its presence is an absolute necessity, inure to the land to which it has once been conveyed. These are factors laid down in all the judicial decisions made by courts familiar with the practices and requirements of an irrigated country. In one form or another they are found in the customs, rules, regulations, laws, decisions, and practices of all such communities and countries, from the dawn of recorded history up to the present date.

From these general statements it follows, to me at least, that the burden of making the land valuable must in the main be borne by those who are to derive the profit thereof, but under such conditions of public supervision as the experiences of mankind may deem necessary to prevent hurtful monopoly and continued struggle. The sovereignty of the whole must be exercised in law and regulation to compel the parts, local and individual, to obey the requirement of paying for service, and of also maintaining common control for common benefit.

At this point in my plea I interpose the statement that the transfer of the public lands will render these desirable things practically impossible. And my main statement in support of that position is that the transfer of interstate water sources, etc., to state control, will interpose barriers that must produce collision and bring about conflicts.

Take down a map of the United States and examine the

hydrography of the region reviewed. Nearly all of the greater rivers rise within or are close to the limits of this region. The Mississippi is just outside, and its great basin is almost its eastern boundary line. It is seriously affected by the climate and topography which make aridity the rule in the west. The Missouri and all its main confluent rise in the northern and central sections of the Rockies. The Rio Grande rises and flows for twelve hundred miles wholly within the mid-mountain areas thereof. The Rio Colorado, emptying into the Gulf of California, drains, with its great tributaries — the Wind, Green, Grand, Gunnison, San Juan, and others — the basin region and southwest, for at least nine hundred miles. The Rio Gila rises in New Mexico and bisects Arizona from east to west. The principal sources of the majestic Columbia rise on the northwest slopes of the Rockies and pass through two states with large arid and semi-arid sections. The interior rivers of the northwest — the Snake, Salmon, Bear, Owyhee, etc. — are all interstate in character. Engineering knowledge and expert testimony will prove that there is sufficient water, in all these streams, when properly managed and conserved, to insure the reclamation of the one hundred and twenty-five million acres to which this paper limits the area of probable use. And the control of this great source of wealth means not alone vast power but enormous profit.

Returning again to our map, the observer will find that *nearly all of the water courses I have referred to* — the sources from which must spring this great wealth and its new civilization — have their rise within and from three states alone — Colorado, Wyoming, Montana. Beginning with the one first named, it will be seen that the front range of the Rockies therein holds the sources of the Arkansas and the South Platte. On its eastern area rise the mid-plain waters of the Republican and Smoky Hill — all waters the control of which must affect the welfare of a half-dozen states. In its central basin on the south, Colorado possesses the sources of the Rio Grande. On the west it has a half-dozen feeders of the Rio Colorado. Then comes Wyoming, with its most important hydrographical conditions, possessing on its eastern lines the North Platte, Niobrara, Loup, and a part of the Yellowstone's affluents. On the west and north it holds the sources of the Wind, Green,

Snake, Bear, and other streams. The many mountain lakes, large and small, that Wyoming contains, do not enter into this branch of our subject, as they are state waters. Montana holds on the east all the sources of the Upper Missouri as well as of the Milk River, a large tributary of the Upper Mississippi. On the west it contains the American sources of the Columbia, and some of the tributaries of the Snake and Salmon Rivers.

Outside of these three states we have of interstate waters only the Pecos, Canadian, and Gila, taking their rise in New Mexico, and flowing therefrom into Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, and Arizona. In California and Nevada we have the interstate Lake Tahoe, and the Klamath River, rising in Oregon. With that the tale is completed. California has its own system confined to its own borders, in the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers; also the small streams, now so valuable, in the southern section.

My objection, then, is the large one, that, by the wholesale transfer of the public domain to the arid states, the chief water supply thereof will, to all intents and purposes, pass under the direct sovereignty of the three states named. It may be objected here that they now have legal control of the same by reason of the constitutional provisions each has adopted, placing the natural waters there under the control of the states themselves. To that I reply that they can have no final sovereignty over interstate water sources, while that remains in the hands of the general government as part of the public domain. The national sovereignty will remain an administrative issue alone, and may not involve constitutional conflict, as will certainly be the case when such proposed transfer shall be accomplished. The prize of power and the profit of control will be too great a temptation for the clever operators and promoters east and west, who will flock for spoils to this inviting field. Can the people of the remaining states interested submit unquestioningly to such possibilities as are indicated? Let me suggest one in which the whole country is enormously involved.

The overdrainage of the northwest enormously increases the flood dangers of the alluvial Mississippi. That drainage lies largely within Montana and North Dakota. At no distant day, as a national issue, the storage of water alone in the

Upper Missouri region will rise into one of vast importance. It will involve alike the reclamation of that northwest and the protection from overflow of the still richer central south. It is essential, then, to maintain control by ownership of all these interstate water sources. I venture the assertion that there will be a sudden lessening of interest in the land transfer policy, if any such action shall be coupled with the imperative and permanent preservation to the nation as forest and water storage reservations of all the public lands in which such waters rise. A considerable step has already been quietly achieved in this direction by the forest reserves that have been made during the past three years. My propositions would then be : —

(a) The permanent creation of national reservations, to include in all cases the sources of interstate waters.

(b) The granting in trust to the several states of all state water sources, for storage purposes, which still remain part of the public domain.

(c) The limited (in time) reservation of all pastoral lands above a certain altitude, which may be defined by commissioners appointed for the purpose; the same not to be sold but leased for range purposes; the proceeds of leases, above all costs of administration, to be used for the finding and development of water supply therein. These to be public property, under local regulation and state supervision.

(d) The opening of all arable lands requiring irrigation to homestead settlement only, the same to be *sold* to the settlers at small prices, varying slightly according to the uses to which such land may be put; as, roots, grain, and grass in one class; fruits in another; special crops, like sugar beets for example, in another. The net proceeds of all such homestead sales should be kept as a separate trust fund to be divided among the several states interested and to be used by them for storage works or as guarantee for interest on district or other authorized irrigation bonds, and all profits arising to the states from the use of such moneys to be turned over to the school funds, under such laws as the states may frame and pass. The same disposition should be made of all grants of public lands given for irrigation purposes, and I believe that it will be wise policy for Congress to be liberal in this direction, especially so to all genuine co-operative land settlement enterprises.

My objection, then, to the land transfer policy is that it is in immediate results speculative and wasteful in character; that it is not just to all the people; that it will breed interstate conflicts and so hinder the normal and higher progress of the new agriculture, and that it is not administratively in unison with the controlling facts of topography and hydrography. As I believe that the normal progress of the new life of the West is to be found in local ownership of water and works, under state regulation and so much of national aid as I have indicated, with the addition of such just expenditures as will enable us to understand the value and capacities of our common property, the public domain, I am not in favor of a policy which will put the whole future at the mercy of the "boomers" and the sanguine, who demand immediate results, hardly caring how they are obtained.

My third division relates, therefore, to the shaping of legislation by which, through district municipal organization, the people will pay capital in the way of bonds and interest, for all the aid it can give, while at the same retaining this great agency of industrial life and wealth within its own hands. The California irrigation district system already outlines in general form the system I am contemplating. The states of Washington, Oregon, Kansas, and South Dakota have in more or less modified form adopted the California or Wright plan; while Colorado, Wyoming, and Nevada have in part adopted the plan of judicial and administrative supervision of water appropriation and distribution. The commingling of these two will come when a working basis is found. Analysis and deduction will show that this general plan must automatically tend, more and more, to equity in the distribution of economic results. It will ensure payment and security for the capital involved; it must also make permanent the common control of the sources of irrigation wealth and the success thereby of all who work and direct. Action along these general lines will produce for our irrigation empire conditions that I cannot describe better than in the words I have used elsewhere and on other occasions:—

"Irrigation means new and better economic conditions. It means small farms, orchards, and vineyards, more homes and families, with moderate means and greater comfort. It

means more intelligence and knowledge applied to farming; more profit from crops, more freight, and more commerce, because special products of higher grade and better market value will be raised. It means association in town life instead of isolated farms; it means the occupation for small ranches of every mountain basin and valley, and the gradual but still rapid filling up of foot-hills and table-lands. It means telephones, telegraphs, good roads, and swift motors; fruit and garden growths everywhere; schools in close proximity, villages on every hand, and such general prosperity as can hardly be dreamed of by any one individual. To achieve it more readily, intellectual understanding, business direction, and scientific organization should be given to the great movement now coming to the front for the development of enterprise and progress."

A FREE CHURCH FOR AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

IT is an age of brotherhoods and fraternal associations, and some, therefore, may object to the name "church." Let the church be considered the complement of the state. The state administers justice, the church benevolence. By the state the murderer is hanged; by the church the widow and orphans of both the hanged murderer and his slain victim are cared for — their hunger the state does not consider. The representatives of citizens regulate commerce and traffic, the things which concern gain and ownership; these same citizens in church relations have representatives who attend to matters of gift and kindness. The state builds a post office, the church a hospital. In the state a man's duties are legal; he must be just. In the church it is his duty to be helpful; he must be sympathetic. Religionists try to be generous before being just, and thereby is explained the hatred of the masses for churches.

Can we have a church that in the way indicated will complement a free state? So long as the denominations are rivals, there cannot be a free church; but if foreigners in this land recognize that they are called into liberty, why should not those speaking the variant tongues of religion be also drawn to the freedom of love? In America there is neither Swede nor Norwegian, German, Russian, nor Pole, but all are one — even the old language forgotten in a few generations. Why, then, should we have distinctions preserved in the church — old-world distinctions at that, Lutheran, Anglican, Wesleyan, Dutch Reformed? Is it harder to give up a religious phraseology than a mother-tongue?

Union, or rather fellowship, in work characterizes this age. Poets have dreamed of such hand-clasping of comrades as will be this year; prophets have had visions of this era of friendship. Materialists have compressed a sneer into the word "visionary"; but this idea of a world-friendship, "Is it a dream? Nay, but the lack of it a dream."

What hinders union of men in a free church? Two old

enemies, officialism and superstition. To that Greatheart, Dr. Hale, some ecclesiasts object: he has no creed. To that Boanerges, Dr. Parkhurst, others object: he has not been properly ordained. Of that "beloved disciple," Phillips Brooks, some were ready to say he was not baptized — in sufficient measure. To be associated with good men in good work is, according to the straitest sects, to tolerate the errors of these good men.

To this materialism of the teachers corresponds the superstition of the people. Some can imagine the Judge examining a soul to find the "watermark"; some are satisfied there is no salvation for one not "confirmed" by a bishop; some tremble regarding their own safety if for a moment they are brought to doubt the hopeless "damnation" of the mass of mankind; some are sure a man is not "converted" unless he can locate the year, day of the month, and hour, and tell whether it was a snowy day or not.

One illustration of the official idea will be enough. A society began to work and increase under the name of Christian Endeavor. The word chosen signified that the members wished to do their *devoir*, or duty, as Christians — which is undoubtedly obedience to the last command of Christ. That love by Him enjoined, brought the young people of different denominations into sympathy. It seemed as if the coming generation was to realize what Christ so longed to see — "one flock and one shepherd." But the hireling shepherds took alarm. A portion of the flock was driven off into the strong-walled Westminster fold; a section turned from the plain into the secluded Baptist river-valley; a large section protected by barbed fencing in the Epworth pasture. Exclusiveness was supposed to insure safety.

But open-heartedness and brotherly kindness must take the place of exclusiveness if we are to have a free church. The church will be home for the friendless and school for the ignorant; a place, also, for those who want not help but sympathy, the love that "restores the intuition" to the discouraged. Will be, we have said; is it so yet? Is there a church not based on creed, but aiming simply to manifest the spirit Christ asked for in his parable of the last judgment? Is there one *united by a sentiment* thus?

It is because thinking and not doing is emphasized in church associations that members feel responsible for what

another thinks. He may be never so kindly in spirit, so flawless in character, so useful in life; there is a petulant earnestness to cast him out if his views happen to be more spiritual than the majority can understand. Only one class did Jesus denounce and warn — those who will allow no such thing as a free church; those who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; who scent heresy with the delight of a young hound on his first trail, finding in the hunt that “to do justice” involves too much delay, and that “to love mercy” is sentimental, while as for “walking humbly before God,” they decide what He ought to believe.

Only for such as have been converted and “become as little children” has a free church room, but it has room for all of these. It may well have many divisions; it will have but the one work — the regeneration of humanity.

At Pittsburgh, in the “east end,” has been given a practical example of union in work; twenty churches acknowledging that they are comrades, as soldiers in a war; making actually a “war-map” of the district, and assigning to each corps of laborers a part; a Presbyterian minister and a Roman Catholic priest working shoulder to shoulder as the captains of salvation for one division or parish.

In the sixteenth century there was the disruption of Christendom; let us hope that even in this century we are to see the reunion of Christendom. Seers have looked to America as the meeting ground for men, the place where brotherhood is to be recognized. Not until men put hatred out of their hearts, and add to what they have considered “godliness,” brotherly kindness, will the Fatherhood of God be truly known. Perhaps thus, in this free land, will be realized the vision of the poet of democracy: —

And thou, America . . . not for thyself thou hast arrived.
The measured faiths of other lands, the grandeurs of the past,
Are not for thee, but grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

GEORGE WENTWORTH.

BY J. S. KING, M. D.

I.

"LANDLORD, I believe that this is just the place that I have been looking for. During the past week I have visited your large manufactories, have noted your numerous fine churches and schoolhouses, and the live business that is going on; these, together with your eleven railroads, centring here from every point of the compass, the beautiful and romantic scenery in and about your city, indicate that there is a great future in store for you, and make this a desirable place in which to locate. If I can find suitable employment I will make this my home."

The above was addressed to Mr. Stockwell, the proprietor of the Jefferson Hotel, at Decatur, Ill., by George Wentworth, of New Haven, Conn. Six weeks previous to this he had left his home to seek a new one in the West. He had visited quite a number of cities and larger towns in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, but had not found any that suited him until arriving at Decatur. His father had been for a number of years the proprietor of one of the largest hotels in New Haven, but had recently sold out and retired to a suburban residence, whereupon the son decided to go elsewhere.

After inquiring in regard to Mr. Wentworth's experience, and an examination of his letters of recommendation, Mr. Stockwell engaged him as day clerk, to commence in ten days, at which time the old clerk was going to take charge of a hotel in an adjoining place.

Mr. Wentworth proved to be a very efficient person; he made many friends in the city and with the travelling public. He was a gentleman of fine accomplishments, a graduate of Harvard, a good musician, and last, though not least, in the estimation of some, the young ladies pronounced him handsome. He united by letter with the First Methodist church, and became teacher of a class of young ladies in the Sunday school.

Some months had passed when an evangelist came to hold a revival in the Second Methodist church. Most so-called, or, more properly speaking, self-styled, evangelists have a hobby which they ride to the detriment, and sometimes to the death, of true religion; this one had — the second blessing, or sanctification.

He secured quite a number of followers, among the most earnest of whom was George Wentworth. It was thought by some that he was over zealous, but as it seemed only to increase his devotion to the church and religious works, none could find fault or complain.

II.

Among the many beautiful and picturesque residences of Decatur, none excelled and but few equalled that of Mrs. L. A. Gastrell. Her husband had been one of the prosperous merchants of the city. At his death, which occurred some ten years previous to this time, his widow was left in very comfortable circumstances, some said wealthy.

Her only child, Lucile, was a handsome and accomplished young lady of twenty. There was but one thing that marred her happiness — she had a peculiar derangement, or more properly speaking, condition, of the nervous system which subjected her to many unpleasant scenes. It did not affect her health and but few even of the relatives knew of its existence. The old family physician, Dr. McPheeters, had advised both mother and daughter to keep it a secret. He also gave them good reasons to believe that it would be removed in a few years by proper treatment and care. Recently he had advised, as one remedy, a residence of a year or more in California; it was the discussion of this subject that kept them at home on the evening that this chapter opens. Mrs. Gastrell desired to start in a few weeks; Lucile did not think that it was necessary for them to go, as her “spells,” as she termed them, had been less frequent during the past year than ever before, hence it was probable that she would soon be entirely relieved of them.

“Then, mother, you know how anxious George is to have me name an early day for our marriage; it would break his heart to be separated from me a whole year.”

“As to that, my daughter, you need not give yourself any uneasiness — young men’s hearts are very pliable, as they will bend around a number of love affairs without a break or even a twinge. That the time of your marriage should be postponed indefinitely is one of the principal reasons why the doctor urges this trip, and if Mr. Wentworth truly loves you, he will gladly assent to the separation, as it will be for your ultimate happiness and good health. Then, Lucile, you must remember that we really know but little of Mr. Wentworth; it is only about fifteen months since he came to our city.” While Mrs. Gastrell was talking the daughter was walking in an excited manner. Suddenly stopping, she exclaimed: —

“Mother, I have always been an obedient child, and would be

so now, did I not feel certain that you are acting entirely under the advice of that crusty old bachelor, Dr. McPheeters, who has prescribed this California trip simply to separate me from my loved one. You, as an old-school Presbyterian, never could understand George and his peculiar beliefs, as you term them; the doctor, although a good Christian and an old-time Methodist, claims that there is something radically wrong with any one who professes complete sanctification. He told me not many months ago that he always watched such persons closely, as they, as a rule, were either arrogant hypocrites, or else were afflicted with a mental degeneration, generally of that form known to the medical profession as circular or alternating insanity, in which the fundamental note of character is an intense and narrow self-regarding egotism. He said that there were no doubt exceptions to this rule, but that they were rare indeed. In such persons, as in all cases where the brain is in any degree diseased, emotional or volitional insanity may suddenly develop, and lead them, under the impulse of an exciting motive, to commit some terrible crime. He advised me for these reasons to wait several years until George had regained his sanity, developed into a maniac, or else had thrown off the assumed religious cloak and exposed the cloven foot; should either of the latter things occur, I would be glad that I had waited; should it be the first, I would be happy indeed. I was indignant to think that the doctor would talk so to me, and told him that I believed that he had elaborated this theory simply to keep me from marrying George. I have great respect for Dr. McPheeters as a medical adviser on strictly professional subjects, but when he wanders into Cupid's domains he is meddling with something that is wholly unintelligible to him, and that which is none of his business. He has never liked George, and largely to his influence do I attribute your prejudice against him. Unless I change my mind there will be no trip to California for me, except as Mrs. Wentworth, accompanied by my husband."

Mrs. Gastrell was surprised and shocked at this, the first evidence of insubordination in her daughter. A further discussion of the subject was postponed indefinitely.

The next evening when George called, Lucile told him what had transpired between mother and daughter. He was greatly grieved, but said, "Your duty is to obey your mother; as much as I desire to claim you as my own in a short time, and as hard as it will be for me to be separated from you, yet I would not have you go contrary to the wishes and advice of your mother; a year will soon roll around, and then no doubt your mother will be willing to give you to me, as I shall endeavor to make myself every way worthy of such a prize."

A few weeks after this, Mrs. Gastrell and her daughter started for California.

III.

On the morning of April 18, 18—, the citizens of Decatur were startled by the announcement that the safe in the store of Pollock and Mason had been robbed during the night of a large quantity of money and of jewelry, including some valuable diamonds, placed there for safe keeping by members of the family and friends. When Mr. Pollock went to the store at about nine o'clock, he was surprised to learn that his private secretary and confidential bookkeeper, Samuel Sylvester, had not yet arrived; he was always promptly at the desk by eight. As he and Mr. Pollock were the only ones who knew the combination of the lock, the assistant bookkeeper had not been able to do anything. On opening the safe Mr. Pollock discovered that everything valuable had been removed. Suspicion at once rested upon Mr. Sylvester. The sheriff went to his room at the Jefferson Hotel, and found him in bed asleep; on being awakened and told that he was a prisoner, he seemed confused and surprised, but stoutly maintained that he knew nothing whatever of the robbery.

In the preliminary trial, which took place immediately before 'Squire Parsons, the merchant policeman said that as he passed Pollock and Mason's store on North Water Street, about 1 o'clock A. M., he saw Mr. Sylvester enter the store. He recognized him by a new brown spring overcoat that he had seen him wearing during the past few days, with a hat to match. He did not speak to him, as it was not unusual for Mr. Sylvester to enter the store at any time of the night. One of the regular city police testified that he saw Mr. Sylvester on Merchant Street about 2 o'clock A. M. He had on his new brown spring overcoat, with a hat of the same color. He was going towards the Jefferson Hotel. Some other damaging testimony was introduced, which, together with his absence from the store in the morning and his confused action when arrested, pointed to him as the guilty party. The bail was placed at two thousand dollars. His employers, being convinced of his guilt, refused to go on the bond. This deterred others, and it seemed that he would have to lie in jail to await the action of the grand jury. Mr. Wentworth requested the officer who had charge of the prisoner to hold him for an hour while he tried to procure bail. He went to Pollock and Mason and urged them to go on the bond, saying that he did not believe that Mr. Sylvester was guilty, damaging as the evidence seemed to be. They refused. He then said that he had a thousand dollars in bank which he would secure to them for one half of the bail if they would go on the bond for the other half; to this they reluctantly consented,

Mr. Sylvester, on being admitted to bail, said: "I am aware that the evidence is strongly against me, and that unless by some means we can find the guilty one, I shall have to suffer; but as God exists, I am perfectly innocent of the crime. I cannot account for the opening of the safe, except upon the ground that some professional safe-breaker has been in the city, and found the combination as experts can. But it seems strange that he should have had an overcoat and hat like mine. I went to bed at 10 o'clock P. M., and did not awaken until aroused by the officers."

IV.

"Good morning, Dr. McPheeters. I called to talk to you about my cousin, Lucile Gastrell. She writes me that she is very anxious to return home, and requested me to see you, as her mother will not consent to it except on your advice."

"Mr. Donaldson, I hardly think that it would be best for them to return now; it is but six months since they left home, not time enough to make any perceptible change in her condition. This trip is an experimental one. We hope that an entire change of scenery, climate, and social environments will produce the reaction in the nerve centres necessary to relieve Lucile of her unpleasant trance scenes. I could not advise less than a year's absence,—perhaps more time would be better still."

"Doctor, will you please enlighten me as to my cousin's peculiar trouble? She passes into her abnormal states, as you term them, while apparently wide awake, and when in that condition sees and hears things transpiring at far distant places. It is a mystery that I cannot comprehend."

"As to its being mysterious, it is no more so to you, Mr. Donaldson, than to the most learned metaphysician. The attempts of scientific men to formulate laws regarding this and allied conditions of the mind, have been productive of but small results. The more we attempt to fathom the depths of the mental or soul life, the more fully are we convinced that it is beyond our comprehension, and that, like Socrates, we can but say, 'The only thing that we know to a certainty is our own ignorance.' The rude, ignorant pretender often claims to know all about the laws that govern these strange phenomena, but the educated and experienced philosopher knows that he understands nothing. We are told in our standard works on mental philosophy that some law not known to us may exist, by virtue of which the nervous system may become susceptible of impressions not ordinarily received, and put in communication, in some mysterious way, with scenes, places, and events far distant—an inner consciousness, a hidden soul life, not dependent on the bodily organization, which at times comes forth into development,

and manifests itself when the usual relations of body and soul are disturbed or suspended.

"That the mind has a distinct nature and a distinct reality from the body, is evident to every student of mental philosophy. One among the many marked manifestations of this, is in persons like your cousin Lucile. Why this condition is absent in most persons, and so marked in others, we cannot attempt to explain; but we know that between these extremes there is every gradation, from the slight impression of some pending evil or good thing happening to dear friends at a distance, to the vivid reality as witnessed by your cousin when in this dual state.

"Again, this is sometimes manifested in dreams; for while most dreams are but the result of some morbid derangement of the body or brain, yet they occasionally become the medium through which we are put in communication with persons and places far away. Further, there are many cases recorded in our standard scientific works where dreams have been prophetic. Abercrombie in his 'Treatise on Mental Philosophy' says, 'A class of dreams which present an interesting subject of observation are those, many of them well authenticated, in which a dream has given notice of an event which was occurring at the time, or which was soon to occur.' Again, in somnambulism, which is but an acted dream, how the subject can read, write, or run through dark and intricate places without the aid of sight is not apparent, but it is done. It shows that our ordinary way of perceiving things is not the only way; that special organs of vision are not needed in order to all perceptions.

"These and many other well-established facts in regard to our immaterial organization, prove beyond a doubt that the soul can and does have a distinct and separate existence in this life, as well as in the life to come. This subject has not been studied much by the people at large, as ignorant impostors and travelling lecturers have brought it somewhat into disrepute by their erroneous pretensions of being able to use it as suited their purpose to extract money from an easily humbugged public. But you can see, Mr. Donaldson, that your cousin is a living illustration of these mysterious laws; we have many similar and equally well-marked cases recorded by our most reliable and eminent metaphysicians. But here comes the mail—wait until I have looked over my letters and I will go with you, as our routes dinnerwards are the same. By the way, here is a letter from Lucile."

V.

As the doctor read the letter, it was evident that it contained something of unusual interest; ever and anon an exclamation of surprise would escape from his lips. As he finished reading he

said: "Mr. Donaldson, here is one of the most wonderful manifestations of your cousin's dual organization that has ever taken place, and I am so firmly convinced of its truth that I will not go to dinner until I have thoroughly investigated the subject. Listen while I read:"—

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 18, 18—.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I am hardly in a condition to write you this morning, but I cannot refrain from attempting it; last night something so strange and absurd happened to me that I must relate it to you at once. I say absurd, because it is so opposed to anything that could transpire, and it will convince you that my trance states can sometimes picture to my mind erroneous things, notwithstanding your assertions to the contrary.

About half past ten o'clock, which you know would be about 1 o'clock A. M., Decatur time, I was in my room trying to quiet my nerves by reading, as I had been feeling unusually depressed in spirits for about two hours. Suddenly I found myself on Water Street in Decatur, in front of the large store of Pollock and Mason. Soon a man approached whom I at once recognized as George Wentworth, notwithstanding that he had on a brown overcoat and hat of same color, different from anything he ever wore, as you know he always dressed in black. He opened the front door of the store with a key which he took from the overcoat pocket, walked briskly back into the private office, where a gas light was burning, seated himself in front of the safe, took a piece of paper from his pocket which he studied for a time, then commenced turning the knob on the safe; in a few minutes the door was opened, when with a small key he opened the inner vault, took therefrom a large quantity of gold coin and jewelry, which he placed in the overcoat pocket, locked the safe, and went out. He passed around on to Merchant Street, and went into a room on the third floor, about the middle of the block. He lighted a lamp, placed the valuables in the upper drawer of an old-fashioned red bureau that stood in one corner, locked the drawer and the door of the room, then went over to the Jefferson Hotel.

Then the scene changed, and I found myself here, with the book I had been reading still in my hand. I was very much excited, so much so that I could not sleep until I had taken some of the anodyne which you ordered me to use when nervous.

Now, doctor, do you not agree with me that this is perfectly ridiculous? and does it not convince you that even Dr. McPheeters can sometimes make a mistake when attempting to elucidate a scientific question?—as you must admit that for once, at least, my vision has been false. Well, I will laugh over it with you when I reach Decatur, which I hope will be in the near future.

You must write mother at once, telling her that we can return home, as I am very homesick. Do so immediately—that is a good old doctor. Good by.

LUCILE.

Mr. Donaldson said that he could but think with his cousin, that the vision was too absurd to be believed, notwithstanding the coincidence of the brown overcoat; yet he was willing to go with the doctor to procure the necessary officers and papers to make a search of the room on Merchant Street, which would confirm or contradict the revelations of the letter. They got the warrant from 'Squire Parsons, and an officer to serve it. On entering the room they found the red bureau, in the top corner

of which were secreted the valuables which had been taken from the safe. Mr. Pollock, who had accompanied them, found that everything was there. The articles were placed in the hands of the officer, subject to the order of the court. A warrant was taken out for the arrest of George Wentworth, but he could not be found.

VI.

A few days after the discovery of the stolen property, the following letter was received. It was not dated, and had been mailed on some railroad, which could not be made out, as the stamp was blurred:—

Messrs. Pollock and Mason,

GENTLEMEN:—When this reaches you I will be in a far distant part of the country, where under an assumed name I shall commence a new life, and try to make amends for the great crime that I committed. As I look at the terrible deed now, it is impossible for me to conceive how or under what influence it was done. An evil demon seemed to have taken possession of me—I was not myself.

On the evening of the crime, Mr. Sylvester went to his room in the Jefferson Hotel immediately after supper; my room adjoined his, the door between being partially open. Shortly after eight o'clock Mr. Pollock came to his room, and I soon learned from their conversation that they had a new combination for the safe at the store, and that this had been done as a large quantity of gold coin had been placed in the safe, together with a number of valuable diamonds and other costly jewelry. Mr. Pollock and Mr. Sylvester ran over the combination together, each writing it down on a piece of paper. Suddenly I felt an uncontrollable desire to possess that wealth. I listened attentively to every word that was spoken, and deliberately laid the plan by which I would secure the prize, and yet not be suspected.

After Mr. Pollock left I ordered ice cream and lemonade sent to my room, also some cake and fruit; I then invited Mr. Sylvester to join me, which he did. While giving out the good things I placed an anodyne in Mr. Sylvester's portion. In a short time he said that I must excuse him, as he must retire, for he felt very sleepy.

About one o'clock I went into his room, put on his new brown spring overcoat and hat, that no one should think strange of seeing me go into the store,—as I had often been taken for him, even in the daytime,—took a copy of the combination which was on the table, and went to the store, where I had but little trouble in opening the safe. After securing all of the money and valuable jewels, I took them to a room on Merchant Street, feeling secure in secreting them there, as no one knew that I occupied that room. I then returned to the hotel feeling happy over my ill-gotten wealth, and in the fact that I would not be in the least danger of being thought of as connected with the robbery; forgetting that the eye of God had been upon me, and that He would bring me to judgment, as He has. How mysterious His ways in this case—the girl whom I love better than my own life being the innocent instrument of revealing my guilt to the world.

As I write, and look back over the events of that night, it seems but as a dream. I had never committed a theft before, nor had the least inclination to do so.

Now gentlemen, I wish, as far as possible, to make amends for the great wrong that I have committed. I am glad to know that you recov-

ed all of the valuables taken from the safe. That thousand dollars which I placed to your order as security on the bond, you will pay to Mr. Sylvester as a partial compensation for the suffering that I have caused him. If I am prospered in worldly goods, I will pay him much more before I die. Ask him to forgive me, and I hope that you will do so, and pity a poor fellow-being who was too weak to resist a great temptation, and that, too, when I had become egotistical enough to believe that I was above the power of Satan.

Farewell. For the last time I sign my name

GEORGE WENTWORTH.

"IN DE MIZ."

BY LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT (MRS. GENERAL PICKETT).

PREFACE.

[WILL those of my readers who do not know the ways and habits and hearts of my colored people of the Old South kindly first read this preface in explanation or extenuation, as it may be, of my old black mammy's origin of her race, "In De Miz," which as I wrote, across the years thought and memory took me back to the days when life's water was wine, and made of me a child again looking up into the dear, dusky face of that beloved black mammy, listening with my unhurt faith to the folk lore of her speculative midnight race, as she solved in her own random shadowings its dim mysteries, giving birth to thoughts that strike reason dumb, the while her passiveness, duty, wise submission, loyalty, and love, made no quiritation of wrongs to right.

There was no term held in more reverential love and fear than the one word "Master" by the faithful Southern slave; his soul's divided service was between his master and his God; his religion, fraught with the supernatural, was as broad as the narrow grasp of his mind could reach; his conception of the greatness of God was measured by his crude, untrained brain.

In his eyes the taking of a "chaw" of tobacco was a dignified, luxurious custom, and one in which his paragon of perfection, the Southern master, usually liberally indulged. In talking to us children, to have said "Lord" without the prefix of the word Marsa (Master), would have been to him unwonted disrespect to, and unpardonable familiarity with, the omnipotent, all-wise, all-merciful great Being.

There was no want of reverence in his comparison with and rapt copartnership of his heavenly Father and his earthly master, but instead thereof a sublime recognition of the fellowship of God in his simple heart, his intuitive conception of two-ness as of one-ness, the incompleteness of man apart from God, verifying

"So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man."]

Deed, honey, it am de gorspel truf, leas'wise dats de way I yearn it tol', en I ain neber 'yearn it sputed. Taint no use er dese yere niggers bein' so arrified 'bout it, nother. En dat w'at I

years, yer gits strait lak I yearn it, kaze ef twa'n fer de w'ite fo'kes dar would'n be no niggers 'tall (dat is, dar would'n be none ter year tell on).

Twuz a long time ergo — 'way in de beginnin' w'en dar wan' no fundament en no plantations, en dar wan' but des wun pusson alivin', en he wuz Marsa Jesus' pa. En he mun, wuz de out'nes, mos' suviguses, mos' stronges, mos' swiffes, wun eber wuz. Eve'y t'ing den wuz hisen, en do he wuz dat rich en had so much perseshuns 'blongin' ter 'im, he cou'd tu'n de han' en mek anyt'ing he sot he min' on (en outer nuttin at dat).

De fus en fo'mus t'ing he mek, do, wuz he bes, en in co'se it orter be, w'en you comes ter dat; kaze 'twuz *Heben*.

Atter dat, he mek de earf en de sea en-all-dat *In De Miz*. But der ain't nobody neber yeared nuffin' 'tall 'bout dem t'ings w'ats in de Miz, fer you see 'twuz lak dis: W'en Marsa Lord spile anyt'ing he wuz amekin on, he flung it in de Miz, bekaze ef he had'n he could'n sey, w'en he wuz dun thoo wid his wuk, dat "He saw 'twuz good."

Well, 'twuz nigh on ter Sunday, en he 'gin ter study 'bout w'at he gwineter mek nex, w'ich 'twuz de een ov de week, en he 'termin' fer his las' piec' a wuk ter outdo all adem yu'ther ones; en w'iles he wuz mekin up he min' en ponderin', he tuk de pail en wen' 'long ter de well ter draw sum water, w'en des' 'fo' he lit de bucket down, lo-en-beholes he seed hisse'f 'flected. He wuz dat pleas' and s'prised he wuz struck dum'. But des ez soon ez he git ober his 'stonishment, he stop studyin' en he low dat long ez he turn't out so many good jobs, he b'leeve he try jubblicate hise'f.

Den I 'spose he t'ink too, w'en he look 'roun' en see all dat 'blongs ter 'im, dat, "It's a mighty po' bee don' mek mo' honey dan he wan' fer hisse'f," but dat's needer yer ner dar, fer 'twan mo'n 'sided 'tween hisse'f en his min' 'fo' he git out'n his tools agin, he did, en he tuk some uv de earf w'ere he mek ov er We'nzdy en rol' up he sleeves, tuck er chaw er terbacker, en wen' ter wuk. En he mek a couple a dem Inizimagis (he allers mek two ov er same kine), en tend ter mek um perzackly lak he wuz hese'f, des ez pritty, too, kaze de Lord ain' got nare stingyfiyd sumpshus bone in he 'hole body.

Den bimeby attter he git thoo, he call Marsa Gabe (dat wuz he oberseer, de haid man 'boutn de place w'at bosses de han's) en tol' 'im ter go fotch de w'eelbarr' en tek bof dem dar Inizimagis (fer dem dem days dey wan name menses) en sot em in de sun whar' dey could be a-dryin' darse'fs.

Well, sah, de way Marsa Gabe open he eyes en mek 'miration w'en he see w'at he did see! but he ain' say nuttin, sepin' he des bow he haid, tech his fo'lock, en skrope he rite foots, en show

hiz manners lak he wuz brung up ter do, bekaze he mighty 'especkful, en sez, sezee:—

"Yes, sah." So he tuck um up, des ez keerful ez he kin, skeered on um en tarrified widin er inch uv his life too, leas'-wise he had a mighty funny feelin' in de naberhood er de gizzard (ef he wan' skeered en tarrified), en lay um down in de w'eelebar' en amble off ca-pluck-a-te-pluck, ca-pluck-a-te-pluck, ca-pluck-a-te-pluck, twell he comed up 'long side de apple dryer, whar' de sun wuz hottes', en sot em bof up 'ginst it on de behime side un it, en lef' um, en wen' 'long 'bouten he bizness, asorter dallyin' roun' twell he masser lay down (lak he mos' in gen'ally does in de ebenin') ter tek he nap. He wan' 'feared er ober sleepin' hisse'f needer, he knowed pintedly he gwineter wek up perzackly ter de minit dat dey wuz dry nuf ter wuk on ag'in (w'ich he did sho 'nuff).

Den he call Marsa Gabe, en tol' 'im fer ter go 'long fetch dem Inizimagis fer 'im ter put some bref in, en finish up. Marsa Gabe pull off'n he hat ag'in, toth he haid, skrope he foots des lak he did afo, en sez, "Yes, sah." Ca-pluck-a-te-pluck, ca-pluck-a-te-pluck, ca-pluck-a-te-pluck. But laws er massy on us! W'en he git ter de place whar' he knowed he lef' um, dar wa'n but wun uv um dar. He look eberywhar', but 'tain no use; he kan' fins' but des bar'ly de wun dat he seed w'en he fus comed. He look-en-he-look-en-he-look en scratch he haid en studdy, mounstous pestered bout'n it too, en wukken his thunkin' masheen fer all he knowed.

He fotch bofe, en dar wan' but wun; en w'iles he wuz a kalkulatin' how dat could a happen, w'ether sum er dem varmintses er beasteses er cropin' t'ings, dat wuz made dat same Saddy mornin' could er kotch de missin' wun, en wuz a sayin' ter hisse'f, "Dat folks w'ats allers pesterin' en bodderin' long wa't ain' dern, en ain' got no bizness wid, orter neber come ter no good een, en beasteses en varmintses too ez ter dat des de same ez re'l pussons," w'en he yeard Marsa Lord voice a-callin', "Gabe, G-a-b-e, you Gabe, come along wid you, w'at you trollopin' long dar fer, a-wasin' my time—you gwine ter tek all day? you better come long dar 'fo you fins' out who's w'ich, en w'ich is who."

Marsa Gabe, he twemble all ober; but he kan' fool long dat losted one no mo'; he knowed he bleegeed ter go, so he tuck de wun whar' he had en kyar dat long des ez fas' ez he kin trot. He wuz far'ly kivered wid mud en mighty nigh outer win' w'en he brung up long side de wuk shop en hist 'im out.

En I tell you he lay mighty low en ain't say nuttin' 'tall 'bout de terr' wun whar' he couldn' fins'; bekaze he thunk to hisse'f, "Maybe Marsa Lord mouter fergit *hisse'f*, 'bout dar bein' two on um," but he did'n, no mun dat he did'n.

W'y — dey say he's dat 'tickler he tuck er count ov all de sparrows en number de ve'y h'ars ov de he'ds, w'en he mek um. En w'en he see dar wa'n but wun, he cl'ar up he th'oat, en talk biggerty, des lak he did wunce 'fo' (long time atter dis time, do). 'Twuz outen doo's in de gyarden in de cool er de day (dat same day w'en Marsa Adam en' he wife hide derse'fs), en dey say dat dat time you could year his woice a-walkin'!

Well, he crowd he eyebrows up tergedder, sorter shett up bofe eyes alak, en sez, sez 'ee, "Boy! whar' — dat yuther wun?"

Marsa Gabe look mighty sheepish, en slunk ba'k'ards. 'Twuz tetch en go mun wid 'im, I tell you. So he low, "Wuz dar two on 'em?"

En de word wan' mo'n out'en his mouf, w'en he seed 'twan' no use projeckin' wid Marsa Lord, kaze twiz de bug en de bee martin, t'ain hard ter tell w'ich gwine ter git kotch, en so he up en tol' all 'bout it; how 'ticular he wuz, en how he sot bofe on 'em down tergedder a-techin wuner-nudder side by sides, en how w'en he wen' back ter fetch em (des lak he wuz tole), dar wa'n but des bar'ly wun ter behole, en he low dat he wuz gwineter keep on a-lookin' w'en he yearn hisse'f call. Den Marsa Lord look 'dignant, he woice roar, de earf shuck, en he 'spon: "Gabe — go fetch dat yuther missin' wun. You year, sah?"

Den Marsa Gabe say (des lak de patter-roller wuz behime 'im), "Yes, sah, I gwine ret 'long," en he huddle he'se'f up tergedder sorter skittish, lak he wuz a-dodgin'; en wen 'long back, en tuck all de pains he kin. He look fus wun side en den ter'r; den he tuck 'n ben' down he haid mo'nful. He wuz des gwine hump he'se'f up en tu'n en go back w'en he drapped he eyes; en dar, krouched *ker-flap* on de groun', wuz de ter' wun. A li'le mo', en he'd a-trompled on 'im.

Den, ef you b'leeve it, he skivered he wuz bu'nt black ez er cole, mouf wide open, w'ite teef er shinin', en jam by a poun' er wool on he haid whar' de sun dun kink all up. Fars er sleep, too. "I clar ter grashus!" sezee, "spose he dun git ter noddin' en fall ober; he mout er git kotch wid emptiness in de pit er de stummuck, er he mout en got ter hoanin atter sumpin t'eat." But eny how dar he wuz, des lak I tell you; en dey sez dat dat's de kasion er niggers bein' so sleepy haided ter dis day.

Well, Marsa Gabe, he krope down on he all fo'es, en tuck 'im up en tote 'im ter de w'eelbarr' en den kyar' im long ca-pluck-a-te-pluck, ca-pluck-a-te-pluck, ca-pluck-a-te-pluck.

Now, den, w'en Marsa Lord look en seed dat hiz wuk wuz all sp'ilt en ruint, dat de sun dun mos' bu'n it black ez er charcoal, he shuk he haid en bat he eyes en turnt up he nose lak, en sez, sezee: "He ain' worf follin' time en boderen' long wid. Tek 'im, Gabe, en go fling 'im 'in de Miz,'"

By dat time Marsa Lord wuz dun thoo wid dat fus wun, en he wuz a stannin' up 'periently lak he thunk he wuz in a crowd, wid his han's in his britches pocket, hat cocked on 'wun side, smokin' er seegyar. En he bow mighty familious lak en tooken bodaciously open up de confab hisse'f wid Marsa Lord, en sez, sezee: "Skuze me, Lord, but don' 'stroy 'im, pleas'. Don' fling 'im 'in de Miz,' go'n en finish 'im up, en gi' 'im ter me ter wait on me."

En so de Lord did. He retch up en git de kyarvin knife down, en kyarved off'n de loos'nes uv de bu'nt poshuns, en den tuck sum san' paper en polish 'im en fix 'im up de bes' he kin (out'n er bad job), en gin 'im ter de w'ite man ter wait on 'im; en he bin awaitin' on 'im eber sense fum dat time forre'd twell dis prsen' day, en hits wunner dese yer jobs w'ats gwinter las' er long time — don' you fergit dat off'n yo' min.

En it's bleedged ter be dat away, honey; 'twan' none er we-alls choozn, howsumeber dat may be, but all de same we'se boun' ter mek de bes' un hit. De moon may shine, but a litered knot's mighty handy ter hab roun'; hits bet'r ter be sumpin dan nuttin.

THE COMING RELIGION.

B. O. FLOWER.

Love will conquer all at last.

— TENNYSON.

Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger
And in its ashes plant the tree of Peace.

— WHITTIER.

To hunt the tiger of oppression out
From office; and to spread the Divine Faith
Like calming oil on all the stormy creeds,
And fill the hollows between wave and wave;
To nurse my children on the milk of Truth,
And alchemize old hates into the gold of Love.

— TENNYSON.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

That song of Love, now low and far,
Erelong shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse.

— WHITTIER.

PERHAPS few persons outside of scholarly theologians appreciate the magnitude or far-reaching significance of the revolution in progress throughout the Christian world, which is rapidly changing religious conceptions regarding man and his relations to the Infinite. The profound students of life and religion in modern times have found many thought-compelling facts confronting them which were unknown to the great spiritual leaders of earlier days. However fearless and fond of truth they may have been, in the very nature of the case they did not and could not utter the final word. Humanity, actuated by the spirit of the Infinite, is ever pressing onward in search of spiritual illumination. The desire for knowledge becomes a passion with high-born natures. To know the truth is the supreme attainment, the ultimate of man's dream. And in his ever onward march he is like a traveller ascending a mountain range: each day a broader world unfolds before his vision; each day he sees how incomplete was his conception, and how inaccurate his conclusion based on the outlook of the day before.

The wonderful progress of the race during the present century, due largely to systematic and intelligent research, has opened up broad vistas of truth never before suspected. Man's conception

of the universe and of the All-knowing One, whose life thrills through all life, was never so exalted as to-day. But these great revelations, while broadening human conception and exalting man's ideals, have revealed the fact that many positions maintained by theologians, when human vision was more circumscribed, are untenable in the broader truth revealed by the Infinite to the children of this generation. That the new vistas opened to view by human progress and the falling away of old-time limitations should awaken feelings of a widely different nature in the breasts of men equally sincere, is by no means strange.

To one class of theological students the revelations of our day are an inspiration, calling forth their highest and holiest endeavors. To them the Creator is no longer the God of a peculiar people, with an ear for ages deaf to the cry of earth's teeming millions, but in Him they behold the Love and Life-Essence of the universe. Instead of a greatly magnified man, they see a wise, order-loving, and conscious Energy, which through the tireless ages, step by step, leads life from the lowest forms on to heaven-aspiring man. To them, in the light of to-day, religion reflects the sanity of the Infinite.

On the other hand, a large number of equally sincere Biblical scholars, who have from the cradle learned that all religions from Alpha to Omega lay between the covers of our sacred book, look upon *the new thought* with the greatest apprehension. They are not willing to recognize the strands of gold in the great religions of other ages. Their conception of God is such that they cannot imagine He has spoken in any *vital* way to the millions upon millions of aspiring souls of earth through any other channels than the Jewish Scriptures and the New Testament. They believe it is dangerous to study comparative theology. They fear they may offend the Almighty and imperil their own souls by opening their eyes to the new heaven and the new earth, which the panorama of our century has unfolded before their vision. Their timidity, however, is no more striking than their fear lest the triumph of the new thought might prove fatal to religion.

Ah, they little know the human soul, which in all climes and under all conditions has *loved and aspired*; which in savage and civilized alike, for untold ages, has, from contemplation of the wayside flower, turned to the limitless ether above with a question and a prayer; the human soul which turns to the Omnipotent Conscious Energy which pervades the universe as naturally as does the blade of grass pierce sunward through the sod, or as the babe turns to its mother for consolation and caress. There are many points widely divergent among the great races of earth; but the soul of each great people has recognized

intuitively an overruling Intelligence. As the needle of the compass points to the pole, so the deathless monitor of the human brain has ever pointed to the All-knowing One who guides the destinies of systems of worlds, and whose action is expressed through immutable law.

The conflict so deeply stirring the religious world is the result of facts which the new time has revealed to mankind — facts which cannot longer be dismissed by the wholesale denunciation of those who have frankly faced the new problems. A man who wishes to sleep in the morning may draw down the blinds when the light faintly streaks the east, and for a time forget that the day approaches; but ere long the risen sun floods the land with light, its beams creep in on either side of the curtain, the carol of the birds proclaims the day, and the bustle and turmoil of life in action force him to realize that the night has passed.

So it is to-day. The revelations of modern science in the physical world; archaeological discoveries of this century; the research of orientalists who have brought before the mind of the occidental world the great religions of the far East; inventions which have rendered travel easy, and which are fast making the whole world an immense family; scientific investigation of psychical phenomena; together with numerous other influences, more or less closely allied to some of these major agencies — have rendered it futile for the church longer to ignore problems which have already influenced, to a greater or less degree, every intelligent person who has to any extent kept in touch with the intellectual progress of the present century.

I now desire to notice briefly some of the principal thought-moulding influences which, by appealing to man from various points of view, have silently wrought a revolution in the popular conception of the Infinite One, of creation, human destiny, and other problems of vital bearing upon mankind.

(1) *Progress in Physical Science.* Every step taken by man in his slow and painful ascent has awakened the same fear and called forth the same antagonism which convulses many theological centres to-day; but throughout the past we find that the broader vision has ultimately taken the place of the more contracted and childish conceptions of the race, exactly as manhood evolves from childhood.

When a great truth comes vaguely before the conscience of man, and he knocks perseveringly and earnestly at the door of knowledge, it usually opens in answer to his thought-compelling desire, notwithstanding the fact that progress is slow, and often in action resembles the ebb and flow of the tide. Thus a luminous truth has frequently come forth in response to the soul

cry of a great nature or in answer to the laborious research of some high-born soul, but when given to the world, it has awakened a storm of opposition, which not infrequently ended in the martyrdom of the prophet or scientist, and the receding of the tide, until another, taking up the same idea, has added from his higher interior vision to its luminosity, or succeeded in arresting the attention of the world by proof more tangible to the physical senses. Thus it has ever been in the history of religious thought, of scientific truth and philosophical speculation; but peering up the vista of the past from the vantage ground of to-day, it is clear that the general trend has been onward and upward.

“And step by step since time began
We see the steady gain of man.
That all the good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad;
And still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold.”

Perhaps the most pronounced of the present century influences which have led to what is popularly known as the new theology or higher criticism, is found in the wonderful strides taken in the realm of physical science, and the rise of modern critical methods.

Charles Darwin and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, taking up the thread cast out by Lamarck and Erasmus Darwin, patiently and persistently accumulated fact upon fact which when arranged and classified, with their logical deductions, proved an impregnable bulwark for the theory of evolutionary development. These great working naturalists, reinforced by the magnificent deductions of Herbert Spencer, or perhaps I should say reinforced with a formidable array of incontrovertible facts, and the luminous and far-reaching philosophy of Mr. Spencer, and with their co-laborers, succeeded in arousing the attention of the world. Of the storm which followed little need be said, for the day has so recently passed that most readers will remember the bitter hostility provoked by this new view of the development of life.

In 1876 Rev. Minot J. Savage, the eminent Boston Unitarian divine, after an exhaustive study of the subject, frankly accepted the evolutionary theory, and delivered a series of lectures on “Evolution and Religion.” At that time he stood almost alone among theologians, but since then evolution has not only been accepted as conclusive by a vast majority of scientists of recognized ability, but numbers of the most illustrious theological scholars in orthodox churches have accepted it as proved beyond reasonable doubt. And it is interesting to observe that the

men among the great orthodox denominations who have given adhesion to this theory of life are as spiritual as they are intellectual. Who, for example, among orthodox European writers, has done so much in recent years to awaken a deep religious sentiment in the hearts of the people as Professor Drummond? — and yet in his series of scholarly lectures on evolution, delivered during the past winter in Boston, he unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly accepted this theory of the development of life. Who among American orthodox divines is more spiritual and in more perfect sympathy with the great burden-bearing masses of our day, than Dr. Lyman Abbott, another evolutionist? And so I might continue to enumerate many of the most truly spiritual leaders of the religious world, who have during the past decade unhesitatingly declared their belief in this theory of life.

II. *Archæological Research.* The patient research among the ruins of long-departed civilizations, carried on with such tireless perseverance during this century, has turned a flood of light upon our own sacred Book, and also upon the religious beliefs of those who lived before or contemporaneous with Israel; while excavations in Greece and Italy and a careful examination of the oldest New Testament manuscripts extant, have revealed to those who place truth above prejudice many vitally important truths regarding our New Testament Scripture and popular Christian theology.

III. *The Religions of the East.* Second only to evolution in its influence upon the thought of our day has been the result of modern scholarship in bringing to the light of the occidental world the ancient religions of the far East. To Max Müller and other indefatigable workers we owe much for the broader vision of religion which is the heritage of our time, for through the conscientious work of these scholars, the student of religion has found that God had spoken to the world in various ages and through many tongues. Thus, instead of being a jealous and partial God, the thoughtful believer who studies truth as brought to light through archæological research, and as unfolded in the great religions of Asia, finds the golden thread of lofty ethics, the spirit of the Golden Rule, and the supreme truth that in unselfishness lies the secret of the greatest happiness, reflected, more or less clearly, in all earth's greatest religions. He is able to say with Max Müller, "There is no religion which does not say 'Do good and avoid evil.'" Moreover, he finds in the ancient sacred works of the East much which bears the stamp of the highest inspiration, as well as a vast accumulation of material thoroughly puerile and absurd in character. He finds Confucius teaching: —

No virtue is higher than love to all men, and there is no loftier aim in government than to profit all men.* . . . Happy union with wife and children is like the music of lutes and harps. And when there is concord among brethren the harmony is delightful and enduring.

In the Avesta, the sacred book of Persia, he reads :—

The reward which thou hast given to those of the same law as thyself, O Lord, All-knowing, that give thou to us. May we attain to that, namely, union with thy purity for all eternity.† . . . Holiness is the best of all good. ‡

In the Rig-Veda of India he finds such lofty hymns as the following :—

Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
 He who gives life; He who gives strength;
 Whose command all the bright gods revere;
 Whose shadow is immortality.
 Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
 He who through his power is the one King of the breathing and awakening world;
 Who governs all, man and beast.
 Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
 He whose greatness those snowy mountains, whose greatness the sea proclaims;
 He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm;
 He through whom the heaven was established—nay, the highest heaven;
 He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up.
 Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice ?
 He who by his might looked even over the water-clouds—
 The clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice;
 He who alone is God above all gods.

Again, in the Bible of the Buddhists he finds such exalted teachings as the following :—

Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love. . . . A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil cometh from him, the more good shall go from me. . . . If a man live a hundred years and spend the whole of his time in religious attention and offerings to the gods, sacrificing elephants and horses, all this is not equal to one act of pure love in saving life. . . . Not in the void of heaven, not in the depths of the sea, not by entering the rocky cliffs of the mountains, not in any of these places, or by any means, can a man escape the consequences of his evil deed.§

Then turning to the Stoics of Greece and Rome, he finds the same exalted ethics. He notes Epictetus, the philosopher, saying :—

What ought not to be done, *do not even think*. . . . Remember you are an actor of just such a part as is assigned you by the Poet of the play—of a short part if the part be short, of a long part if the part

* Shu-king.

‡ Yasht XXIV.

† Yazna XI.

§ Tripitaka.

be long. Should He wish you to act the part of a beggar, take care to act it naturally and nobly; and the same if it be the part of a lame man, or a ruler, or a private man. For this is in your power, to act well the part assigned you. . . . Nothing is nobler than high-mindedness and gentleness and philanthropy and doing good. . . . Prescribe for yourself an ideal and then act up to it.

And thus he hears God speaking through the noblest souls of every age and to every people. He finds the golden thread of divine wisdom running through all the noblest faiths, but he also finds much dross in all.

IV. *The multitudinous inventions* which have followed the utilization of steam and electricity constitute another important factor. These have taken away the terror of travel, and have enabled the nations of the earth to mingle one with another. No one can estimate the extent of the subtle but very potent influences which this commingling of the followers of the various great religions has exerted on the mind of mankind, modifying and enlarging the views until the old ideas seem no longer tenable. I do not know as I can better illustrate this than by quoting from a dialogue which recently took place at the World's Fair, and was there reported by an editorial contributor to *Unity*:—

Near the great Ferris wheel you may chance upon a Brahmin who is busy turning off very pleasing effects on little cards with his thumb nail. He has bright eyes and a plentiful flow of wit. He is usually surrounded by admiring ladies.

"Only one nickel, lady; will you buy? You seem interested."

The lady has been studying him intently for some minutes.

"No, I believe not. But I would like to know if you are a Christian?"

"A Christian! No, indeed. Why should I be a Christian? I am a Brahmin. As well ask, 'Are you a Brahmin?' but I know you could not be. No more could you be a Christian if you were born in Turkey. You would be Mohammedan sure. For Bible you would read the Koran—"

"That is not my opinion."

"Opinion! It is not opinion, it is fact. We are all born to our religion. But it's all the same—Mohammedan, Christian. Have a flower, lady?"

Another lady, interposing,—"I would like one with your autograph."

"Oh, sure! 'Tis but a moment to write it." And as he writes: "This is not my profession. I wished to come to the fair. My people say no. But the vessel come, the vessel go, and I was gone, too. So I make my thumb nail—I learn it when a boy—to serve me. I earn some money, I see the fair, I go home. As for my religion, I am nobody here. Here, the Christian on top, I am under. At home I am on top, the Christian under. But we should not be so unkind. Apple pie you like; lemon pie I like; but it's *pie* all the same. So with religion—different but the same."

"But have you no fear of going to hell?" persisted the lady, intent on his soul.

"To hell? Oh, no! I fear to go nowhere; so hell is not in me, I am everywhere safe."

V. *Psychical Phenomena.* We are just beginning to understand that a marvellous realm remains for the sympathetic scientist in the field of psychic research. When modern Spiritualism arose, science sneered and theology raged; but despite the fraud practised, despite the ignorance of sensitives, despite the frown of conventionalism, of religion, and of science, it spread throughout the civilized world, until to-day it would be difficult to estimate the number of persons who believe in the reality of psychic phenomena. Among those who do believe are many eminent scientists, professors, theologians, and scholars in every profession, and the phenomena which called forth the anathema of the church a generation ago, have within the past three months elicited the following expression from the eminent orthodox English clergyman, Rev. H. R. Haweis *: —

Occultism is not only *a* question; it is *the* question of the day. The recognition of it is the strength of Roman Catholicism; the denial of it is the weakness of the Protestant and Unitarian churches. The occult is not a new thing, but the scientific treatment of it is new. The blot upon Roman Catholic occultism is its rejection of scientific investigation; the blot upon rationalist religion is its denial of the facts. The facts have always existed, but never, until now, has scientific examination been possible. Progress in the occult is, therefore, now for the first time possible.

Electricity has been known for thousands of years, but the electric telegraph is a thing of yesterday. Musical sound, and susceptibility to it, have existed for ages, but the art of music, as an independent art, is only four hundred years old. It had to wait for the simple discovery of the octave and the perfect cadence; then it made gigantic strides.

We must have a grammar of accident in art, in literature, in science, and religion. We must have not only facts but formulæ. Science will shortly be the handmaid of so-called supernaturalism — the acolyte of religion.

The independent spiritual consciousness of man — a something *not* matter *in* matter — is about to be established. The survival of human personality after the shock and redistribution of atoms which we call death, will shortly be proved — and proved again and again, and to order.

Presently the race, through the enormous enlargement and the abnormal development of its mental and spiritual faculties, will take strides unknown and, at present, incalculable; and the man of the near future may be as far above the man of the present day as the man of our day is beyond the troglodyte or the prehistoric cave dweller.

After the spiritual phenomena came what was known as Christian Science and Mental Healing. The remarkable cures of cases pronounced incurable by scholarly physicians soon awakened general interest in the philosophy, which in its essence strongly resembled much of the metaphysical thought of India. Almost parallel with the rise of Christian Science, came what is popularly known as Theosophy, a somewhat modernized and

* Mr. W. T. Stead, *New Psychical Quarterly*, *Borderland*, July, 1893.

occidentalized presentation of Buddhism. All these waves of psychical and metaphysical thought, while denounced as "delusions," produced profound impressions on a receptive public, and all tended to lift the mind of man from gross materialism to contemplation of the power of mind, the result of thought, and the probability of demonstrating the reality of a life after death in a scientific manner.

Now while the phenomena which gave rise to the philosophy of modern Spiritualism was attracting much attention, an eminent English physician by the name of Braid determined to overthrow a "delusion of mesmerism," which, notwithstanding the report made by the famous Bailey Commissioners, in which it was characterized as a fraud, had refused to die. This physician began his investigations under the popular impression that mesmerism was a fraud. In the end he established the verity of the phenomena, and rechristened it hypnotism.

During recent years the Society for Psychical Research, in England, and still later the American Psychical Society, have been engaged in careful, critical, and scientific examinations of psychical phenomena, with results which cannot be ignored by the thoughtful among theological scholars.

It will be seen that many and complex have been the agencies which have borne the thought of the world to a higher altitude, and have compelled a readjustment of religious conceptions. Europe was not the Europe of the Middle Ages after the printing press had been invented, after Copernicus and Galileo had made their discoveries and deductions, after Titian, Da Vinci, Angelo, and Raphael had wrought for art, after Columbus had discovered America, or the Reformation had been ushered in. So the world to-day is not the world in which men lived before Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, and Proctor came upon the stage of life; before archæological discoveries had revealed valuable facts to truth-loving minds; before modern scholarship had unfolded the treasures of the religion of the far East; before the inventions of this century had bound the world together as one family; before psychical phenomena challenged public attention, and metaphysical thought lifted man's eyes from the earth and the exterior to the contemplation of mind. So multitudinous have been the changes and so rapid the progress of recent decades, that it is no exaggeration to say that we are living in a new world, and he who would help mankind in any vital way must recognize this truth. This is precisely what the earnest thinkers among the theologians, who have embraced what is known as the higher criticism, appreciate. They have come up from the lower plane with the onward marching thought of the age, and, having caught a glimpse of the broader horizon of

truth, are fearlessly championing the higher conceptions of religion and nobler ideals of the nature of God. And because these scholars are walking hand in hand into the larger truth which God has given to the world to-day, they will succeed, and their success means far more than the triumph of a faction. It will mark a higher altitude in the religious development of the world. It will usher in an era of peace in place of the terrible strife of the past, for the religion it will represent will be grounded in love. Toleration will prevail, or rather liberty and justice, for the Golden Rule will be a living rule of conduct.

The one dark shadow which Christianity has cast over the world is found rooted in the spirit of dogmatic bigotry, which led sincere men to fancy they were carrying out God's command when persecuting all who failed to see the truth from their point of view. This curse of creed and dogma which has blighted all theology dependent on *belief* rather than *conduct*, is directly responsible for the frightful persecutions of the past, which racked, tortured, burned, and buried alive men, women, and children. The most sincere men, acting under a belief that they were doing the will of a God who had prepared an everlasting furnace for his own children, often became the most savage and remorseless persecutors. Indeed, this baleful spirit of intolerance has destroyed love, awakened the tiger in man, and proved the supreme curse of Christian civilization. It compelled Calvin to flee from France for his life, and in turn led Calvin to compass the death of Servetus. It drove the Pilgrims from England, and in turn led them to banish Roger Williams. It is to-day prompting inhuman and savage persecutions of the Seventh Day Adventists in Tennessee and Maryland. It has been this baleful spirit of intolerance and persecution which has driven scores of the noblest and most humane souls of the Christian centuries into atheism. They were horrified at the savagery of the religious enthusiasts. They loved their fellow-men too much to be able to worship a Deity of wrath.

But with the higher conceptions of God which the new thought is ushering in, the spirit of persecution will disappear, and though various forms and beliefs may remain, the conditions will be much as More foreshadowed them in "Utopia." Liberty and fraternity will prevail, because men's conception of God will be higher and more human, and following upon this more exalted and divine religion will come a gradual union in spirit of all who earnestly seek the truth, and the creed of mankind will be, "The world is my country and to do good my religion."



Rich^d. A Proctor

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THOUGHTS IN AN ORPHAN ASYLUM.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

Two journeymen, says a German poet, who had been travelling through many lands, returned after an absence of several years to their native town.

"What have you seen? Tell us," eagerly asked the friends who came to greet them.

"Pshaw!" the one yawned indifferently. "What have I seen? Mountains and meadows, trees and rivers, cities, villages, and people."

"We have seen," exclaimed the other enthusiastically, his eye beaming with rapture, "mountains and meadows, trees and rivers, cities, villages, and people."

Kant as well as Schopenhauer has proved mathematically that our intellect can grasp only the qualities of a thing, not the thing itself, and it is a fact which also can be proven that the qualities of a thing present themselves to the intellect of different persons in a different shape. A poet will stand with admiration before the same plant which a botanist will dry for his collection, as a fair specimen of the order or the genus, without the poet's rapture over the beauty of its colors. A farmer will tear out the same plant by the root, looking upon it as an unwelcome weed, and a fourth person will pass by indifferently without even noticing it.

Many are the visitors to the orphan asylums that are found in almost every large city. Thousands of names are registered in the books which are kept in the offices of such institutions for their signatures. Guests are cordially received either by the superintendent himself or by some other official, conducted through the long corridors from one wing

of the magnificent building to the other, and shown everything worth seeing. They will admire the bright and airy dormitories in which the neat and scrupulously clean little beds stand like soldiers in a line; they will watch with astonishment how by means of a well-devised system the hundreds of children are served in the dining hall with marvellous rapidity; they will look compassionately upon the *poor orphans*, whom grim death has robbed of their parents, and be happy in the thought that it is the good fortune of their own children to live with their parents in a comfortable home. They will, perhaps, offer a part of the surplus of their parental love to one of the *poor* orphans, whose hair they will smooth, or whose cheek they will pat. It may be they will even open their pocket-book, and leave a donation for the support of the asylum.

If it were possible to collect the thoughts which pass through the minds of visitors on such occasions, and to assort and analyze them, we should find that they all turn around one pivot, viz., the thought that no greater misfortune can happen to a child than to lose both his parents, and consequently to be put into an orphan asylum. They will observe whether justice is done to these *poor* children (will the reader please emphasize the word "poor"); whether they are kept clean, whether they have sufficient and wholesome food, and whether they receive proper education. The business man will watch the business management of the institution; the housekeeper will notice the standard of cleanliness that is kept up; the gormand will taste of the soup, and the would-be philanthropist, who brings his friends in his carriage to the asylum that he may show them what a magnificent institution WE maintain, will direct their attention to the architectural beauties of the building, not forgetting the marble tablet in the reception room upon which his name is engraved, to be transmitted in golden letters to future generations as the founder, or at least a member of this noble institution.

Indeed, we all have eyes apparently constructed alike, and yet how differently we see things through them. It is my privilege to look at things as my eyes will permit me, and when I lately visited an orphan asylum I saw many things which other visitors generally do not see. Why, then, should my thoughts not have been propelled by the sights I saw in

another direction than that which our present well-regulated society considers a safe road to travel?

* * * * *

A few months ago I visited the orphan asylum in C. The able and scholarly superintendent, Dr. W., showed me all over the house, the magnificence of which, as well as its excellent appointments, could not fail to arouse my admiration. I saw the schoolrooms, the dining hall, and the dormitories. I inspected the playrooms and the tank in which fifty boys or girls at a time could enjoy cold or warm baths. I observed the orphans in the class room, in the yard, and while taking their meals. I could not help noticing their blooming health, their youthful sprightliness, their healthy appetite, their clean and well-fitting garments. It caused me exceeding pleasure to observe with what affection they clung to their teachers and especially to the superintendent, nor did I fail to observe the love which the teachers harbored for their pupils, or the brotherly and sisterly sentiments which these orphans showed to one another. It was a pleasure to notice how the larger children took care of the smaller ones; in a word, I saw many things which every visitor may see but which he rarely observes. I saw, moreover, that the five hundred children of this institution were not at all to be pitied on account of the loss of their parents, but that their lot had become one to be envied when compared with the hundreds of thousands of children whose parents have to struggle with the worries and anxieties of everlasting poverty, or with those whom death has robbed only of either the father or the mother. Even when compared with the children of well-to-do or wealthy parents, the balance would be in their favor, because the latter, being pampered, become effeminate; their talents are not discovered and stimulated by an able educator, but rather spoiled and misdirected by the egotism of parents who love but themselves in their children. A silly, even a cruel wish rose then for a moment in my heart, which I will confess, although I feel the danger of being misunderstood in doing so. I wished at that moment that death would remove all poverty-stricken parents in the land, in order that their children might enjoy a happy youth, free from care, worthy of the human name, and enter upon active life well developed and educated, with a prospect of success.

* * * * *

“What are the conditions necessary for the admission of a child into your institution?” I asked the superintendent. The answer was, that only children are admitted both of whose parents are dead, and who have no relatives of means who could take care of them.

Let us now take two children out of similar circles and observe the contrast. The one has lost both his parents and, therefore, is admitted into the asylum. From that moment he comes under the eye of a highly-cultured educator; he receives clothing, food, and proper direction. Light and ventilation are carefully provided. He is trained to scrupulous cleanliness. Even while playing, he is watched and his character noted. Good influences surround him from all sides, while evil is kept from him; even inherited faults are quickly discovered and systematically uprooted. In case of sickness, the best care is taken of him. A physician is called in time and his advice carefully followed. When the time arrives in which the child must choose an occupation for his future life, the advice of the educator who has discovered his talents long before and has caused them to be developed, is his for the asking.

The other child, to whom a good (?) fortune has left both his parents, is brought up in narrow quarters that lack light and air. He is surrounded by misery and destitution and the squalor and uncleanness which necessarily accompany them. His food is unwholesome and insufficient. If his shoes are torn, his parents will complain that at present they have no money to buy him new ones or even to have them mended. He is left to himself. His father is at work all day, and in the evening is too tired to devote an hour to the training of his children; in most cases he does not even understand more of his parental duties than that he has the right to thrash his child. The mother is overburdened with household cares, and thus the child is left to all the evil influences which surround the miserable neighborhood as with a dark cloud. His sentiments are suppressed, his talents remain unnoticed. The public schools can do but a part of the educational work, although indeed it is a great boon to the children of the poor that at least during five hours a day they are brought within the reach of better influences and during that time may enjoy better light and air. In case of sickness, quack medicines are tried before

the dispensary doctor is called, and his advice remains unheeded, because light, air, and wholesome food are medicines which cannot be procured at the drug store. Choice of occupation is entirely out of the question. After the child has reached his fourteenth year, he is obliged to take the first place which offers itself, in order to earn a few cents. A city which supports an orphan asylum of about four hundred pupils contains, on an average, thirty thousand children who are denied all these rights and possibilities of life which I have enumerated, because they are so happy (?) as to possess parents. It is evident that all these miseries assume larger proportions when the father is dead and the widow alone must support her children.

"But, my dear sir," the reader will say, "you leave out the consideration that the love of parents to children and the affection of brothers and sisters to one another, overbalance all these material advantages which the orphan asylum offers."

Let us not talk of the affection of brothers and sisters towards one another. Most parents, be they rich or poor, are troubled to keep peace between brothers and sisters. Fraternal affection is less reliable than friendship; but supposing that the family does develop sentiments of love in children towards one another, is not the orphan asylum still a family though on a larger scale? In place of three or five or seven brothers and sisters, hundreds are given here to the pupil. He has the choice of making warmer alliances with those who are congenial to him and whose hearts are attuned with his.

And parental love? While it is true that in the love of a mother lies a secret charm, we must not forget that parental love, so highly praised, finds its strongest root in instinct and self love; it must not be overlooked that this very parental love often grows foolish, and we must remember that the mere expression of love is not all that ensures a proper education. The most loving mother is not always the best educator.

There are persons who are gifted by nature with unselfish love; who possess a certain magnetism that will attract others and establish a mutual relationship. Such persons find their life's happiness in the profession of teaching, and when they are placed as teachers in an orphan asylum the

radiation of their love is far more beneficial to the pupil than that of the best parents. When I observed the love with which the pupils of the orphan asylum in C. clung to their teachers, how they left their play to be petted by the superintendent, it became clear to me that love in itself is independent of blood relationship.

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Nothing is easier and affords us greater pleasure than to utter a wish, but if it were possible to note down and to classify all the wishes which daily rise in our minds, we should find that they all could be divided into two sections. One would comprise those whose realization is not only impossible, but not even expected. The other would contain such as could be realized by our own efforts, without the aid of any power outside of ourselves. Hence the wishes of the first section are absurd, while those of the second are unnecessary. Yet the torrent of our wishes will not be stayed even by the dam which sound logic sometimes constructs to weaken the force of the current.

The sight of the happy, well-fed, well-dressed, and well-educated orphans, and the corresponding compassion for the thousands of children being brought up in misery by their poverty-stricken parents, induced me to wish that the real cause of their misery, their parents, might be suddenly removed, so that the children might enjoy the same privileges and the same happy youth as orphans! But what a foolish wish that was! Does it not make me appear a second Caligula? (It is said that this Roman emperor once uttered the wish that the whole Roman people had but one neck, so that he could enjoy striking off its head at one blow.) Of course I never earnestly desired the realization of this, and I knew well that it was absurd because it would demand an impossibility. But it was also a member of that second section of wishes, those which are unnecessary because they desire conditions which can be brought about by our own activity, and without the aid of any power beyond our own. A moment's reflection showed me that there is no reason to wait for the death of parents in order to give to their children the benefits which a well-regulated orphan asylum offers, because all children could be brought up in the same manner in which now only orphans are reared. The absurdity of my wish impressed me still more, when I reflected

that live people can do more for such institutions by supporting them than the dead. I began to figure.

The annual expense for the support and education, let us say, of five hundred children, will reach thirty-five thousand dollars, or, to leave a margin, fifty thousand dollars. For that outlay each individual child gets the best of everything, and what is the most useful for his welfare. He is supplied with good, wholesome food, with clothing according to the seasons, with an abundance of light and pure air; he is trained to scrupulous cleanliness; he receives a good schooling; he is surrounded by that moral atmosphere in and through which alone a strong character can be developed; he is taken care of in sickness; in a word, his development is of body, intellect, and soul. The average cost for each child would thus be about one hundred dollars per annum.

If the reader will now take the trouble to figure out what it costs poor people annually to bring up one of their children in the midst of misery that surrounds them, to house them, to feed them, and to dress them in rags, he will be astonished to find that if the amount does not reach the figure of one hundred dollars, it does not remain far below it, even with the most poverty-stricken classes; and the well-to-do and the wealthy will concede that it costs them much more than one hundred dollars annually to support and educate one of their children. Now, what more and better things can be given even to the child of a millionaire than wholesome food, clean and comfortable clothing, light and air, and, above all, an education appropriate to his peculiar talents and inclinations? The surplus that the well-to-do and wealthy classes spend for the support and education of their children, enormous as it is, is squandered, and the only result derived from it is often that their children are made physical wrecks, with their nerves unstrung, their intellect over stimulated; that morally they are depraved; that they become unfit to fight the battles of life; that they enter it with expectations which can be gratified only by means of inherited wealth.

A plain, simple education based upon scientific methods, which tends to develop the whole child, body, mind, and will; which permits the natural faculties of the child, and not fancied talents, to evolve; which does not stimulate the mind at the expense of the body, nor fatten the body at the

expense of the mind, is the right which should be granted to every child, be his parents poor or rich. It can be had at the price of one hundred dollars per annum.

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If it is true that education as it is offered by the orphan asylum leads to better results than that of the home; if it is true that such institutions can be run at an expense, *per capita*, much lower than that which the poorest of people incur, why have people been so long blind to their best interests, and why have they never tried the experiment of communal education?

In ancient Sparta the education of the young was assigned by Lycurgus to the commonwealth; philosophers of a still later time have recommended similar measures, but we, forsooth, cannot copy to-day the example of a time long past, nor could the people of those ages have formed an idea of the acquisitions of our day. It is only of late that it has become possible for us to take a bird's-eye view of the whole body of humanity, and to conceive of any socialistic enterprise as feasible. Even one hundred years ago such a proposition and such conceptions were impossible, and had no place in the human mind. But before I turn to the demonstration of the feasibility of such a radical transformation in the rearing of the young as would be their education and support by the community, I must answer a question which forces itself into the foreground. If it were advisable and possible to give to the whole youth of a city a kind of orphan asylum education, what means can be substituted for the beneficial influences which father and mother exert upon the child? Or in other words, is it advantageous in all respects to supplant home education by public education?

May I ask the reader again to help me add some figures? It will be conceded by all that a child ought to sleep for ten hours daily. During that time neither the home nor the educational institute can exert any pronounced influence upon it, although it is likely that dormitories may be built to ensure more excellent ventilation, and more careful watch over sleepers, if necessary, than most home chambers afford. Let us add to these ten hours the five hours devoted to schooling, during which time the child is again withdrawn from home influences. Two hours a day is not too much to allow for the time in which the child is on his way to and

from school, since the two-session system is preferable to that which keeps the child for five hours in succession under mental strain. During these two hours the child is again left to himself and away from home influences. Two hours a day are spent at the table, during which time both parents and children are too much occupied in satisfying the cravings of the inner man to give thought to educational matters, excepting perhaps in table etiquette and the proper use of knives and forks. Three hours a day children should be allowed to play. During this time parents cannot watch because they cannot follow them into the streets or the squares where children congregate to play. An institution has its open and covered playgrounds, and can employ one or several teachers to watch the pupils even when at play. If all this is conceded and the figures are added, the reader will find that of the twenty-four hours of the day only two remain in which parents might fulfil their duties as educators and might exert some influence over their children. The poor, however, need that time sorely to recuperate the powers consumed in daily toilsome labor, while the rich are sometimes compelled to give that time to the demands of society. Let us consider, too, that the average parents understand no more of education than that which nature has taught them instinctively. They allow many faults of the youthful character to pass uncorrected; parental vanity will often applaud what should receive stern rebuke, or will punish what is not culpable at all. If all this is summed up, it will not be difficult to see that parental influence is a myth, not supported by facts. In a public institution, on the other hand, the pupil does remain under the eye of an experienced educator during the whole twenty-four hours of the day. This educator is rarely, if ever, led by his temper to punish, or by partiality to praise, where punishment or praise is not appropriate and will affect the child as foul air or a hail storm affects a tender plant.

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Public education is yet in its infancy. Our public schools are very, very young, and the idea that it is the duty of society to give to every child a complete education has not yet fully matured. How long is it since orphan asylums have been erected? Who in ancient times ever thought of the possibility of bringing up five hundred children in one

institution? Who ever thought then that an orphan has the same right to be treated with love as has any other child? A child was formerly looked upon as the property of parents, to be utilized by them—was, so to say, a day laborer, obliged to work for his parents, receiving only board and clothing for pay. When a child lost his parents, people were found in every village or town who were pleased to take an orphaned child into their family and thus to obtain cheaper labor. It is difficult to find an orphan asylum older than two hundred years, and what are two hundred years in the history of human evolution?

As long as charity flourishes at the expense of justice, asylums which take temporary care of neglected children will rank among the noblest charities; but let us not ignore some of their defects. As these institutions have not sufficient means to take care of all these waifs and rear them in such a manner that, hereafter, they may enter life with prospects of success, they feel obliged to search for people willing to adopt them. Hundreds of children are sent annually to country places and especially to the West and adopted by farmers, who promise the officers of these institutions to take care of the children, to give them as good an education as they can afford, and to look out for them as if they were their own. This is the beautiful ideal, and the institutions take pride in showing in their annual reports how they have found homes for hundreds of neglected children. In reality, however, the affair has a different aspect. The farmer who finds it difficult to obtain labor at the price which he is willing to pay, adopts a boy or a girl ten or twelve years old. To board them at his table is no expense to him, and the plain clothing that he gives them requires no large investment. Even if the child is sent to school there are many kinds of labor which can be performed by it outside of school hours. After the fourteenth year they become full-fledged servants, but without pay. They are charged even with the duty of gratitude towards the good people who have taken them from the street. By law their services belong to their guardians until they have reached the age of twenty-one. Then, unless they run away sooner, they are dismissed with thanks, and another child is adopted. How humane and how charitable this is!

Owing to this mode of looking at the duties owed by

society to orphans, their treatment has been, heretofore, rather of an official nature, lacking sympathy and love to such a degree that parents could imagine only with a shudder their own children obliged to take refuge in such an institution. Even the well paid boarding-school is held out to unmanageable children as a kind of punishment. But mankind has ever learned by experience. We have learned that education on a large scale is not only possible, but cheaper and better than that which a home can give, and that, moreover, the element of love is not necessarily excluded therefrom. In former times the rattan was considered one of the most important means of education in the public school; yet it has been removed, and better educational results have been obtained since the rod was exiled and the love of a magnetic teacher substituted for it. Orphan asylums are now the outcome of the sentiment of *duty*, and hence they are managed with *love*.

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We need only remove existing prejudices to see that better educational results can be reached when the nation or the community undertakes to support and educate all children, from the third to the twentieth year, precisely as it now undertakes the education of the young up to the fourteenth year. Even now the community compels parents to give up their children to the school for five hours a day, from the sixth to the fourteenth year; if the community has the right to keep children away from their parents five hours a day, why should it not have the right to take them for twelve or twenty-four hours? If it is justified in demanding that youth shall be educated and not allowed to go to work until they have reached the fourteenth year, why not keep them in school to the twentieth year? If it is in fact cheaper to supply all the pupils in the school with books at the expense of the community, why is the idea of supplying them also with clothing and board at public expense rejected as preposterous?

I am fully aware that the time for such innovations has not yet come, and therefore can understand why some contemptuously smile at such propositions, while others reject them as being harmful to society. It is true we do not yet live in the time when people understand that a child is neither the toy nor the slave of parents, but that

parents must seek in the development of their children the progress of all humanity. We do not yet live in the age when it will be self-evident that the child may demand *rights* in exchange for the duties which society demands of him, but we are not so very far from it as many imagine, for all our social arrangements are drifting in that very direction. The artisan has disappeared, and into his place has stepped the factory hand; the small workshop has disappeared, and in its place has come the large factory to which the laborer is chained; the small tool has been superseded by the intricate machine, which does the work of a hundred hands; small stores are suppressed by large ones. As an individual, man has ceased to be able to support himself; he has become dependent upon a place in the community. Women are now charged with *duties*, having succeeded in obtaining some *rights*, and this has forced their working capabilities into new spheres. Through these innovations all the conditions upon which life was formerly planted have been changed. Public schools have become a necessity, and their work is even extended to teaching the pupil a trade. Therefore it may not be so very long as many think before the state or the community will feel obliged to undertake the support as well as education of all children, precisely as orphan asylums are now maintained. The old pillars upon which the family has rested heretofore are one after another breaking down, and we are on the eve of a radical transformation of all social conditions, which will also include the support and education of the young by the state.

The reader need not be frightened when the word "state" is pronounced. The state is neither the president nor the emperor; neither the secretary nor a staff of officials. The state is you and I, he and she, we and they. The state which is to support and educate the young is the same parents who do it now, the only difference being that now they do it individually, while in time to come they will do it collectively; that now each endeavors to carry alone that which hereafter all will together carry with ease.

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During the conversation which I had with the superintendent of the asylum, he called my attention to one of the drawbacks which adhere to the system. It is light

which casts shadows. "It cannot be denied," said he, "that the youth of a pupil in this institution is a happy one. He receives a physical, mental, and moral development such as the home can never give him; but in one point I have not reached the desired success, although I have given my full attention and much study to it. My pupils never learn to understand the *value of money*, and when they enter life and are obliged to fight their own battles, they lack sharpness and cleverness to handle that powerful weapon. After many defeats a few learn the tactics of the world and how to use money. Others seek a secluded place, in which they remain during their whole lifetime in a subordinate position. Others finally, discouraged by ill success, yield to downright servitude. How this evil can be cured," said the gentleman, "I do not know. I have tried repeatedly to develop that sharpness and shrewdness in the pupils of my institution which the child brought up in the home learns from experience or by the example set by parents, but I have not succeeded as well as I wished. Inasmuch as no room is left in the asylum for egotism, because the children learn here to submit to a beneficent system and inhale the idea of equality, pupils cannot attain to that sharpness which the grindstone of selfishness produces, and which is needed so much in the battle for existence. If you will add to all this that our pupils never know what worry is—that it is as natural to them to depend upon the regularity of their meals and the replacement of their wearing apparel when outworn or outgrown, as it is for them to expect the return of the sun on every new morning, you will easily find the reason why, in spite of a better education and the better development of all physical and mental forces, the pupils of an institution like ours cannot compete successfully with children brought up in the family, even in most miserable homes."

The experience of this able educator shows in a glaring light the principal objections which can be raised against asylums. Neither does he stand alone. Other educators, too, have expressed their misgivings in regard to the educational limits of the orphan asylum, and experiments have been made to devise means by which the orphan can be supported and educated without disconnecting him from practical life. Some organizations have adopted the plan of boarding such children in private families.

This very weakness of the orphan asylum hurls one of the weightiest accusations in the face of society, however. It is true, alas, that the right of the strong to suppress the weak forms the foundation of modern society as it ever did that of the past. The weak must serve the strong, whether the force applied for the subjection of the less powerful is of muscle or of brain or is hidden in the money bag. In former ages the young member of society was trained to handle the club, the spear, and the sword; now he must be schooled in the art of using the strongest of all weapons, money, to suppress others and to gratify his own selfish desires. This art must not be taught theoretically, but by means of object lessons. In a world whose residents live in a constant fight with one another, in spite of their bombastic and hypocritical assurances of brotherly love; in a world in which the success of a human life is measured only by the accumulation of wealth; in a world in which the individual feels himself the centre around which all creation turns—in such a world there is of course no room for him whose egotism has been kept in bounds, or who has not received the training needed to keep his place in such a battle field of human passions. So long as there is left to one only the choice of becoming either hammer or anvil, the position of the anvil will remain for the one who cannot crush another without feeling pain.

This very observation also throws a sharp light upon the conventional lies of our civilization. In theory, on paper, in the pulpit, on the platform, mankind is portrayed as one family, the members of which should enjoy equal rights; in practical life we fight tooth and nail against one another, and acknowledge the right of the strong, the right of the possessor. In theory we speak of human dignity, of the gulf that separates man from the brute; in practical life, when obliged to fight for the crust of bread that we need, we show greater greed than animals. In the education of the young, as far as theory goes, we endeavor to imbue them with the ideas of justice and truth; in practical life, however, we are satisfied with the appearance of virtue, since real virtues are but impediments to individual success. The asylum, therefore, which gives an ideal training, does not fit the pupil for practical life. The asylum teaches the individual to suppress selfishness and work for the community, seeking his own happiness in the welfare of

the social body. The world applauds only him who is able to suppress others and to make them do his will. The asylum teaches the equality of all human beings; the world bows to him who possesses more than others do. The asylum is a haven of peace in which even passions are silenced; the world is a battle field in which no sympathy is shown to the defeated. In the asylum money is of no value; in the world it is worshipped as a king, yea, even as a god.

We have the choice between two methods to remove these drawbacks of the asylum system of education. Either the asylum must fit itself to the world, or the world must fit itself to the asylum. Either the paradise of the asylum must be transformed into a realm of strife, deceit, and intrigue, or the world must be transformed into an abode of peace. It is easier and recommends itself as more practicable to do the first; if, however, as in course of time will and must happen, the state becomes charged with the support and education of all children, would it not be better and more humane that the world should aim at universal happiness, and seek it not in warfare but in peace? Would it not be preferable that all should unite their activities and see to it that all can live in happiness, than that by the victory of one individual over another the welfare of the victor involves the misery of the defeated?

Coming generations will know as a fact that which appears to us as a theory. Will they look back upon us and acknowledge that we not only hoped for a world in which peace and happiness should be the share of every individual, but that we even saw it in anticipation and strove to hasten "the good time coming"?

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY THE LATE RICHARD A. PROCTOR.*

AMONG the strange fancies which have from time to time arisen respecting the great men of the past, few seem stranger than the thought that Lord Bacon was the real writer of the plays which have been so long attributed to William Shakespeare. Those who first heard of the fancy regarded it as the idle dream of one unacquainted either with the actual characteristics of the Shakespearean drama, or with the quality of Bacon's mind as shown in his works, or with both. But although this may have been the case, it is certain that the fancy has found attractions for some who should at least have possessed the necessary knowledge to form a just opinion on the subject. And apart from the value, small or great, of the reasoning by which the idea has been supported, it has been in a sense encouraged by the gravity with which it has been encountered. For in literature, as in science, the paradox dies out if not attacked. A school of flat-earth men, another of circle squares, would soon be established, if science did not very rigidly leave the paradoxers alone, or else — which has been my own constant custom — deal with them as merely affording highly interesting examples either of what some minds are capable of imagining, or of what some minds are unable to comprehend. For in the case of every paradox ever advanced, there has always been *some* evidence which to the ill-trained mind appears decisive, always some circumstance to render the paradox attractive to men of fanciful imaginations; and when in oppugning a paradox you come across a detail which apparently favors it, and at the same time is slightly beyond the mental grasp of the paradoxists, your failure to explain that detail sufficiently to show that it has in reality no such bearing as the paradoxist imagines, appears to the weaker minded among the on-lookers

* This paper consists of a discussion of Shakespeare's plays, written by the eminent astronomer, Richard A. Proctor, to his daughter in 1886. Miss Proctor, while transcribing that portion of these letters relating to the Shakespearean plays, has omitted those parts which were not germane to the subject, save the closing paragraph of the last letter, which is retained as giving a delightful glimpse of the father. — EDITOR ARENA.

as an admission that the paradox has something in it. A sense of despair comes over the explainer, and his audience interprets it to mean "that he finds his case weaker than he supposed," — whilst in reality his feeling is, that with minds so much weaker than he had supposed possible (outside certain asylums), explanation is hopeless.

I suppose that no believer in the Baconian theory of Shakespeare's plays will ever be convinced that he holds (or is held by) a wildly impossible theory, or, indeed, be otherwise than strengthened in his faith by reasoning adduced against it — reasoning which he is quite unable to comprehend. He has heard a number of circumstances which undoubtedly make Shakespeare a marvel among men — a marvel "not for an age, but for all time," — and he has not heard, or hearing has not understood, what would make the explanation he seeks to substitute, much more than a marvel. He has heard that Bacon overthrew the scientific methods of all the ages preceding his own, and replaced them by the method which has effected all the discoveries of modern science; and he is not aware that all this is purely mythical, that long before Bacon the method regarded as modern was successfully employed by men of science, while the method defined by Bacon never has been employed and never will be, with any chance of success. Because Bacon, of whom the great Harvey justly said that "He wrote of science like a lord chancellor," claimed all science for his theme, failing egregiously in his attempt on the sole detail to which he applied his own method, it seems an easy thing to conceive that he could take, at the same time, besides all his other employments, the task of achieving the first place in dramatic literature.

The Baconian paradoxist combines with these mistakes the notion that Shakespeare was far too ignorant and simple-minded a man to have been capable of writing the plays which bear his name, whereas Bacon was a thorough scholar — the real fact being that, except in the power of writing rather bad Latin fluently, Bacon was a most imperfect scholar (he was far too great a man to be scholastic). He imagines that Shakespeare's name and fame were the creation of later days than his own; that the correct use of law terms in Shakespeare's plays proves the real writer to have been a leading lawyer of Elizabeth's time. And a number

of other matters, equally mistaken or equally little germane to the subject, readily satisfy the paradoxist that he has lit upon a great new truth.

SHAKESPEARE'S SCIENCE.

With respect to Shakespeare's science, it has been suggested that several passages may be regarded as indicating the anticipation by Shakespeare of some of the scientific discoveries made since his day. Thus the law of gravitation is supposed to have been suggested by Shakespeare before Newton in the lines, —

But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation was even akin to what Shakespeare here refers to. The story of Newton and the apple is, I suppose, responsible for the idea that Newton indicated the action of terrestrial gravitation, which was of course recognized ages before his time, and had been made the subject of experimental researches by Galileo before Newton was born. In so far as Newton's theory of gravitation related at all to the earth's attraction on falling bodies, it was entirely different from that view which in Shakespeare's time was commonly entertained, namely, that the *centre* of the earth was the attractive part; for Newton showed, by a series of inquiries of the most ingenious kind, that terrestrial attraction is a property of every part of the earth's mass, whether solid, liquid, or gaseous.

Another line, —

You may as well forbid the sea to obey the moon,
shows that Shakespeare knew, as every schoolboy probably knew in his time, that the tides follow the moon, and that he did *not* know how, depending on the law of gravity, they follow the sun also. Newton had nothing to do with the discovery that the tides are associated with the moon, which had been observed by geographers many hundreds of years before.

Again, it is suggested that the invention of the stereoscope by Sir David Brewster may have been preshadowed in the following lines: —

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
 Which show like grief itself, but are not so.
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
 Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
 Distinguish form.

But here there is a distinct and very obvious reference to an optical trick, familiar at least as far back as Roger Bacon's time.

I must confess I can see no reference to the true theory, as established by Harvey, of the circulation of the blood, in the comparison, —

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

It was no discovery of Harvey's that the blood visits the heart.

Tyndall's molecular theory, again, cannot, by any one who knows what Tyndall's views about molecules are, be associated in the remotest way with the words, —

For thou exist'st in many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust.

It seems to me impossible to find any reference to science throughout the whole series of Shakespeare's plays which shows more than that he had a fair though vague idea of the crude philosophy of his day. And I must confess I should be sorry to see the name of the greatest poet the world has known, associated with false claims and pretensions easily disproved.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

Comparing Bacon, the philosopher rather than the student of science, with Shakespeare, Bacon the essayist with Shakespeare the dramatist, we find reason to wonder there are so few parallelisms among so many thoughts directed by the two men to the same subject. The most remarkable feature of resemblance lies in the fact that just as you may come, again and again, to a scene or even a speech in one of Shakespeare's plays, and find fresh beauties in it, so it is with each one of Bacon's philosophical writings, and especially with his essays—every fresh reading brings out a new feature. In the whole series of essays I have never noticed any resemblance detailed to Shakespearean philosophy so

striking as that in a passage outside the essays (in the "Wisdom of the Ancients — Endymion") where Bacon says that princes of thoughtful and suspicious nature "do not easily admit to their privacies such men as are prying, curious, and vigilant, or as it were sleepless; but rather such as are of an easy, obliging nature, and indulge them in their pleasures, without seeking anything further, but seeming ignorant, insensible, or as it were lulled asleep before them." This undoubtedly recalls Shakespeare's

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

But such resemblances are few and far between. The explanation, doubtless, is that Shakespeare pictured men as they live and act and speak, Bacon as he saw them. Bacon gives us his thoughts about men's actions and motives; Shakespeare makes the men in his pages speak their own thoughts about themselves and their fellow-men, who with them act and move and have their being in the world of his creation.

Of Bacon's poetic power there can be no question; it is shown, strangely enough, more in his writings about science than anywhere else. But as a poet, in the sense in which Homer, Virgil, and Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton were poets, Bacon certainly showed himself wanting. The man who wrote of

The great leviathan
That makes the seas to seethe like boiling pan,

and sang that

Man's life hangs on brittle pins,

was certainly not gifted with the same power of expressing his poetic fancies as the author of the "Sacred Sonnets," which would have made Shakespeare's name great among the poets, even had he sought no broader, greater, or more heroic themes.

Of Bacon's classic learning the Baconians, in what they are pleased to call "the Bacon controversy," talk as though he were a scholar infinitely more learned than poor Shakespeare, with his "little Latin and less Greek." "There is no doubt," says one, "that the author of Shakespeare was a man of wide and accurate scholarship, and of thorough culture."

If so, assuredly that author could not have been Bacon. The argument, if it has any strength at all, is nearly as strong against him as against Shakespeare. He was not much thought of by the college authorities as a classical student (so ran one tradition at dear old Cambridge), and he left Cambridge without taking a degree. His quotations from Greek authors are never direct, but always from the Latin translations — except one line of Homer, and that was most probably quoted at second hand. It has been said of him, on this account (and, with the alteration of the defining word, the same might be said of Shakespeare), that if a *didactic* author were to be named whose thoughts sprang directly out of his own mind, Bacon must be cited. But, indeed, of Bacon's habit of study we know little more than we do of Shakespeare's — the evidence lies almost wholly in the results of such study scattered broadcast through his writings. In the long vacations, and when he could steal time from official duties, he read laboriously, and probably he made very copious notes, classified under proper headings; but he used the knowledge he thus acquired rather for purposes of illustration than to supply material, and he seems to have read more for examples of style than to instruct his own mind. Indeed, his tone, in speaking even of the greatest writers of old times, is nearly always that of one who contemplates the work of others from a higher level than theirs.

How Shakespeare redeemed his time, we can infer from his poems and contemporary evidence without considering the plays; though a study of the plays in the order in which they were produced, affords singularly interesting evidence of steady work and resulting progress. I suppose no one has ever thought of attributing the "Venus and Adonis" to Bacon, or to any one but Shakespeare himself, who gives his name in full to the dedication. It is, indeed, impossible to say *what* believers in the Baconian theory of the plays may not have imagined — and for aught one can see they may be able to maintain that Bacon, who sat in Parliament for Melcombe Regis in 1585, at the ripe age of twenty-four, and who was returned successively for Taunton, Liverpool, and Middlesex, in the years between 1585 and 1592, amused the abundant leisure which his parliamentary and legal duties and his strenuous efforts for advancement must have left him, to write the warmest poem of love and passion which

our language has produced ! But for others, it may suffice to consider that Bacon's nature was cold and calculating, not warm and passionate like Shakespeare's, and that, entered at the age of twenty at Gray's Inn, Bacon for ten years devoted all his energies to the struggle for place and power. Even his anxieties about the advance of science moved him only to produce the *Temporis Partum Maximum* (or "Greatest Birth of Time"); and though perchance it may have been very great, yet we only hear of it from a letter of his to Father Fulgentio. Can we suppose the great philosopher—who married at the age of forty-two the lady of his affections, after long and formal courtship—to have devoted hours of leisure to produce, at the age of thirty-two, so burning a poem as the "Venus and Adonis," hiding his work under the assumed name of a second-rate actor unknown to literary fame? Would Bacon have dedicated such a poem to a well-known nobleman?—who, of course, must have known of the fraud, even though Shakespeare had consented to sell his name to Bacon. This would be to imagine Bacon a marvel of folly and duplicity as well as of genius, and Shakespeare—though, under the assumed circumstances, that would count for little—as contemptible as his hirer. I suppose, however, that even the believers in Bacon as the author of "Romeo and Juliet," for example, do not imagine that he wrote "Venus and Adonis," or that any one wrote that wonderful—though not altogether commendable—poem, but the young poet who dedicated it to the still younger Earl of Southampton, his patron. We know not when it was written, but presumably some years before 1593, when it was published.

The importance of this one absolute certainty that Shakespeare wrote "Venus and Adonis" is manifest. For with all the passionate warmth of this amorous poem, the Shakespeare of the plays is more manifest in it, than is the Shakespeare of Coriolanus or Henry V. in the first-fruits of Shakespeare's dramatic labors. "Venus and Adonis," besides its undue warmth, has many faults of imagery, from the first line, with its purple-colored sun, to the last, immuring "Venus in her Isle of Paphos." But it is full of passages which none but Shakespeare could have written. Who could have pictured the dejected hounds of Adonis, as in the "Venus and Adonis," save he whose Theseus says:—

My love shall hear the music of my hounds
 Uncouple in the western valley —
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
 My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind —
 So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under other; a cry more tunable
 Was never holla'd to nor cheered with horn.

Grant the "Venus and Adonis" Shakespeare's, and we must yield also to him the "Lucrece" and the "Sonnets," as well as "The Lover's Complaint," and a large part of "The Passionate Pilgrim." Any one who can study these poems, and fail to feel that he who wrote them wrote also the plays we know as Shakespeare's, and as a poet was matched by no writer that lived in the Elizabethan age, may be able to attribute the plays of Shakespeare to Francis Bacon. Such a one might, with equal sense, attribute the poems of Tennyson to Thomas Carlyle. The amazing ease and certainty of touch we admire in the plays are seen equally in the poems; the combined strength and versatility are there; the wondrous range of subjects — astronomy (Sonnet 14), law (Sonnet 87), natural history, medicine, botany, general knowledge; and lastly, that copious vocabulary which strikes us so in the plays.

Only nine days now till I shall be home again. I am a trifle tired of this winter travelling, and the trying combination of closely packed lecture engagements with literary work.

Best love to you, my dear daughter, from
 Your ever loving father,
 RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

MEDICAL SLAVERY THROUGH LEGISLATION.

BY HENRY WOOD.

Recognized science! Recognized ignorance! The science of to-day is the ignorance of to-morrow! Every year some bold guess lights upon a truth to which but the year before the schoolmen of science were as blinded moles.—*Edward Bulwer Lytton, in "A Strange Story."*

THE toils of legislative restriction and monopoly are often woven so subtly that the average citizen is quite unaware of possible, and even present, abridgments of his personal freedom. Under the seductive plea of protecting him and doing a needed favor, his theoretical guardians put him in shackles of which he is quite unaware, until the occasion comes when liberty is desired for practical use. Then he beats against the solid bars and finds that his supposed freedom is a myth.

Many are not aware of the fact, that if, in any one of a great majority of the states of this glorious, free (?) Union, one is healed of disease by means of any treatment denominated "irregular," the person who has done him such a service is liable to arrest, punishment, and classification as a felon. This is a calm statement of fact and not a rhetorical abstraction.

Under constitutional guarantees every person is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These rights not only lie at the foundation of our national government, but are inherent, God given, and universal. Wherever under the broad canopy of heaven they are encroached upon, *there* is tyranny. This is no less true—rather worse, relatively—when done in democratic America than in "despotic" Russia. Old-world despotism has, at least, an honest though hard front, while an insidious though equally cruel oppression may wear a smiling and benevolent mask. In no degree is this a question between different schools or systems, but of natural, individual liberty, pure and simple.

Our forefathers specially provided for religious liberty, and had they imagined that other equally vital individual freedom would ever be imperilled, doubtless they would also

have particularized it. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" most assuredly include the right of individual judgment in regard to all those interior, sacred, personal experiences and choices, which are entirely within man as a social unit. Society robs one of all these when, through the forms of law, it makes one's irregular healer—of whatever name he or she may be—a criminal. Personal rights which in their exercise neither conflict with nor pertain to those of others, nor of society in general, are beyond the province of legislation, majorities, or public control or censure. Governmental dictation regarding the style of homes, furniture, or costumes, would be mild in quality, compared with that which concerns life and death. No single medical school has any more moral right to impose its peculiar therapeutic methods upon an unwilling individual, than a Baptist majority in any state would have to require universal immersion. Of the two, the latter might be infinitely more pleasant as well as profitable.

Our government is founded upon the intelligence of its citizens. Our legislators are not dictators but servants, and every citizen is a reigning sovereign in his own personal domain. The essence of popular government is control from within, rather than from without. Democracy takes it for granted that citizens are not imbeciles but free, intelligent moral agents. Within proper limits, they are to exercise the power of choice, and that even where the choosing may not always be the best. Educational progress in any department is only possible where the individual is left free—even to make mistakes. A community shut away from everything experimental would never learn anything more. Even if a legislative majority had infallible wisdom, it would have no right, by organized force, to thrust it into the internal recesses of a personal life.

Were allopathy an exact science, like mathematics, the ethics of the case would remain unaltered. If a man choose to have any system or *no* system, for *himself*, is the body politic to impose one? Medical legalized monopoly ruthlessly tramples upon the most sacred private domain. It is moral robbery, masquerading as humane legalism.

The position may be confidently taken, that legislative medical coercion is not only oppressive and immoral, but unconstitutional. It is to be hoped that some thorough test

case from one of the monopoly-ridden states may soon find its way to the highest tribunal of the land, on constitutional grounds. In the whole sisterhood of states, only three — Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island — remain entirely free from medical usurpation. Desperate attempts to slip on the fetters have been repeatedly made in Massachusetts, and one quite recently in Maine, but through the vigilance of the friends of freedom they were defeated.

The allopathic “blue laws” of the several states differ in degree, some being very intolerent and arbitrary, and others somewhat milder. The “Act Concerning the Practice of Medicine” passed by the Connecticut legislature in the spring of 1893, was more liberal than those of most other states, owing to the remonstrances of many intelligent and progressive people, who by much effort succeeded in getting it considerably modified before its final passage. Space will not allow, nor is it necessary, to examine in detail the various laws now in force in the several states for the “regulation” of medical practice. However they may differ in specific particulars, their animus is one and the same. Their temper is mercenary, selfish, and bigoted. Without exception they are contrary to the spirit of the age, subversive to true progress, and a disgrace to any government that is theoretically liberal. They are belated reverberations from the seventeenth century.

If the secret circulars, log-rolling, and cabalistic intrigue which were used to engineer these various acts through legislatures were all brought to light, they would furnish excellent material for romance, founded on fact. Unsuspecting clergymen and busy editors have often been made “cat’s-paws” to aid in pulling these medical chestnuts out of the ashes. The average legislator, when newly invested with the glamour of office, feels it incumbent upon him to regulate things in general. What is he there for, but to set everything right? He needs but a hint that something requires bracing up, and he is ready to embrace the opportunity.

This is no question of allopathy *versus* any other “pathy.” The principles contended for tower above any and all systems. Let each have a fair field to prove itself. To shut off opportunity is stagnation. Bar it out, and all evolutionary progress is congealed — dead in its tracks.

Let it be noted that the vast majority of intelligent and

honorable allopathic physicians have had no hand in this intolerant legalism. They have not only remained neutral but, in many cases, opposed it. They have confidence enough in their own system to be willing that it should stand upon its merits, without being artificially bolstered up, and forced upon the public under the forms of law. All honor to thousands of high-minded doctors of the old school, who gladly accord the same liberty in the solution of the most vital problem in human experience which they expect for themselves. Their dependence is not upon diplomas, and they are not the slaves of system. They are not superior to improvement, and welcome any change that will promote human welfare.

But there is a less numerous class of mercenary bigots who want every one outlawed if he fail to bow before their fetich. They dare not place their work upon the basis of the discrimination of an intelligent public, but ask that their "sheepskins" be made *legal* tender. There is no other profession or occupation that expects to have a clientage furnished through governmental coercion. This is the class that have moved heaven and earth to have the business of healing "regulated." They are extremely anxious to have the dear people protected from cheap quackery. No wonder that honorable physicians, not in league with these zealots, are concerned for the honor of their profession.

But the liberty-loving people of America will never rest quietly until every vestige of mediæval proscription is swept from the statute books. There still exists an intangible but real residuum of the same spirit which burned Bruno, imprisoned Galileo, and whipped Quakers. Those brave souls were the irregulars of the past. Assumed infallibility, whether in religion, astronomy, therapeutics, or any other department, has always waged a warfare against progress. When Harvey made the unconventional announcement of the circulation of the blood, he was denounced as a heretic and crank. Every human growth and advancement has been born of influences outside of conventional boundaries.

Do the people need to be "protected"? Are they incompetent to choose their system of healing, and do they suffer in consequence? There is no evidence of this in the comparative mortuary records. On the other hand, some carefully recorded experiments in certain European hospitals show a

much larger ratio of recoveries in the same diseases where simple nursing was administered, than where it was combined with drug treatment.

If traditional *materia medica* were admittedly an exact science, the points already made could not be controverted; but *is* it more than a shifting system of experiments? This question might be answered in the negative by page upon page of positive declarations, made by the most eminent allopathic exponents and authors who have outgrown the trammels of system. Space will not be taken for such quotations, for few intelligent people are unfamiliar with them. A few names, however, may be mentioned of men of world-wide reputations, who have spoken in most emphatic terms upon this subject. Among them are Sir Astley Cooper, John Mason Good, M. D., F. R. S., Dr. Abercrombie of the Royal College in Edinburgh, Dr. Abernethy, London, Dr. Andrew Combe, Dr. Alexander M. Ross, F. R. S. L., Professor Magendie of Paris, Sir William Hamilton, and a host of others. Some have made such astounding assertions that to quote them would shock many sensitive souls who are reposing in regular "practice," believing it scientific and infallible.

An eminent English physician, in speaking of the medical "fads" of recent date, says that we have had the "purging craze," the "sweating craze," the "vomiting craze," the "blue-glass craze," the "Pasteur craze," the "Brown-Sequard elixir of life craze," the "inhalation craze," the "cod liver oil craze," and last, but not least, the "Koch tuberculosis craze." The latest addition is the "microbe craze."

Regarding medical legislation as viewed from an ethical standpoint, outside the profession, two or three quotations may not be amiss. Says the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone:—

A man ought to be as free to select his physician as his blacksmith, for he alone is to profit or suffer by his choice. The responsibility is his.

Professor Huxley, in speaking of this subject, observes:—

A large number of people seem to be of the opinion that the state is bound to take care of the general public and see that it is protected against incompetent persons and quacks. I do not take this view. I think it is much more wholesome for the public to take care of itself, in this as in other matters.

Among much else of similar import, Herbert Spencer, in his "Social Statics," while speaking of English governmental establishment, says:—

There is an evident inclination on the part of the medical profession to get itself organized after the fashion of the clergy—moved as are the projectors of a railway, who, while secretly hoping for salaries, persuade themselves and others that the proposed railway will be beneficial to the public; moved, as all men are under such circumstances, by nine parts of self interest gilt over with one part of philanthropy.

Judge C. C. Nourse, an able American expounder of constitutional law, in the midst of a powerful argument, remarked:—

The people have intelligence enough to distinguish between a quack and a skilful man. The theory that they have not has originated with the doctors and not with the people.

So far as is known, no demand for medical legalism has ever originated with the people. The whole business has been engineered among the lower grade members of "the profession." The motive claimed is humanitarianism. Such unselfish devotion to the interest of the people should receive appreciation!

Citizens of the despotic governments of Germany, Austria, and Russia have a larger medical liberty than that enjoyed in most of the states of the American Union. The poor man who cannot pay a fashionable fee can be accommodated by cheaper practitioners and even apothecaries. Medical fees average about three times as much in America as in Germany. Our rich people do not mind this, but to many a poor man, with a chronic invalid in his family, it is a crushing burden.

We have also more than three times the number of doctors, in proportion to the population, that Germany has. As this disproportion is constantly increasing, it is an interesting social problem how all are to live, unless disease increases even more rapidly than the population. The average person must be disordered longer, require more visits, and at higher prices. If maladies fail to multiply, the monopoly will have to be more absolute. The annual crowds of graduates, with diplomas, need a field for the exercise of their talents.

The common laws against malpractice put every one, of

every school, who assumes to heal professionally, on the defensive. Such laws are necessary. Under them, any recklessness or ignorant assumption is perilous to the pretender. But there is no unmovable medical *standard*. Of all disagreements, those of doctors are the most general and emphatic. This is not the fault of the men but of the system. Justice in cases of malpractice should be done impartially, independent of school or diploma. The usual legal requirement that every burial certificate be signed by a regular M. D. is oppressive, and opens a wide field for proscription and persecution. As its ostensible purpose is only the detection of wrong-doing, the signatures to such a document of two reputable citizens should be sufficient. If a man chooses to die without the aid of a "regular," it is rather severe that he cannot have an orderly burial without his *post-mortem* services. This is one of the many strands of the monopoly.

Not long since the reporter of a leading Boston daily visited ten prominent physicians, with the self-same story of pains and disabilities. Each diagnosed a different disorder and prescribed a different remedy. The case of Garfield was an object lesson in infallibility, and there have been many later ones among noted men. The marvellous agreement in detail (?) between different "experts" in legal examinations is too well appreciated to require mention.

Why are prescriptions written in Latin—and generally in bad Latin? The practice was begun in a more ignorant age, to make a profound impression of mystery and great learning. It was a kind of charm, and the profession may have blindly recognized that it included a real psychological factor. Its present practical use, however, seems to be to furnish additional chances for mistakes by druggists' clerks, and to enable them to charge exorbitant prices for simples disguised by formidable Latin names. The new-fangled practice of "examination," by stripping, sounding, drumming, and kneading, accompanied by tests with speculum and stethoscope, for every trifling backache or headache, is a part of the professional paraphernalia for making an impression. It is another strand in the cord. However, impressions sometimes cure. Not long since a patient, whose temperature had been taken by the usual test under the tongue, soon after begged that it be done again, as the operation had

greatly relieved him. One of the latest achievements in medical science is the use of whiskey for babies to *prevent* cholera infantum. This, however, has not been generally adopted outside of New York City.

Who are the "irregulars"? Broadly speaking, they include the homœopathists, eclectics, hydropathists, magnetic, electric, and "biochemic" practitioners, Thomsonians, hygienists, metaphysicians, Christian scientists, mental healers, hypnotists, clairvoyants, mediumistic healers, faith curists, gospel healers, and members of the Christian Alliance. There are also the massage, vacuum, and "grape cures," to say nothing of the many sarsaparillas which "cure." It would be in accord with evolutionary principles to give all a fair field and no favors. Whatever good there may be in each should have an opportunity to make itself manifest. In the long run it will survive, but it should not be forcefully deranged and retarded. The irregulars may differ in principle as widely as the antipodes, but one thing they have in common; it is a place in the ranks of liberty, in the never-ending contest with legalized despotism.

In several states the homœopaths have become so numerous and influential that—as a matter of policy—they have been invited to enter the monopoly. In others, the eclectics have also been "taken in." It does not matter that theories are entirely antagonistic, or that the allopath considers the homœopath a heretic, and refuses to meet him in consultation; all the same he will welcome him—when necessary—to strengthen the monopoly. But a few years ago, and his pretensions were ridiculed; now he has gained social standing and must be reckoned with. But greatly to the honor of homœopaths and eclectics, they have generally declined such an unnatural alliance. In 1889 both the American Institute of Homœopathy and the National Eclectic Medical Association passed resolutions in favor of medical freedom. There have, however, been exceptions in some states and among individual practitioners.

Legislative monopoly makes it an offence to *practise* healing *irregularly*. To cure is as much a violation of the law as to kill. The criminal trials of some of the guilty culprits who have cured cases given up by regulars have been editorially ventilated in past issues of THE ARENA. Such a prosecution, however, is practically so much of a popular

eye-opener that considerations of policy generally make it expedient to allow the law to remain a dead letter until some irregular makes a failure. He may cure a hundred and nothing is said, but woe to him if once unsuccessful. It makes no difference whether or not the case be desperate — if, through solicitation, he take it and fail, persecution is let loose. Any number of people may be allowed to die peacefully, if they will only do it in a proper and conventional manner.

The vital question is, *Shall the state step in between the invalid and his deepest convictions and most sacred rights, and veto them?*

It is obvious that there should be a general and systematic effort put forth by the friends of liberty and progress to restore the democratic principle in therapeutics. The monopoly is strongly intrenched, but if the people can be awakened to the real issue, the despotic mandates may be expunged from the statute books.

The purpose of this paper is to deal with a few foundation principles; but as organization is of the highest practical importance, the writer is glad to have the opportunity to call attention to a powerful instrumentality which is engaged in the systematic prosecution of the work of medical disestablishment. It is the National Constitutional Liberty League, with headquarters at 383 Washington Street, Boston. Its president is Professor J. Rodes Buchanan, M. D., and its efficient secretary is J. Winfield Scott, Esq., whose address is at the League rooms in Boston. It has on hand a great variety of telling literature, in the shape of pamphlets, papers, and tracts, which are sent out at low rates for distribution among legislators and the public generally. Through its agents and attorneys it will gladly co-operate with the interested people of any state for the repeal or prevention of arbitrary enactments. Any funds placed at the disposal of the League will be sacredly used for the purpose indicated, and the more means it can command, the greater work it will be able to accomplish. These points are given independently of any solicitation, and in answer to anticipated questions as to the practical ways and means through which this great reform may be carried forward.

We are informed that a thorough history of the medical legislation of the United States is in course of preparation by the scholarly Professor Alexander Wilder, M. D., of

Newark, N. J. Professor Wilder is an ex medical professor, a competent writer, and for some time has been secretary and editor of the National Eclectic Medical Society. His forthcoming work will be of general interest.

It is especially to be hoped that New York will make an effort, at the next session of its legislature, to throw off the yoke of medical bondage and become as free as Massachusetts. Such a victory by the progressive people of the Empire State would be a great moral inspiration all along the line. An organization, even if small in each state, through which liberty-loving people may concentrate their strength, seems highly desirable.

THE SLAVE POWER AND THE MONEY POWER.

BY C. W. CRAM, M. D.

THAT the present condition of our country, industrially and politically, is decidedly alarming, all good citizens must admit. And they must desire, as clearly as possible, to understand the difficulties in the way between us and a general diffusion of happiness and prosperity. To achieve this purpose we must think for ourselves, and study the cold facts of impartial political history. Subsidized editors or other interested persons should not be allowed to warp or shape our opinions or prejudice our views.

“One man may aver one thing, and another another,” said Lord Coke, “but the proof of the verity is the record.” With this great truth in view, I propose looking backward for as close a view of the political history of our republic as the limits of this article will allow. We will appeal to the record for guidance.

During the administration of President Jackson, two questions of grave import were presented for adjustment, and the directness and vigor with which he decided them attracted much attention. These were the nullification and bank questions. And they were incidents of the slave power and the money power, to which I will now call attention.

As early in the colonial history of our country as the year 1619, slaves were landed at Jamestown, Va. Subsequently others were landed there, and at other ports, by British slave traders. The colonists, in many instances, opposed this introduction of slaves, and passed laws to prevent it. But in the time of Queen Anne, Parliament reversed the colonial laws, and opened every American port to slave merchants, and the slave trade thereby received a strong stimulus. Oglethorpe for awhile appears to have succeeded in keeping slaves out of Georgia; but upon his departure all barriers were broken down, and Georgia became a slave colony.

In the constitutional convention there was a strong desire

to liberate all the slaves. To uphold and propagate a system of servitude was abhorrent to the noble men who were framing a new government and dedicating it to freedom. Yet the poverty of the planters was such at the close of the war that abolition of slavery seemed impracticable. However, they decided that it must ultimately be abolished, and to expedite this consummation they provided for the extinction of the African slave trade.

Then the new ship of state was launched, with a supposed cargo of equal rights for all men. Washington was in command, and the young republic started out to find a better and broader way for human progress.

In consonance with this design, Virginia not only voted to accept the Constitution, but prohibited the importation of slaves. And in 1787, when Congress organized the Northwest Territory, the vote to prohibit slavery was unanimous.

But here a marked hiatus intervened, followed by the germination of a desire to infuse new life into the vile institution. This disposition of slavery to recuperate seems to have been simultaneous with the establishment of the first national bank, in 1791. This moneyed institution opened a national purse, and gave a strong impulse to speculation; and as ownership of black labor was the only monopoly outside of the bank interest, it appeared to offer the capitalist the most lucrative way of investment. So slavery, that had been ebbing its life away, felt the spur of the speculative tendency the bank had roused, and stoutly mounted upon the flow of the tide. From that time the cupidity of the planter tightened its hold on an institution that gave him the ease of leisure as well as profit. Virginia became a slave-producing state. Mississippi and Alabama were admitted as new slave states, and then came Missouri asking for admission, and was finally admitted upon the compromise agreement that slavery should never exist north of 36° 30' north latitude.

Previous to the administration of President Jackson, the South had thoroughly amalgamated all its interests with slavery. John C. Calhoun, the leading exponent of the institution, responding to the fulness of the fact that slavery was capitalized labor, espoused the cause of the bank in the financial legislation of Congress. This action was consistent with his ultra slave propagandism, for whenever the

banks expanded the currency, and speculation was rife, the influx of slaves into the new Southern states was by the thousand. In Mississippi alone, from 1830 to 1837, the slave population increased ninety-seven thousand. In the one year of 1836, a time of enormous inflation and speculation, it was estimated that over forty million dollars was invested in slaves to be worked in the new cotton states.

Mr. Calhoun, in furtherance of his schemes, had urged South Carolina to the verge of treason by nullification of the revenue laws. The president promptly suppressed him, and the rebellious state remained in the Union.

Crushing nullification with an iron heel did not in the least retard the growth of slavery. It dominated party politics with extreme arrogance. The public conscience was seared, and liberty put to shame. Domestic purity was discounted, and duelling made honorable.

The high-handed methods pursued by the advocates of the institution did not, however, go unchallenged. William Lloyd Garrison and others took up the gauntlet for liberty and human rights. But to obtain the public ear and rouse the public conscience, was to move a mountain. While the moral sentiment of the North was dormant, the interest of the slaveholder was intensifying. The human chattels were increasing. Slave pens were inhumanly crowded, the auction block was in constant use, and the interstate traffic in human flesh was said to involve fifty thousand slaves a year.

Then southern members of Congress became more aggressive than before. The bludgeon became an active factor in legislation. The party leaders plied the party lash. Social ostracism glared upon the individual recalcitrant. Meantime the so-called Omnibus bill, the Fugitive Slave bill, the Nebraska bill, and other iniquitous measures were formulated in law.

The bloody trail of this "system of abominations" was now rousing strong resistance to its progress. The murder of Lovejoy, the assault upon Sumner, the deadly raids upon Kansas, — all called loudly for reactionary measures. In response to this call Giddings and his coadjutors were reinforced in the House, while Hale and Sumner found increased support in the Senate. A political revolution was in progress, and the evolved force of new ideas burst asunder the

old Whig party, and from its *débris* came the nucleus of the present Republican party.

In 1856 the Republicans of Maine elected their candidate for governor. Later, in the presidential campaign, the Democrats held a great meeting in Portland, at which Howell Cobb of Georgia and Pierre Soule of Louisiana were present as orators. At an entertainment given in honor of the distinguished visitors the following sentiment was broached:—

Poor old Maine
Has submitted again
To the fanatic's chain
And the liquor laws reign,
With its murderous stain.
She missed stays last Monday at top of the tide,
Went stern on to Wells beach, knocked a hole in her side,
And strained every timber;
But fourth of November
Old Buck and Breck
Will examine the wreck
And fit her and float her and sail her anew,
Discharging two thirds of her lubberly crew;
Replacing the milk-sops with trustworthy tars
Who will never abandon the stripes and the stars.

The superb effrontery with which those men posed as the special champions of the flag of their country is well disclosed in the above lines. All who opposed them were "fanatics" or "disunionists." Yet at that time military companies were drilling all over the South in order to destroy the republic if they failed to control it.

As history repeats itself, we may find the same dangerously masked elements to-day—bold conspirators charging conspiracy on others. But slavery fell. With political blindness it resolved to rule or ruin. It could do neither, and went down forever as a result of its criminal folly, carrying with it the dead bodies of a million brave men.

We erased all law that welded property to human flesh, but have we, since that time, taught men their rights and how to maintain them? Have we increased the intelligence, elevated good morals, diffused happiness, crowned labor, and banished poverty? No. We have simply made a change of rulers. We deposed the limited slave power, to install in its place the unlimited money power, which has for ages been the God-defying tyrant of the world.

This money power, with its malign influence in our republic, is as old as our Constitution. "If America adopts our system of finance," said Pitt at the close of the Revolution of 1776, "her boasted liberties will be but a phantom." The founders of our Constitution did not adopt it directly, but Hamilton, as the leader of the Federalists, fastened it upon the people through unconstitutional legislation, and we now see the voracious plant in the vigor of its full bloom, with British influence dominating social and political as well as financial interests.

What is this system of finance? It is the specie basis system that had its origin with the Bank of England in 1694. It is the pretended use of money with the legal quality of money left out, the bank holding one dollar in gold for the redemption of about twenty dollars of the "promise to pay" paper that it loans to the people. This paper, not a full legal tender by law for debt, which the banker puts out for money, is practically his note of hand—an evidence of indebtedness on his part; yet he draws interest upon it, and gets rich upon his debts. This anomalous situation represents only a portion of his advantage. It is a law of finance that in proportion to the amount of money circulating will be the amount of business transacted and the rate of prices paid. In view of this the banks, having a monopoly of the right to issue paper money, can increase the issue and expand the currency to an extent that makes speculators wild in the promotion of illegitimate business schemes. Then they can call in their loans and refuse to make new ones, and, by greatly contracting the currency, wreck enterprise and create a widespread panic in all business pursuits save that of banking. With business at a standstill, the bankers can foreclose their mortgages and make purchases at low prices; then they can again put out more money, inflate prices, and sell their purchases at a large profit. Wages, the demand for labor, the price of farm products, the condition of trade, the spirit of enterprise—all are directly or indirectly at the mercy of the *coterie* of men who issue the currency and direct the finances of the country.

That the founders of our republic, fresh from the bloody field where they had buried the political dominion of King George III., should look with complacency upon this kingly monster of coin-credit finance, invite it here and submit to

its soulless domination, is without parallel as an act of egregious folly and stultification.

While the word slave, so offensive to free men, was excluded from the Constitution, the earnest advocates of slavery advanced their standard till it imperilled the life of the nation. So, while the preamble to the Constitution, and the delegated powers that appear on its face, have not one word of authority for grant of charter to a corporation, the adherents of this vicious relic of barbarism and spoliation, this feudal coin-credit finance, were vigilant and powerful, and, as already intimated, the sod was scarce formed on the colonial grave of British power when the charter for the first national bank was granted by Congress.

The upas of the money power had taken root in the rich soil of the new republic. The slave power was one of its branches. In the North capital controlled labor. In the South capital owned labor. The East India merchant, like the slave trader, had been actuated by an unholy desire for lucre. The banker, like the slaveholder, desired to live at other men's expense, and this poisonous tree grew apace. Its towering body confronted all enterprise and all industry in the North, while its southern branch cast a dismal shadow wide from gulf to main.

That the evils of this branch, that the chains and unrequited toil of the slave, should arouse the indignation of the northern people, was because slavery had become local and appealed to sectional prejudices. The political wrongs begotten of money through organized capital were general, were deeply masked, were incidents of every-day life, and went almost unchallenged up to the administration of President Jackson when the charter of the second national bank expired.

At that time the bank influence had made much progress at Washington. It was the only powerful moneyed monopoly. Congress was its pliant tool, a subsidized press was eager to do its work, and a cursory glance gave it credit for complete control of the situation. This view did not include the measurement of Andrew Jackson. Congress had passed an act to recharter the bank, but he had not signed it. Would he do so? His cabinet advised him to do so. Could he take such a course and not violate his oath to support the Constitution? Was not the bank an

insidious enemy of the people? British in habitat, it was originally pampered into opulence by official duplicity and corruption. And had it not sought America to accomplish by covert intrigue what British arms had failed to do in the arena of war? True, the Whigs had adopted it in its foreign guise and had nursed it into vigorous life on the bosom of the republic. Were not the Whigs the custodians of the principles of the old Tories? Though the president had been deserted by a majority of congressmen and by a majority of his cabinet, and was harassed by a bitter and relentless press, would he weaken and quail in the presence of this gigantic but domesticated enemy of liberty? Instead of this, it was in proportion to opposition and the perils that surrounded him that he arose to the full mastery of the bank position. Danger could not turn him from the pathway of duty, or corruption undermine and thwart his purpose.

Sir Robert Walpole was an eminent advocate of corrupt practices. He lived best and thrived most in an atmosphere of political rottenness. With him "Every man has his price" was a choice maxim. This rascally principle, when put to a test, sometimes fails. It was so in the case before us. Had the bank put every dollar of its thirty-five million dollars of capital stock at the feet of the president as a bribe, it would not have purchased his signature to a renewal of its lease of life.

In searching for the means by which the bank had influenced Congress to vote for a renewal of its charter, it was discovered that the bank had loaned to congressmen the following sums:—

In 1830, to fifty-two members	\$192,161
In 1831, to fifty-nine members	322,199
In 1832, to forty-four members	478,069
In 1833, to fifty-eight members	374,766
In 1834, to fifty-two members	238,586
	\$1,605,781

This is a total greater than the aggregate salaries of all the members of both houses of Congress during those five years.

That such a moneyed institution—a bank corporation without soul, with twenty-five branches and tremendous

powers for evil — should be able to buy its way to the verge of regal power in a free government where equal rights are guaranteed to all, was enough to make a patriot sick at heart. It seemed within reach of unlimited power, but a Jackson was in its way. The bank was a Louis Grayle seeking renewed life, and the president was a Haroun of Aleppo. Unlike the latter, the president resolved to act upon the aggressive. Refusing all overtures for personal profit, he defied malice and trampled upon policy. Then with the club of the veto he struck down the bank without mercy. He followed with the removal of the government deposits, and the rights of the people, for a time at least, were comparatively safe.

But the vile system from which this national institution sprung was still alive, and state banks became more numerous than before. These state banks, however, were not associated, and their power for evil was thereby vastly less. Of the second national bank Senator Benton said:—

Jackson has not killed the bank. She is a wounded tigress, and has escaped to her jungles. By and by she will return and bring her whelps with her.

The truth of this prediction was verified at the commencement of our late civil war. To meet the need of money for purchase of war supplies and the payment of the soldiers, the administration, with Mr. Lincoln president, issued government notes directly to the people with whom they were dealing. This was by law of Congress, and the notes were made a full legal tender.

This was true American policy. It was the only course contemplated by the Constitution. The power to make and issue money had been bestowed upon Congress alone, and it had no given right to exercise this power save in the interests of the whole people. Congress saw and did its duty promptly, and all the machinery of the government was clearly running with constitutional precision in the suppression of the Rebellion.

Bankers and capitalists did not so regard the political situation. Other men's necessity is simply their opportunity. War, with its most direful carnage, has always opened up to them a pecuniary feast. The horrors incident to mangled flesh and bodies dead, that appall a brave but sensitive and conscientious manhood, are to them only

mental stimulants — harbingers of the golden millions they hope to reap as war's ungodly taxes. So as soon as the bankers could formulate their plan, they pressed upon the administration a demand for a complete change in financial methods. To them the Constitution was null. Their demand was the scream of the tigress.

Those men wanted a national banking system and a funding system adopted. The two would dovetail together wonderfully well to their advantage. That this scheme might sparkle in its brilliancy from their standpoint, they demanded the demonetization of the greenback. This effected, they would immediately have a double opportunity for speculation; and as years rolled by, their chances for accumulating wealth would multiply like the stars at eventide. There would be hundreds of millions, aye, billions upon billions in the scheme. Yet the gain of the banker would be the loss of the people. It was a plan, the most colossal ever known, for public robbery. More than this, it was a plan to obliterate the fundamental principles of the Constitution and practically enslave all the people save the capitalistic class. Did President Lincoln, sworn to support the Constitution, arouse all his energies for that purpose? No. In the presence of those despoilers of human rights he exhibited the simplicity of a child rather than the towering strength of a political Hercules. Yet his executive duty was as clear as the sunlight.

There is no basis in the Constitution for a charter for special privileges. The spirit of a private corporation is alien to its whole purpose. If this is questioned, the doubt can be settled by recurrence to the debate upon the subject in the constitutional convention. When the original draft of the Constitution was presented to that body for consideration, it contained, among its enumerated powers, one for the erection of corporations. This clause was debated *and stricken out*. It was then proposed to insert the power to establish specified corporations, among them a national bank. *This was opposed and rejected*, and there the subject remained.

This is history, and Mr. Lincoln was, or should have been, cognizant of it. Be this as it may, he seems to have acceded to all the demands of the bankers, practically abdicating in their favor as far as the finances were concerned.

Then their full scheme was elaborated and consummated with all possible despatch. This necessitated a prolongation of the war, for Wall Street and its minions, through future years, could only fatten upon its proceeds in proportion to the mountain of debt that the mighty contest would force upon the people.

Then law followed law for the expansion of capital and the impoverishment of the people. The first congressional act in this line was the debasement of the greenback by restricting its legal tender quality. This created a premium upon gold, and as it advanced in value the greenback of necessity depreciated, and the bankers, speculating at either end of the line, amassed hundreds of millions of dollars at the people's expense. Then came the funding system and the national banking system as the upper and nether millstones of the money power, followed by other enactments in the same line, and thirteen years of currency contraction that wrecked property and led to the closing of stores and manufactories, the foreclosing of mortgages by the thousand and the turning a multitude of working men out into the street as tramps. Ruin was widespread, and poverty, like a nightmare, harassed the honest yeomanry of the whole country. We had put down slavery of one form only to offer our necks for the yoke of another.

From the close of the war the money power has had an unbroken march of conquest. If we give to Congress a close but impartial view we shall see but one purpose — to legislate to make the rich master richer and the poor worker poorer. The law of the income tax was the only exception of importance, and this was repealed as soon as the capitalists could marshal their lobby for that purpose. Year by year the centralization of power adds force to its menace, and the prospective laws contemplated by our present Congress rise above all others in their approach to imperialism.

When President Jackson struck down the second national bank it was the only powerful monopoly in the country. Now they troop before us till the whole land is blackened by their shadow — railroads, national banks, telegraph lines, telephone lines, express companies, oil companies, insurance companies, land companies, and a score of other powerful organizations, all banded together and protected by a cordon of trusts that are ironclad in their shield of privileges.

Money is the arbiter, organized capital the constitution to be consulted. Caucuses are controlled by agents of the monopolies, and "fixed" candidates are elected to office. To create wealth by legislation, the public interests are waylaid without mercy; corporations water their stocks, and mining properties and manufactories are "tied up" to freeze out their weaker holders of stock. The press is subsidized, public sentiment is debauched, our courts of justice are corrupted, and official integrity is put to shame. "Business" is the national watchword, and honor is trailed as a byword. Years ago our public sentiment applauded and our navy boldly maintained the announcement, "Millions for principle, but not one cent for tribute." But since the late war our people have paid over five billion dollars as direct tribute to the money holders who have taken the place of the slaveholders.

The black slavery that was based on ownership of the person, involved support of the person. Care, food, clothing, medical attendance—all were furnished by the owner who was interested in the maintenance of the value of his slave. It was a case of property to be protected and preserved; but the white slavery of to-day does not involve the support of the unfortunate people who, lashed by necessity, toil early and late to enrich their lordly task masters.

The farmer, oppressed by the contraction of the currency and low prices for his products, crowded by the mortgage and high rates of transportation, and hampered by the board of trade, must sell as he can, while he is obliged to buy at such prices as are demanded, paying high tariff tribute. The wage-worker, obliged to sell his labor for the support of himself and family under capitalistic control, must face and contend with conditions even worse than those that surround the farmer. Professional men, and especially business men, are much restricted in their pursuits, while they are continually taxed, crowded, and in hundreds of cases ruined for the enrichment of their capitalistic plunderers. It has been estimated that the farmers of Nebraska lost ten million dollars last year. Take the farmers and laborers of the whole country, and it is safe to say that, in the aggregate, they did not save a dollar.

Against this poverty looms up the tremendous bulk and

power of the fortune secured by the railroads of the country during last year, their *net income*, as given in their own reports, being nearly four hundred million dollars—more than the whole assessed value of the great state of Iowa, exclusive of the value of its railroads. Yet the railroad represents but one of the many forms of incorporation by which the money power is sucking up the life blood of the nation.

Now, “What will you do about it?” Civilization, honest purpose, brotherly fellowship, preservation of chartered rights, and service to God—all prompt us to heroic efforts at relief.

What is the one thing most needed? *An honest and intelligent vote.* Black slavery was toppled over, and its power forever erased, by red-handed war, but the ballot box is the avenue through which we should attack and overthrow the money power and free ourselves from the curse of white slavery. This purpose necessitates an amended Constitution. No relief can come through either of the old parties. There must be a new deal. New men must come to the front about whose shibboleth there is no uncertainty—men who cannot be bribed or palsied with a cry of alarm.

Twenty-five years ago we cut off a branch of this tree of evil. May a true Christian endeavor speed the day when its gigantic body shall be uprooted and destroyed!

KNOWLEDGE THE PRESERVER OF PURITY.

BY LAURA E. SCAMMON.

THE article "Innocence at the Price of Ignorance," in the July issue of THE ARENA, goes far to meet a strong ethical demand of the hour. In it Rabbi Schindler gives clear and forcible expression to wholesome truths which have either been suppressed altogether or distorted into monstrous falsehoods.

It is quite possible for the mind to be of true and good intention, and yet to entertain ideas which are false and bad. The accepted ideas, confusing ignorance of the laws of reproduction with the moral quality of innocence in relation to them, are certainly all wrong; yet this mediæval heritage of error so entails that the most emancipated among us must hesitate to declare himself altogether independent of it. Public opinion has not been directly assailed for its mistakes upon this subject, but it is nevertheless true that an undercurrent of feeling has set so strongly in the direction of rational enlightenment for our youth that the right word might at any moment unlock an undreamed-of sweep of eloquence, a tide that would carry before it many time-sodden superstitions and absurdities.

The young woman who marries in infantile ignorance of all that pertains to her future as a wife and mother, is no longer lauded as a "sweet innocent" by the members of her own sex. On the contrary, thoughtful women everywhere are discussing in little back-parlor circles the dire results of this once vaunted ignorance, and are devising means for opening the eyes of this very young woman to its train of wretched consequences to herself, to her husband, to their unborn children, to the world. Nor is consideration for her companion excluded from their counsels, for she is to become a wife and mother no sooner than he a husband and father; moreover, while she has everything to learn, he also has much to unlearn. They are comparing notes, these quiet, home-

keeping women, and right staunchly are they holding themselves and each other to the task of teaching to young humanity all the truths of human genesis, in terms unmistakably simple and scientifically exact.

It is these women who will welcome most heartily Rabbi Schindler's vigorous protest against the popular exaltation of that fragile innocence which rests upon no better foundation than ignorance; and they will bless the hand, at once delicate and bold, that has exposed its flimsy character, and at the same time laid the cornerstone of a nobler, surer structure. The courage of such a stroke is contagious; may it infect many another with the high resolve to perform deferred duties in the same direction.

This is the situation: The youth of the world — which in years so few will be all there is of the world — young men and women, girls and boys and little children, have been taught falsehoods, when they have been taught anything, about the most intimate facts of their physical being and their most important relations to each other. Ignorance, we have assured them, is most praiseworthy; knowledge is destructive of innocence; the truth is a guilty secret.

They have become possessed, as we knew they would, of more or less knowledge, partly instinctive, partly obtained from clandestine sources; and this knowledge—if we dare to dignify by that name the illicit mass of hint and hearsay and half-formed opinion—every fact known or inferred, is smirched with secrecy, deception, and suggestion of evil. If

The lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,

what is it here, where distorted, foully bespattered and stained with sensuality, it yet is enveloped in the vague fascinations of a pilfered pleasure? That stolen fruit is sweet seems especially true of the apple of the tree of knowledge.

Rabbi Schindler is ready to grant that the questions which childish ignorance will ask must await answer until the understanding and judgment have ripened with years. Thus the child must grow to maturity in ignorance of the chief laws and needs of his being; and it is here, and here only, that thoughtful mothers will take issue with him. This must not be granted. It is knowledge alone that can maintain in our young people the very virtue, for the preserva-

tion of which we have preached ignorance; knowledge alone that can induce in them the love of innocence and of her infinitely nobler and sweeter elder sister, purity.

Instruction regarding the simplest physiological fact affecting their relations to each other is imparted to persons who have reached maturity with a difficulty which reveals the density of the false sense of shame in which the subject is shrouded — a guilty, sneaking mock modesty which well may warn one who attempts such deferred instruction that the mission has been accepted too late for its best fulfilment.

It may not be an easy task to meet the children we have deceived — even through mistaken kindness — to acknowledge our cowardice, to recant the thousand and one skulking subterfuges, if not open falsehoods, to strip from facts all unwholesome marvels and false allurements, and present the simple, clean, living truth. Indeed, of all the dragons which a good father and mother may encounter in the jungle paths of parental duty, I know not one with a sharper tooth. But will it be an easier task to meet our youth when, bereft of all that makes youth lovely, they raise suffering eyes and the accusing cry, "Why did you not tell me?"

An article upon the "Questions of Children," translated from the German for the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, says: —

A child whose questions are not answered by its parents will either turn to others who are willing to gratify its desire for knowledge, but who, perhaps, are unable to distinguish between what is good for a child to know and what is not, or else it will lose its fine natural susceptibility and learn to look upon life in a dull, spiritless way, without interest or curiosity. Worse, however, than not answering a child's questions is to ridicule them. Nothing wounds a child so deeply as finding its inexperience abused, and its earnestly-meant questions made the subject of mockery.

And the author further declares that in questions usually considered foolish, the folly is not with the child, but with the older person who fails to understand how a child's mind works. And the writer who could see these truths can yet give, on the next page, the following example of questions from a little child met in proper fashion by the parent, that is, by herself: —

"Mother, does the angel who brings the little babies carry them in a box or just in his hand?"

Unprepared for this question, I answered hesitatingly, "No, not in a box."

"But they have dresses on, haven't they?"

"No, darling; the little babies come naked into this world."

"But then, mother, how can the parents tell whether it is a girl or a boy?"

Once more I am at a loss, but make out to say, "Oh! we see that in their faces."

The little one is satisfied for the moment, for she turns again to her toys. Suddenly an idea strikes her:—

"Mother, father said the other day that I have the face of a boy. Perhaps I am not a girl at all."

This time I can answer without hesitation, "No, dear, you are certainly mother's own dear little girl; but now don't ask any more questions, but come and help me to bake in the kitchen."

This conversation, full of acknowledged incapacity, evasion, and implied falsehood, is given by one of the most cultivated minds of the day, translated by another, and published by one of our best reviews as an example of the kind and correct treatment of children in regard to such questions! Is it not time for public lessons in truth-telling?

My friend's nine-year-old son said to her last Sunday: "Mama, I don't want to hear any more Bible stories. There isn't any Santa Claus, and there isn't a single stork in this country; and just as likely as not there never was any Jesus." Did not my friend wish that she had told her child the truth?

Women are accused of making every issue a personal one; but what stronger argument can be presented for a given course than that of individual success therein? At the entrance of an unfrequented way, hedged in and beset with fantastic terrors, what better encouragement can be offered than a helping hand and a hearty voice that can say: "Come, where I walk you may walk. The way seems barred and barbed, but the bolts are tinder, the spikes are tinsel, the barbican itself is a bubble ready to burst at the first honest, well-drawn breath; and beyond this bristling bugaboo are endless super-compensating delights." This is not an attempt at a philosophical essay, though there is demand for such, too, for the full illumination of this subject; but to those mothers who fear demoralizing results among children from instruction in the natural laws that govern the reproductive function, I would like to speak a few plain words from the pages of my own experience.

The life of American children is free and unrestrained — too unrestrained, many of us believe, for their highest development, since only the best-disciplined souls make wise use of absolute freedom; but shield and sequester them as best we could, we should not be able to shut away from our children all outside influences. In one way only can we hope to protect them from physical disaster and moral contamination — and that is by arming them with early and thorough instruction in all the physiological facts pertaining to themselves as human beings. If distinctions may be drawn where all seems most vital, it may be said, perhaps, that for the girl the dangers of ignorance are more physical, for the boy more moral.

That girls do sometimes pass the entire period of maidenhood without a single intelligent physiological idea, is too true; that they, and even their mothers, have been known to boast of this imbecility is equally true and more deplorable. It is a shockingly common thing to hear a neuralgic, nerve-wrecked woman date back a dead-weight life to the ignorance of her fourteenth year. How many households join in the sad refrain, "We lost our first baby," — "and through my ignorance," moans to her heart the stricken mother, whose smile is never again the unclouded sunshine of that home; and oh! how often has the tragic end of a bright young life sounded in the words, "Mother and babe were buried in one grave."

If innocence and ignorance are synonyms, there are no innocent boys. To the best of my belief, no boy of sound mind and possessed of the normal masculine craving to "know what is going on," attains the age of twelve years without having his curiosity with regard to the origin of his physical being satisfied, or at least appeased. With those boys who attend the public schools the age may be regarded as certainly two years younger. This *quasi* knowledge, coming to the boy from companions somewhat older than himself, who yet feel that the little they know is more than they have any right to know, is imparted in dark corners, under smother of tight bed covers, by means of whispered hints and guesses; it is veiled in the dark and awful mystery which boys innately love, and glimpses only are afforded by the youthful hero who has taken captive this dragon-guarded secret. Or it comes in coarse, unchaste language from low

and untaught dependents, a shock from which his finer sensibilities will never recover; or by vulgar jests and tales of *double entendre* from foul lips, it may come in form so hideously false, so indescribably vile and depraved, as to soil the soul of the boy past any earthly power of purification.

Will any sane mother run such perdition risks for her son? Dare she maintain that she has not the courage to teach him the art of self defence against the streams of molten hell fire these devils of the pit would pour into his ears?

Dear young mother, conservator of innocence, promoter of purity, diffuser of sweetness and light, listen to my simple advice. Talk to your little children, the girl and the boy alike, about the great and precious gifts which nature holds in her choicest treasure box, his and her own pure, sweet baby body. Begin so soon and so simply that neither they nor you will remember the time—and certainly before the formation in the childish mind of false notions that could interfere with the most perfect freedom.

Do not, at first, enter into long explanations, but teach from nature's simple and pretty lessons. Take them among the leguminous plants of the garden; hold in your hand the ripened pod, and point a lesson from its protection and dehiscence. Lead them through orchard paths when the boughs are ablur and the air adrift with the scented snow of falling bloom; show them the bud, the blossom, the formation of the tiny emerald sphere within the folded leaves—leaves that have performed their part and may fly if they like, now that the lusty young fruit no longer needs protection from frost or blast, and can develop without their further aid.

Soon the lessons may proceed from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. Here they will learn the use and not the abuse of the procreative faculties. They will observe the manifestations of instinct unguided by reason, and may be led to recognize in themselves the power of reason to guide and govern instinct. Give them pairs of pets of various kinds—birds, dogs, rabbits, kittens; and let each become the sympathetic *accoucheur* when little, furry, four-footed babies are born, and observe that even the lady crab in her glass globe pales with the pangs of parturition. When questions arise that cannot be answered by observation, reply to each as simply and directly as you answer questions upon

other subjects, giving scientific names and facts, and such explanations as are suited to the comprehension of the child. It is possible that this course of instruction may open your eyes to some defects and mistakes of your own education. It did mine.

Treat nature and her laws always with serious, respectful attention. Treat the holy mystery of parenthood reverently, never losing sight of the great law upon which are founded all others — the law of love. Say it and sing it, play it and pray it into the soul of your child, that *love is lord of all*.

Thus under your guidance will nature unfold her sweetest, most fondly cherished secrets, and your dear child, your boy as well as your girl of ten or twelve years, will have arrived quite simply and naturally at a full knowledge of all the laws of reproduction. His fancy may linger over the pre-natal days; he may picture himself as lying a fledgling with folded wings in his sheltered nest, soft brooded in mother's very bosom, lulled by her loving heartbeats, sung to sleep by the rhythm of her sweet pulses. Is there a stain upon his white soul for the knowledge that sets it to such music? Would you exchange this knowledge for the "innocence" of the boy who has been forced to abandon his belief in flying angels, in saddlebags or storks, and in their stead has accepted the garbled obscenity of the stable or the street?

The innocence of ignorance is at best untried — a virtue of weak and flabby sinew; do not trust to it, dear young mother. Believe, rather, that when you have given your child every possible opportunity for knowledge of the work of procreation, when you have answered the how, the why, when, and where of his eager young mind to the best of your ability, you have but done your simple duty. What are you, frail little human mother, that you should dare to conceal or distort the high and holy lessons which the great all-mother would teach?

And believe this also — when you take your little children by the hand and lead them, as you so surely and safely may, into all the paths of knowledge, you will feel, as I have felt, such tightening of the tender bonds of love as nothing else can bring, such perfect confidence as nothing earthly can break.

Do not fear that your child, how young soever he may be, will shame you and himself by a show of knowledge out of

season; he will do nothing of the kind. If you have caught the true spirit of nature, he will love and respect her secrets. Moreover, it is marvellous to what a degree the judgment of a child may be developed by showing him your reliance upon it.

Thus armed with a high and noble understanding of his own nature and his relations to his kind, your child is proof against the common forms of temptation from evil companions. He has, for one thing, constantly increasing sources of interest in the myriad forms of natural growth and development, which leave never a dull or an idle hour for Satan to seize upon. For the neglected child, as he deems one whose knowledge of nature's methods is made up of a few hints and a guess or two, he feels a pity charged strongly with contempt; and the pity changes all to contempt for the stupid, vulgar youth who thinks obscenity amusing. As for a vile story, or one that offends his fine reverence for parenthood, your boy will flee the telling or thrash the teller.

But, sweet, lovely young mother, you must know whereof you speak. Temptations inhere in the nature of every child of woman born; and to teach your children self guardianship from foes without and foes within, no shred of false shame must be suffered to screen from you the exact truth, both as regards them and the world in which they must freely mingle. The infancy of the world is past. They who would not live in vain and die in remorse cannot lie on flowery banks in the soft innocence of Eden. The shut-in peace of paradise is not to be had by us at any price. The trail of the serpent is all too visible; to ignore it is to shut our eyes while the thing of evil coils in our path. We must cast aside childish ignorance and fear, and stand erect in the full power of womanly purity.

Mothers of the New Era, what shall be our emblem? Not an angel with white wings folded across her eyes, but a Lady with a Lamp!

IS LIQUOR SELLING A SIN?*

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR, A. M.

WHEN a writer can defend a bad cause with the marked ability displayed by Mr. Brown, his arguments are worthy of thoughtful attention.

The gentleman tells us that he was reared by Christian parents, and is a believer in Christ and the inspiration of the Scriptures. He says:—

I have been in the wholesale whiskey business for more than twenty-two years; and if I accept as true the denunciations made against all engaged in my business, by a large organization of men and women, who assert their superior piety and style themselves Prohibitionists, I must be a person wholly given over to evil and entirely without moral guidance.

He then arraigns the Prohibitionists for “banding themselves together for the expressed purpose of suppressing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic stimulants, at any cost to our civil and religious rights, or at any financial loss to those engaged in the manufacture and sale of alcohol.” He quotes from the Methodist “Book of Discipline,” which arraigns the traffic as a sin, and adds, with much fairness, that if these things held by the Prohibitionists and Methodists, as well as “many other churches,” are true, there is no question but that the liquor traffic should be crushed, even though in doing so many men engaged in the business should be destroyed with it.

He then proceeds to question whether the liquor traffic can be righteously legalized, and to determine, What is sin? He speciously asks, “Is it doing what any particular society of men prohibits, or failing to do what they require?” Certainly not. Christians look alone to the law of God for the definition of sin; no man nor organization of men can create laws to define sin.

Let me assure the gifted writer of a fact which he seems to have overlooked, that Prohibitionists make no pretence to

* Reply to George G. Brown, in July ARENA, on “Christ and the Liquor Problem.”

extra piety, and are not necessarily Christians, though all Christians must, in the very nature of the case, be Prohibitionists. This is certainly true of those churches which have declared that "To license is sin," and any such church that continues a man in its membership who votes for license or legislates for it, who manufactures, sells, buys or drinks alcoholic stimulants, is inconsistent in its declarations and conduct. A Prohibitionist, on the contrary, may be a Christian or an infidel, a teetotaler or a drunkard; the only test required is that he vote a straight, uncompromising Prohibition ticket.

The chief concern in this discussion is, Is liquor selling a sin? If it is, then this wholesale liquor dealer must repent and leave his business, or be an unworthy follower of Christ whom he professes. If it is not a sin, then the Prohibitionists and Methodists and "other churches" should apologize to all dealers in liquor, to all who sustain it by their votes, and to those who use it, and at once cease their warfare upon the traffic. They should, in harmony with the numerous Biblical quotations of the gentleman, and his interpretations thereof, stock up their wine cellars and invite men from the highways and hedges to partake, even taking care that the children of their households be taught to use liquors in moderation, instead of the present demand of total abstinence. I take it for granted that all, whether engaged in the liquor business or banded together for its suppression, desire to know the way of truth, for God says, "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Like the inquiring gentleman, I accept the orthodox and well-established definition that "Sin is any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God."

He then quotes five different passages of Scripture from the old dispensation, in which the Lord permitted wine among the tithe offerings, and "wine and strong drink" as a beverage, and concludes from this that the wholesale liquor business, as carried on by him and others, must have the sanction of the Almighty. He fails to give the slightest proof that any of the "wine" above alluded to was fermented, the kind he sells to his customers and the same poisoned stuff "that made Noah and Nabal drunk." The difference between the wines whose use is allowed and prohibited by the Lord, was fully discussed by me in the March

ARENA, and I will take no time to repeat in this discussion. The "strong drink" referred to in these passages may have been other than intoxicating liquors; it may have been sarsaparilla juice or coffee. Who knows? Certainly there is no biblical proof that it was brandy, gin, or fermented wine.

The gentleman quotes the Lord's reproof of the slanderous Pharisees who called Him a "winebibber," as if it were His own acknowledgment of the habit, and adds that Christ could not come upon earth and live exactly as He did when here, and be admitted to membership in the Methodist church. Like the proverbial Yankee, I will reply to this by asking a question. Does the writer believe that if Christ were on earth to-day He would engage in the wholesale liquor business or frequent saloons? Would He enjoy the fellowship of the class of men He would meet, as a rule, in these places? The very idea is shocking, doubtless, to him as well as to Prohibitionists and Methodists. Judging from His abundant teachings, and the fact that He came to bring peace and joy to all mankind, He would be a strict teetotaler and a Prohibition voter.

The gentleman must search the Scriptures still further, and give other proofs than he does, before he can base his right to be a wholesale liquor dealer in alcoholic stimulants upon the commands of God. If there can be found in his collection of liquors and in the saloons which he supplies only the sweet wine permitted by the command and example of the Lord, he can consistently be a member of any Christian church, and the Prohibitionists will have no quarrel with his business. To have remained in his business "twenty-two years" and made a financial success, he has been supplying the trade with the poison that bloats the face, blears the eye, staggers the footsteps, burns the brain, festers the stomach, rots the liver and kidneys, and sends men through the slow tortures of alcoholism to death and damnation. God says, "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven." The gentleman is engaged in this business, not to serve Christ, but to make money. To all dealers in intoxicating liquors—and this includes the deacon who votes for it as well as the man who sells it—God says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth the bottle to his lips and maketh him drunken also." Science and observation teach that to the extent to which a man imbibes this poison his

brain and nerves are affected, and he is drunken. A wholesale liquor dealer "putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," and if God's word be true he bringeth "woe" upon himself. The Scriptures say, "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended or is made weak."

I will turn to the records of the daily press for proof that the liquor business does cause men to stumble, and that by it they are made weak. In the city of Chicago, for many months, there has been an average of three murders per day caused by drunkenness. In a single state, within one month, four fathers have gone to their homes drunken and murdered their helpless children, and in two instances have killed the wife and mother. The heart sickens at the awful mobs, crimes, and murders reported by the press, day after day caused by drink-crazed, brutalized men who are made "to stumble and made weak" by those who have put the bottle to their neighbor's lips for private gain. Suffice it to say that out of the more than seven thousand murders committed in the United States last year, over four thousand of these were publicly recorded as being caused by intoxicated men, and a large percentage of the others were owing to drink. The liquor dispensed from these wholesale houses robs men of physical health, of moral rectitude, of financial independence; it destroys the peace and safety of wives, children, and homes; it peoples institutions for dependents; it multiplies jails, prisons, and almshouses, and furnishes the saloon, the assassin of our civilization, with its quiver of weapons.

God's word says, "Thou shalt not kill." Liquor nerves the hand of the murderer.

God's word says, "Thou shalt not steal." Liquor palsies the honor and makes the thief.

God's word says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Liquor is the parent of the social evil.

God's word says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Liquor thwarts justice with perjury.

The Bible is filled with admonitions against drink; therefore the man who deals in that which brings such a train of evils in its wake, "fails to conform to and transgresses the law of God" and wilfully commits sin. Indeed, there is not a word between the lids of the Bible, and there is no human experience, that can justify any man, professing to be a

follower of Jesus, in being a dealer in intoxicating liquors. It is not unusual for that which is too cruel to be called human to be called divine. The Bible has been quoted, at all times, to uphold every wrong that has afflicted mankind. To quote it to sustain the poison traffic is no exception to the rule.

I commend for the prayerful consideration of this gifted gentleman and all other professed Christians engaged in the traffic, either for political preferment or for gain, these words of the apostle, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." On this judgment day what will be the verdict upon those who have brought the awful train of evils produced by the liquor traffic upon humanity?

No matter how Utopian this liquor dealer imagines his business might be, he knows what it is, and every sentiment of humanity and every command of God admonishes him to quit the mean traffic, that he may be respected on earth and saved in heaven. No, the Prohibitionists have received no special new dispensation, as the writer intimates. They find the old one sufficient for their demands.

FREE AGENCY.

The gentleman tells us of the "Lord's plan of free agency." I am always amused when I note the great intimacy liquor dealers claim to have with the Lord. He quotes the words of Milton, —

I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood though free to fall.

Certainly he made man free to stand or fall; but to the fellows who make it a business to stand around to trip up these free agents that they may the more easily take a tumble, He said, "Thou shalt not," thus making of Himself the first great Prohibitionist. If the liquor seller shall not be prohibited because of his birthright of free agency, then the microbe dispenser and the criminal must remain undisturbed by the laws of quarantine or punishment. Truly God made man a free agent, but his free agency ends where the welfare of his associates begins. The liquor dealer's free agency ends where that of any other criminal ends who would prey upon the welfare of others for personal gain,

LONGEVITY AND THE TRAFFIC.

Not only Scripture but science is called to the defense of the Christ-like character of this wholesale dealer's business. He gives a long array of figures taken from the British Medical Association's report, in which he makes the total abstainers live, on an average, one year less than the "decidedly intemperate," and several years less than "free drinkers" and "careless drinkers" and "habitually temperate." In the face of such facts, what unscientific fellows the managers of life insurance companies are who refuse risks on the lives of "decidedly intemperate" men! If these figures are correct, life insurance agents should hunt out the blear-eyed constituency of the dives and saloons, and capture men on their way to the Keeley cures, that they may be sure of safe and long-lived policy holders.

Unfortunately for the gentleman's argument, these figures have been long ago repudiated, as garbled and misleading, by the Association in whose name they are quoted. The business world, daily observation, scientific research in medicine, as well as ordinary common sense, would repudiate such gross misrepresentation of facts, no matter by whom published. The highest and latest authority in medical science declares that alcoholic stimulants should seldom, *if ever*, be used as a medicine and never as a beverage. Thus both Scripture and science declare against the gentleman's business.

If, as he says, he is intensely interested in the suppression of drunkenness, let him leave the business that creates this drunkenness. He is one link in the chain of agencies that binds the millions of slaves to rum. He can cease his fears that our "civil and religious liberties" will take wings and fly away when there is no more traffic in alcoholic liquors.

If justice and liberty depend upon the virtues of the people, as all good men claim, then the liquor traffic must be suppressed, or our republic will fail. The saloon and the kingdom of Christ cannot occupy the same land together; they are too directly antagonistic to each other. Which shall die and which shall live remains for the Christian conscience of this republic to decide. The Methodist church is right in declaring in its "Book of Discipline" that to "license is sin." Would to God it was as near right in its conduct

at the ballot box as it is in its conference declarations! The saloon would soon be outlawed, and the wholesale dealers should turn their attention to other business which they possess the ability to follow with success and honor. We would no longer hear the cry of the mob, "Give us work or give us bread," in this land of plenty, if the waste of this traffic were no more. May God give all men grace unselfishly to see their individual responsibility for this traffic, which, more than all other agencies combined, hinders the reign of peace on earth and good will to men.

STUDY OF THOMAS PAINE.

BY E. P. POWELL.

IN writing a companion article for my recent notes concerning Benjamin Franklin, I shall begin by placing side by side their religious views, or creeds, as made public by themselves. This I do because, for some reason, Mr. Paine has been made to suffer historical ostracism for opinions shared by both men in common. I trust that we have now so far outgrown narrowness of theological judgment, that this will not enfeeble any man's honor for Franklin, while it may soften the rancor that has been allowed to grow against the character of Paine. It was in 1790, when Franklin was eighty-four, that Ezra Stiles, president of Yale College, wrote him a note, saying: "As much as I know of Doctor Franklin, I have not an idea of his religious sentiments. I wish to know the opinion of my venerable friend concerning Jesus of Nazareth. He will not impute this to impertinence or to improper curiosity in one who, for so many years, has continued to love, estimate, and revere his abilities and character, with an ardor and affection bordering on adoration. I shall never cease to wish you that happy immortality, which I believe Jesus alone has purchased for the virtuous and truly good of every religious denomination, and for those of every age, nation, and mythology who, reverencing the Deity, are filled with integrity, righteousness, and benevolence." This highly charitable and manly letter brought the following response:—

"You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time that I have been questioned on it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor in a few words to satisfy it. Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe; that he governs it by his providence; that he ought to be worshipped; that the most acceptable service we render him is doing good to his other children; that the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life, respecting its

conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion; and I regard them, as you do, in whatever sect I meet with them. As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes; and I have some doubts as to his divinity, though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequences of making his doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing unbelievers, in his government of the world, with any peculiar marks of displeasure. I have let others enjoy their religious sentiments, without reflecting on them for those that appeared to me unsupportable, or even absurd. All sects have experienced my good will, in assisting them with subscriptions; and as I have never opposed any of their doctrines, I hope to go out of the world in peace with them all."

This letter may explain to some extent why the theological world has ever been more tolerant toward Franklin. Yet it is not true that he had never opposed their doctrines; while it is true that he had, in his later years, aimed to avoid giving offence, and had given freely to aid them in building their houses for worship. Omitting the crude views that he put forth in his early literary days, we cannot quite forget the fact that he composed for himself a private litany and service of worship, which he used or might use at home, and in his mature years determined to forego further attendance on churches. Earlier in life, he drew up an amended version of the Lord's Prayer, and wrote out a modern Ten Commandments, the last one being, "Imitate Jesus and Socrates."

In 1756 he wrote to a friend: "The faith you mention has doubtless its use in the world; but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it—I mean real good works, such as kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers,

filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity." Early in life he projected a book to be called "The Art of Virtue." This he never quite gave over the longing to complete. In 1760 he wrote to Lord Kames a long letter on his project, explaining it. He says it is but "part of a great and extensive project that required the whole man to execute." In fact, with all his other absolutely distinct personalities, Franklin antedated Herbert Spencer as the philosopher of a complete scheme of ethics. But he had not the "whole man" or whole life to devote to it. Our own age is just beginning to develop an ethical education — the very idea sketched by Franklin a century ago. The press teems with volumes on morals as distinct from religion. It was necessary first, before the constructive and building period, that there should be a development of the destructive and eliminative. Paine was a destructive by contrast.

A professed letter of Franklin, without date or address, was published by William Temple Franklin, in which he is represented as reproving some one for a proposed publication. The letter does not materially change our estimate of Franklin's position. In it he says: "I shall only give you my opinion that, though your reasonings are subtle, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind; and the consequences of printing will be a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. Think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes habitual, which is the great point for security. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?" This prudential letter, if Franklin ever wrote it, may have been written to Paine, as asserted. The reply has never seen the light, if ever written. It would not be difficult, however, to imagine the contents would have been of this sort: "If, sir, you feel the need of religion so strongly for others, why not also for yourself? If by your silence, you seek to defend religion, why not also by example? for I learn that you have, for nearly your whole life, withdrawn from church service, and are an unbeliever in the substance of the creeds. Besides, do you not show by your course, a

total lack of faith that your own art of virtue or practice of morals is of any worth to the bulk of mankind? Are we to have one religion for the few philosophers, and another for the masses? If so, may I not ask, sir, who is to draw the dividing line, and say, Thou art the wise man; and thou art the weak fool? Besides, is there not a principle higher than all other principles, that it is safe to know the truth, to speak the truth, and to stand by the truth; and that in the end, such an honest course will turn out wisest, as well as safest and most honorable, both for the one who speaks, and for those he addresses? I am aware that this course will often bring opprobrium; that it even carried Socrates to his death. But I am also aware that Jesus, by such obloquy and suffering, became the Saviour of Christendom. My dear Mr. Franklin, allow me to remind you that in the Ten Commandments, as amended by your own able pen and honest wit, the closing one reads, 'Imitate Jesus and Socrates.' I will follow your counsel."

This, I assume, might have been the reply justly penned by Mr. Paine. The world never needs a duplicate of any great man; and nature never tries her hand at such a production without creating a rogue or a fool. One Franklin was enough. It would have gone hard with America, could she not also have developed a very different sort of man—a man of almost no diplomatic tact; a man who had no thought but to strike a straight blow, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and take the consequences. I have led the way to this man by indirection; and it is hardly necessary to say more of that dreaded and abhorred infidelity of his, than I have already inferred. It was a creed almost identical with that of Franklin; it was a temperament wholly unlike his. Without training or temper for the Socratic method, without prudential reserve, he spoke always on the housetop; in secret he said nothing. It is not necessary to indorse his views to honor the man. Nor am I willing to say that the method he used was more admirable than that employed by his friend; for we are always in need of the cautious who carry by siege, as well as of the gallant who take by storm. However, let us see that I do not draw the substantial comparison without warrant: "I believe," wrote Mr. Paine, "in one God, and no more, and hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe that

religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-beings happy." He closes the first part of his "Age of Reason" as follows: "The creation we behold is the real and ever-existing word of God, in which we cannot be deceived. It proclaims his power; it demonstrates his wisdom; it manifests his goodness and beneficence. The moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God, manifested in the creation toward all his creatures. Seeing, as we daily do, the goodness of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to practise the same toward each other; and consequently everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty. I content myself with the believing, even to positive conviction, that the power that gave an existence, is able to continue it in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without the body. In one point all nations agree — all believe in a God. The things in which they disagree, are the redundances annexed to that belief: therefore, if ever a universal religion prevail, it will be not by believing in things new, but in getting rid of redundances." In another article, he adds: "I have said that I hope for happiness after this life. This hope is comfortable to me, and I presume not to go beyond the comfortable idea of hope, with respect to a future state." In "A Discourse to Theophilanthropists," he says, "We profess and we proclaim, in peace, the pure, unmixed, comfortable, and rational belief in a God, as manifested to us in the universe." In a letter to Camille Jordan, he wrote, "The first object of inquiry, in all cases, more especially in matters of religion, is truth;" and he recommends him to address the French Legislature as follows: "O my colleagues! let us hasten to give encouragement to agriculture and manufactures, that commerce may reinstate itself and our people have employment. Let us review the conditions of the suffering poor, and wipe from our country the reproach of forgetting them. Let us devise means to establish schools of instruction, that we may banish ignorance. Let us propagate morality, unfettered by superstition. Let us cultivate justice and benevolence, that the God of our fathers may bless us." Samuel Adams wrote him reprovingly for having become an infidel. "My venerable friend," he replied, "I am obliged to you for what you

style my services, in awakening the public mind to a Declaration of Independence, and supporting it after it was declared. As to the 'Age of Reason,' which you condemn without having read it, I must inform you why I wrote and published it at the time I did. In the first place, I saw my life in continual danger [he was then member of the French National Convention]; my friends were falling as fast as the guillotine could cut their heads off, and, as I expected every day the same fate, I resolved to begin my work. The people of France were running headlong into atheism; and I had the work in their own language, to stop them in that career and fix them in the first article of every man's creed, who has any creed at all, 'I believe in God.' Our relation to each other in this world is as men, and the man who is a friend to man and to his rights, let his religious opinions be what they may, is a good citizen; to whom I can give, as I ought to do and as every other man ought, the right hand of fellowship, and to none with more hearty good-will than to you, my dear friend." Paine had told John Adams that he intended, near the close of his life, to write out his thoughts of religion; but expecting to be guillotined, he wrote earlier than he intended.

I am not quite sorry that in the discussion of the qualities of one of the greatest men of our Revolutionary era, I have found it necessary to stand on the defensive at the very outset. It is, I am sure, with moderated feelings, that the most ardent lover of the accepted creeds will now consider the marvellous fitness of this man to assist the country in its peril, and to secure it from a total collapse in the incipency of its independence. When Franklin cried, Peace and patience, Paine answered, with Henry and Otis, Our patience is fairly exhausted; and as for peace, they have waged war on us continually for years — on our property, our commerce, and our persons. Never before nor since, has America been so startled as by the publication, in 1775, of the pamphlet entitled "Common Sense." It was read everywhere. In an age when books were not liable to a large circulation, this one sold one hundred thousand copies. Dr. Rush said of it, "It burst from the press with an effect that has rarely been produced by type and paper in any age or country." Washington held it to be convincing. One writer adds: "It is not too much to claim for it, that it hastened the Declaration of

Independence six or eight weeks; and if that Declaration had been delayed eight weeks, it might have been delayed a century. If it had not been adopted before the battle of Long Island — which occurred six weeks after the Fourth of July — it would not have then been adopted." It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of the pamphlet. But it was not his noblest work; for in the terrible hour of blackest disaster, poverty, suffering, and despair, when Washington was retreating before Lord Howe, defeated, and the country was beginning to feel the cause hopeless, Paine wrote the first number of "Crisis." Washington had it read at the head of every army corps; and at every pinch of affairs throughout the war, the words of Paine were looked for, to inspirit the soldiers and arouse the flagging patriotism of the people. Franklin could not have done this work. His logic of prudence and honesty and courage would have failed to touch the souls that were discouraged. It needed words of fire and logic that rang like the blows of a berserker's sword on his shield.

I have not overestimated these services of Thomas Paine. Cobbett wrote to Lord Grenville: "A little thing sometimes produces a great effect. It appears to me very clear that some beastly insults offered Mr. Paine, while he was excise-man in England, were the real cause of the Revolution in America." Washington wrote to Joseph Reed of "Common Sense," "It is unanswerable." In the *Pennsylvania Journal*, which Paine edited, appeared, on Oct. 18, 1775, a series of charges against Great Britain somewhat like those afterwards contained in the Declaration of Independence; and the closing passage was this, "When I reflect on these, I hesitate not for a moment to believe that the Almighty will separate America from Britain; call it independency or what you will, if it is the cause of God and humanity, it will grow." Cobbett said whoever wrote the "Declaration," Paine was its author. The first number of "Crisis" was written by the camp-fires on the banks of the Delaware. No wonder that its first sentence was, "These are the times that try men's souls." It was taken for the watchword at Trenton, when the English were beaten and the Hessians captured. General Lee spoke of Paine as "the man with genius in his eyes."

When Mr. Paine saw with what avidity his first pamphlet

was bought and read, instead of endeavoring to turn it to his own advantage, he gave all the profits to the public. He wrote in later years: "Politics and self-interest have been so uniformly connected, that the world, from being so often deceived, has a right to be suspicious of public characters. But with regard to myself, I am perfectly at ease on this head. I saw an opportunity in which I could do some good, and I followed exactly what my heart dictated. I gave the copyright of 'Common Sense' up to every state in the Union." So far as we can judge of human actions, here was pure, disinterested philanthropy; a man who desired nothing more than to do good.

The Declaration of Independence being accomplished, and the struggle fairly on, Paine became a volunteer, with other men of note, carrying the musket in the ranks. Here he met Lafayette, with whom he established a warm friendship, while Washington showed him special marks of esteem. But his pen was so formidable an instrument, that he may be said to have formed a distinct army corps by himself. What ringing words are these: "The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph; what we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly." His bitterest enemy testifies that the "Crisis" had more than its intended effect. The convention of New York, which was dispersed by fear, was once more rallied; militiamen, who were straggling homeward, read it, turned about, and went back to the army to re-enlist unsolicited. The whole despairing land and army were reinspired with hope and fresh resolution.

Mr. Paine was, in the spring of 1777, elected secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. His position was not unlike that of our present secretary of state. He performed his duties faithfully, but lacked diplomatic tact, and was led to resign in 1779, by the dissatisfaction which his blunt straightforwardness superinduced in Congress. In 1781 he was sent to France with Colonel Laurens, on a scheme of his own origination, to secure a loan of the French government. The result was a gift to the states of six millions of livres, and a loan of ten millions more. He planned a secret visit

to England at this time, believing that, if he could once get into that country, without being known until he could issue a publication, he could open the eyes of the people to the madness and stupidity of their government. The above was not his only financial exploit; for at a time when immediate dissolution of the army was looked for, he began a private subscription, giving his own salary as secretary of state, and whatever else he could command. The result was three hundred thousand pounds, which was used in the capture of Cornwallis. From time to time numbers of the "Crisis" appeared whenever most needed, besides other pamphlets of great ability and power. The war ended gloriously for America. Washington took up his quarters for a time near Princeton, N. J. From there he wrote to Paine, asking him to come to him and share with him his residence.

In 1787 Mr. Paine crossed the Atlantic on business affairs, spending his time mainly in England, where he was well received, until, in reply to Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," he wrote "The Rights of Man." The appearance of the first part of this masterly work roused the intensest bitterness among the people of Great Britain, and led to insults and persecutions. Orders for his arrest reached Dover only a few minutes after he had crossed over to Calais. The French greeted him with a frenzy of enthusiasm. They crowned him with chaplets, strewed flowers in his road, and devised every method to show their gratitude. They even elected him from four departments, as representative to the national convention. As Lafayette was to Americans in America, such, and even more, was Paine to France.

Up to this time Thomas Paine was held to be one of the greatest men of the times. Certainly no literary ventures in the history of the world had ever before accomplished so much in the way of positive results, or attained such universal popularity. "Common Sense" and "Crisis," in twelve separate issues, had been, more than anything else, the cause and support of the Revolution and the establishment of a separate government. "The Rights of Man" was a masterly work, and created an enthusiasm everywhere. Only the aristocrats abhorred the work and hated the author. It is not too much to say that at that hour, apart

from Washington and Franklin, Mr. Paine was the best loved man in the world. The Liberals of England sang all about the kingdom, to the tune of "God save the King":—

God save great Thomas Paine!
His "Rights of Man" proclaim,
From pole to pole.

Prosecuted, after his escape to France, by the British government, for "a wicked and seditious libel," Erskine, who was then the most eloquent advocate in England, defended him in a speech of marvellous power. The shower of fame and notoriety probably told somewhat on Paine's character; but not more than similar popular effusiveness on Franklin. His career was one calculated to turn the head of any one but a man of true courage and philanthropy, honest and faithful to the rights of his fellow-men. The whirlwind of events in France gave him hardly time to study modesty and humility, but he bore himself well. The decree that met him soon after landing, conferred the title of French citizen on Priestly, Paine, Bentham, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Pestalozzi, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Kosciusko, and seven others. In the convention he was associated with Brissot, Vergniaud, Barère, Danton, Condorset, Gensonné, Pétion, and the Abbe Sieyès, as a committee on the constitution. Four of these were afterwards guillotined; one committed suicide in prison; another was eaten by wolves while hiding in the forest. Paine himself was condemned to death; and two more only died natural deaths. One of the ablest and most statesmanlike letters ever penned, was addressed by him to Danton on the state of affairs. This letter foretold the collapse of the French Republic, and pointed out the only course of safety. When the king was on trial, Paine urged with great eloquence and clearest logic the folly, as well as the criminality, of putting him to death. One of the grandest scenes in that succession of dramas was the appearance of Thomas Paine at the tribune, with his speech to plead for the life of Louis XVI. He could not speak in French. Marat shouted that he should not be heard, being a Quaker; but the convention voted to hear. Thuriot soon rushed up to the tribune, declaring the interpreter was not giving the speech correctly. Marat added to the confusion by screaming: "It is a lie! I denounce the interpreter. That is not the opinion of Thomas Paine."

The convention had not five members who understood English. They appealed to Coulon, a good English scholar. "It is correct," said Coulon. Then Paine uttered such words as he well knew endangered his own life, but he did not flinch. "My language," said he, "has always been the language of liberty and humanity; and I know by experience, that nothing so exalts a nation as the union of these two principles under all circumstances. If I could speak the French language, I would descend to your bar, and, in the name of all my brothers in America, would present you a petition to suspend the execution of Louis." This scene brought him in violent conflict with the great maniac and scoundrel Marat, the most loathsome character of the mob. Robespierre also became his mortal enemy. Charlotte Corday put an end to Marat, but that only increased the fury of the storm. Vergniaud said, "She has prepared a scaffold for us all, but then she has shown us how to die."

Knowing his danger, Mr. Paine, who had long meditated writing out his religious views, hastened to pen "The Age of Reason." None too soon, for he was flung into prison six hours after the completion of the work. All the noblest of France were there with him. They were insulted, abused, fed with vile food, and surrounded with spies and pimps. On April 5, 1794, he bade farewell to Danton, Desmoulins, and his other immediate associates, who were taken out to be guillotined. It is pleasant to know that he had not dishonored America by flinching in his Saxon grit. He had voted as he believed; he had dared to use free speech. Robespierre issued a decree for his death; but by mistake the jailer put the fatal mark on his open door, which, being shut, concealed it. July 28 the tyrant met the fate of the dog that he was. Ten days later Paine addressed a pathetic letter for justice and freedom to the national convention. Appeals began to pour in from his French constituents and from Americans that he be released. At last James Monroe reached France as our accredited minister. In October of 1794 he wrote a diplomatic letter to the Committee of Public Safety. In that letter he said: —

The citizens of the United States cannot look back upon the time of their own Revolution without recollecting, among the names of their most distinguished patriots, that of Thomas Paine. The services he rendered his country in its struggle for freedom, have implanted in

the hearts of his countrymen a sense of gratitude, never to be effaced as long as they shall deserve the title of a just and generous people. The above-named citizen is now languishing in prison, affected with a disease growing more intense with his confinement. I beg, therefore, to call your attention to his condition, and to request you to hasten the moment when the law shall decide his fate, in case of any accusation against him, and, if none, to restore him to liberty.

Greeting and brotherhood.

MONROE.

It was a model letter, for both manhood and diplomacy, down to the very signature. Two days later Paine was released. But he had, in his advanced years, been imprisoned and barbarously treated, and kept in mortal fear for ten months. A baser act was never committed by any nation. They crowned him as the devotees of idols have crowned their sacrifices. His health was broken; and although he responded to a vote of the convention to resume his seat with them, he was soon dangerously ill.

The shock of his fall was painful to Mr. Paine, as it would have been to any man who had enjoyed such extraordinary and well-deserved repute. In England his friends who dared to publish his works, were prosecuted and imprisoned. In France he was no longer a power. In America, notwithstanding the words of Monroe, he was neglected and, by a large part, hated for his views concerning the popular beliefs. Up to this time nothing had been said against his character or his manners. In England he is said to have led a "quiet round of philosophical leisure and enjoyment." He was occupied with writing, and visiting a few select friends, and occasionally visiting coffee houses. Evenings he played chess, and engaged in singing or recreation with his friends, or in conversation. Among his intimates were Dr. Priestly, Joel Barlow, the poet, Mr. Sharp, the engraver, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the French ambassador, Horne Tooke, Captain Perry, and Colonel Oswald. But he was now down, and a good deal broken and helpless, and, what was worse, the religious world wished to believe badly of him. The wish was father of the deed. Accidental testimony as to his life in France is best. A gentleman in Paris wrote of him: "An English lady, not less remarkable for her talents than for her elegance of manners, entreated me to contrive that she might meet Mr. Paine. I invited him to dinner. For above four hours, he kept every one astonished at his memory, his keen observation of men and manners, his numberless

anecdotes. His remarks on genius and taste can never be forgotten by those present." The picture of his daily life, by his intimate friend, Clio Rickman, is one of exceeding beauty. "The happy circle who lived with him here, will ever remember these days with delight. With these select friends he would talk of his boyish days, play at chess, or enliven the moments with anecdotes; would sport on the gravel walks; and then retire to his boudoir, where he was up to his knees in papers and letters." Joel Barlow says of him that "The greatest part of the readers in the United States will not be soon persuaded to consider him in any other light than as a drunkard and a deist." The facts seem to be, that those who turned their backs on him for his free thought and the "Age of Reason" found his back turned on them; for he was proud, if he was not vain, and among these, I fear, was Barlow himself. The latter says: "He always frequented the best company in England and France, till he became the object of calumny, till he conceived himself neglected and despised by his former friends. From that moment he gave himself much to drink and companions less worthy of his better days." From this day, detraction followed him to his grave. The American people forgot his benefaction, his genius, and his glory. History was written to obliterate his fair fame, and children were taught to abhor Tom Paine.

Mr. Paine's will closes with these words: "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good; I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my God." Is it needful for a student of history, well aware, as he must be, of the insolence of both political and theological controversy in the latter end of the eighteenth century — a bitterness that assailed Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, and, indeed, found no one of them perfect — is it necessary, I say, to wade through the vitriolic mire that surrounds the closing scenes of Mr. Paine's career? If all were true, a kindly and grateful people should draw a veil, and drop a tear — for, alas, how many heroes have had the heel of Achilles! But it is not true that we are compelled to hide from view the old man after his work days were over, and the lamp burned low. I shall leave to others to sweep up the slime of those who had courage only to surround his death bed with malig-

nity. History has to do with other people. I have not the talons to tear with delight the carcass from which has departed the loyal soul of wit, genius, bravery, self-denial, heroism, patriotism, philanthropy, and piety, even though that soul shall have left the enfeebled frame some few months before the last breath has been breathed. Fortunately for us, perhaps not so fortunately for Mr. Paine, we have outlived the time when it can be understood how bigotry can love falsehood, and with what shameless zeal it can invent lies and torture truths, in order to obliterate glory and smirch beauty that stands in the way of its power. Ah! had Paine but died before he wrote his "Age of Reason"! But had he died before that day, the twentieth century would have lost the pleasure of lifting his chaplets, resurrecting his fame, and doing him — what history at last will do — justice.

I am not given to tears, but I confess that I have stopped my pen more than once in the recital of this story of a man to whom we owe so vast a debt — sometimes with indignation, and again with grief. For what a shame rests on our history! It would have been less unkind had Robespierre's warrant of arrest haled him to the guillotine. That would have been a brief pain; but this has been to suffer shameless ingratitude from a country that he, more than any other man, caused to be free, and to be outlawed, hated, branded, in the house of his own kin. What a fate has been his — what a century-long grief! Washington was his friend, and loved him well; and it was one of the griefs of the first president, that he saw no way of compensating him for his eminent services during the war. But he could not. So bitter was the sentiment of the people for his writing the "Age of Reason" that they would tolerate no courtesies toward the author of "Common Sense." So had hatred extinguished love. But Monroe, when in Paris in 1794, wrote to Paine: "The crime of ingratitude, I trust, will never stain our national character. You are considered by all your countrymen as one who has not only rendered important service to them, but also as one who, on a more extended scale, has been the friend of human rights, a distinguished and able advocate of public liberty. To the welfare and worth of Thomas Paine the American people can never be indifferent." President Jefferson wrote to him:

"Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty, is charged with orders to the captain of the Maryland, to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will, in general, find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; in these it will be your glory to have steadily labored with as much effect as any man living. Accept the assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment."

Pennsylvania voted him five hundred pounds sterling, and New York conferred on him an estate of several hundred acres.

That you may live long to continue your useful labors, and to reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The kind hand of death forbade, and the laws of nature so arranged it, that Thomas Paine did not live to reap the "thankfulness" of his own nation, through the first century of its independence. When the Centennial Anniversary occurred at Philadelphia in 1876, the decree of the nation excluded his bust and all memorial of him from Independence Hall. One writer says: "Imagine him looking down, and seeing all over the United States public buildings and parks, adorned with statues of Washington, the Adamases, Franklin, Jefferson, and the rest of the glorious Revolutionary band; but no public statue or bust or portrait anywhere to keep alive popular gratitude to the man who was the first to write the proud words, 'The United States of America.'"

But are the days not nigh when the American people can act with courage, according to their knowledge? The "Age of Reason" grows mild and mellow in the light of controversies which now agitate theology. The higher criticism of professors in theological seminaries, and leading preachers in all sects, is an arrow's flight ahead of Thomas Paine, in its far-reaching consequences, and not inferior in its manly adhesion to the truth. We shall yet see his biography honorably listed in some future American statesman series, as constituting with Franklin and Washington a triumvirate that created the independence of the United States, and laid the foundations of a nation—a man of unsurpassed courage of convictions, of unwavering faith in the truth, and supremely possessed of that piety which consists in love for God and for his fellow-men. When

a monument to Paine was spoken of to Andrew Jackson, he answered: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hand; he has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. 'The Rights of Man' will be more enduring than all the piles of marble and granite man can erect."

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CASE.

VERDICT No. IV.

[In the following pages Hon. William E. Russell, governor of Massachusetts, Andrew H. H. Dawson, A. B. Brown, and Henry Irving render verdicts in the Bacon-Shakespeare Case. It will be seen that three of these gentlemen vote for Shakespeare, while Mr. Brown inclines to the belief that Shakespeare wrote the works, but that he was aided by occult influences.]

I. HON. W. E. RUSSELL.

In the famous case of Bacon against Shakespeare, which has been so thoroughly and ably tried in *THE ARENA*, I render my verdict for the defendant. Without discussing in detail the evidence, or restating the arguments, the claim of the plaintiff, I believe, rests upon evidence wholly insufficient to shake the title of the defendant, universally admitted by his contemporaries and practically unquestioned for more than two hundred years since.

The works show their author to have been a genius whose ability and capacity were not subject to usual human limitations, and therefore not to be measured or tested by usual literary standards. Upon this assumption most of the arguments against Shakespeare's authorship fail; upon no other assumption can we account for the works at all.

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

Verdict for the defendant.

II. A. H. H. DAWSON.

Having been engaged for several years in the official prosecution of criminals, I have a right to expect that any liberty I take with the technical terms in common use in criminal forums will be respected as an excusable result of habit.

Imprimis, then, were Shakespeare on trial under an indictment for the authorship of his dramas, I would deem it a very reckless risk to rely for his acquittal upon a reasonable doubt of his innocence. Were Bacon on trial, however, under an indictment for the same alleged crime, I should deem it a safe defense to rely upon a reasonable doubt of his guilt. At this distance of time from the date of the production of those plays, no direct proof can be produced for or against the plaintiff or the defendant.

Recourse must therefore be had to such presumptive proof, commonly called circumstantial evidence, as reaches us through the transmissions of tradition, corroborated by such revelations of history and of biography as derive the most force from their authenticity and can be best reconciled with the age, the customs, the habits, the tastes and conditions of society, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The first prominent fact that points towards the Bard of Avon and away from Bacon as the author of the plays in question, is the familiar knowledge of the one and the profound ignorance of the other of the "business" of the stage. It is one thing to write a poem, and another thing to write a drama in blank verse. The name of poets in all ages of civilization has been legion, but the number of dramatists who have understood the "business" of the stage, from the days of Sophocles and Euripides down to this hour, can be counted on your fingers. Education has but little to do with poets, while it has everything to do with dramatists. The poet is born, the dramatist is not. The greatest poet that ever lived was Homer. Presumptively he could never have written a drama. The greatest dramatist that ever lived was Shakespeare, and the coincident of his marvellous endowments as a poet elevates him not only to the dizzy eminence occupied by Homer, but even to a still loftier altitude in fame, and utterly emasculates the frivolous assumption of his lack of capacity to have produced those plays, of all claim to serious notice.

Neither history, biography, nor tradition gives us one ray of light on the dramatic taste, associations, genius, or inclinations of Bacon. To have been the author of these plays, his love of the drama must have amounted to a passion, about which his intimate friends must have known enough to speak by the card. He must have been an *habitué* of theatres — the boon companion of managers, actors, and dramatists. Ben Jonson was his only dramatic associate. Their relations seem to have been of not only an intimate but a confidential character — entirely too much so to be reconciled, either with the presumption that Bacon could have kept from him the secret of his authorship of those plays, or that he would have incurred the risk of making such mistakes as the wisest ignorance of the "business" of the stage was bound to make in the construction of dramas in the age in which they lived. On the other hand Shakespeare was a professional expert — a practical artist — master of the "business" of the stage, and the author of many of its details that increased the facilities with which plays were then mounted, and about which Bacon knew nothing, not even enough to appreciate the importance of such knowledge in attempting dramatization.

Another circumstance which descends like an avalanche from

Alpine summits upon the claims of Bacon, is that in the style of the two authors there is not the faintest shadow of similitude. The accidental use of the same word or words, in sentences upon the same subject, the avowal of the same sentiments, the betrayal of the same prejudices, can never establish style. That is something that belongs to every individual, and has its origin in his intellectual idiosyncrasies, which will give an author away, sooner or later, in a production of any length, despite every effort he can make to deceive the expert reader; and in their respective styles Bacon and Shakespeare are as distinct and different as are Homer and John Stuart Mill. To grasp style we must read more than one or two sentences, aye, or one or two pages, and I am risking nothing to challenge the Baconians to produce any one page in the writings of Bacon in which they are for one instant reminded of the style of Shakespeare, or one page in Shakespeare that can remind any critic of the writings of Bacon. The learning of Bacon was accessible to all students, but the dramatic knowledge of Shakespeare was accessible only to a practical dramatist—a student of the stage and an actor on it.

I regard, however, the silence of Ben Jonson as more eloquent evidence in behalf of the defendant than all other contemporary testimony that has been adduced, *pro or con*, in this controversy. Rare old Ben was one of your world-wise observers that was deception-proof, and never could have been imposed upon by either Bacon or Shakespeare. His relations with both were intimate. He recognized Shakespeare as the author of his plays, which he could not have been, if they were written by Bacon—both of which facts must have been known to Jonson. It is moreover true that he did not only admire and respect but loved Shakespeare, something he never could have done had he known him to be a plagiarist, an impostor, and a fraud, capable of appropriating the wisdom and the wit that were the property of another man and a contemporary at that, and utilizing the same not only as capital in his business but also in the acquisition of fame. Bacon's friends must not only establish the fact that Shakespeare was a thief, but that Ben Jonson was his accomplice, and that Lord Bacon connived at their criminality and recognized as his friends the criminals. If circumstances can prove anything they must contradict categorically and eternally the Baconian theory, and confirm Shakespeare's guilt and Bacon's innocence of the authorship of these plays beyond a reasonable doubt.

The impudence of the presumption that now, at the distance of three hundred years, questions either the learning, the intellect, or the genius of Shakespeare as equal to the production of these

great dramas, when Ben Jonson, himself a great dramatist, and the bosom friend of Shakespeare, recognized his genius, intellect, and learning as equal to these same dramas, and the dramas as worthy of their author, would cost us more surprise, were modesty better appreciated among the friends of Bacon. Intellect is one thing and genius another. Intellect is susceptible of education and development. Its dignity inspires reverence and awe. It's the one great gift that above all others is most god-like. The reign of reason is absolute, from civilization's remotest bound to ocean's loneliest shore. Unfortunately as much may not be truthfully said of genius. The light of the one is always Promethean, while that of the other is often phosphorescent. They are rarely found united in the same degree. In Shakespeare they were, in Bacon they were not. The plays in question are as much indebted for their fame to genius as to intellect. Bacon's intellect was equal to their production, but his genius was not; whereas the intimate contemporaries of Shakespeare, who were competent to criticise character and capacity, never entertained, or certainly never expressed, a doubt of the capacity alike of the intellect and the genius of Shakespeare to produce those dramas, compared with which his poems are the merest twaddle. He was not at home in the closet; he was on the stage. His genius, like Job's war horse, snuffed the mimic battles of the stage from afar, and its bright blade was always found flashing in the thickest of the fight, hewing its way to fortune and to fame; whereas Bacon's intellect, knowing nothing about the *carte* and *tierce* of the stage, neither delivered nor accepted challenges to dramatic combats, the situations and exigencies of which he had neither the inclination nor education to appreciate. Bacon could never have been the author of those felicitous and constantly recurring harmonies that constitute the marvellous smoothness and incomparable practical perfection for stage use of each and every one of Shakespeare's dramas.

Another striking feature that distinguishes these plays, and points to Shakespeare and away from Bacon as their author, is the fact that their legal learning amounts to but a smattering, which was worthy of Shakespeare's ignorance of the law, but totally and utterly unworthy of Bacon's intimate and profound knowledge of that sublime science. The flippant use of occasional technicalities proves nothing, as it is claimed under such an assumption that Shakespeare was a sailor, an M. D., and an LL.D. On such superficial sophistry nothing can be proved. My verdict is for the defendant.

ANDREW H. H. DAWSON.

A. H. H. Dawson renders verdict for defendant.

III. A. B. BROWN.

It has been said that the writings under consideration bear inherent evidence of great knowledge and versatility in erudition of the writer. It would seem that a hand guided by more than an average intelligence penned the lines, and it may be asked if any superficial knowledge gained at Stratford-on-Avon, and supplemented by subsequent experience in London theatrical life, by Shakespeare, or classic erudition acquired at Oxford and Cambridge, by Sir Francis Bacon—alone and of itself—could qualify either of these men to write such verse? Is it not self evident that the writer dipped his pen within a fount of clearer thought than that which then characterized any known literary centre? It is true, the Shakespearean verses seem to be the flower of all literary productions up to that day, with large additions of newly-coined words which have since taken their permanent place in the English language. They seem the song of all nature's unfoldings.

In considering the claims of these two parties to the authorship, the defendant is most surely entitled to all testimony tending to show the true author as well as the claimant. Nay, if it can be shown that in the organism of Shakespeare, even though he may have been illiterate, there was concealed a latent force which when called into action enabled him to pen those lines, would it not be public justice to admit such a possibility to the candid consideration of the reading public? In such review of man's powers the subjective forces of the human soul, as well as the environment of external living of the ego, should be studied. Such only, it would seem, is the true method of ethical inquiry, and the only way the critic may reach a full and correct knowledge upon which to base his conclusions; for it is self evident that in human living no agnostic research or material analysis can measure the capabilities of the human soul. The ethics of thought and the science of external reasoning, as well as all material creations, are, as yet, but poorly understood by the most observant of scientific students.

The most advanced human intellect is often confounded at the voluntary flow of thought, and the open vision obtained by the mind under esoteric stimulant. Incidents of this kind are not unknown to the reader. Even Daniel Webster, the great American orator and statesman, has been reported as saying that, in his "Reply to Hayne," it seemed as if all nature opened her secret archives to him, and all he had to do was to use the thoughts which crowded themselves upon him. Without previous study or especial preparation, the infinite potencies of space often fill the human mind with thoughts of great beauty

and logical sequence. Many men when brought into great emergencies have been known to act and speak far beyond their average manifest abilities. Such incidents are not infrequent among writers, and it is not impossible that Shakespeare may have been such a man; and hence it would not seem unreasonable to claim him as one of those subjects whom the esoteric forces of the universe so often use to present great and marvellous truths to the external world.

There is also strong analogous evidence which the critic should consider, in addition to such evidence as has already been presented in the case, before it can be said that there has been a complete and full hearing upon the subject, and that all which would strengthen the defence has been considered. In view of nature's constant and marvellous revelations coming to the race daily, in the chain of phenomenal events, none, however astounding, need astonish man because it comes to the world upon an illiterate pen, or through lips untrained within college walls. Hence, to elucidate a problem of this importance, may it not be admissible to seek supporting testimony throwing light upon its solution, through hypothesis?—a hypothesis of inquiry rather than one of assertion.

Some of the writers upon this subject have, with Mr. Donnelly, declared that "Shakespeare could not have written the plays accredited to him." This is dogmatic assertion, not logical reasoning, and precludes all further research for evidence to substantiate Shakespeare's authorship. But to assume a supposition—to formulate a hypothesis of inquiry—leaving the reasoning faculties open to weigh every kind and shade of evidence found to bear, in any way or degree, upon the subject, would seem to be the way leading to a correct solution of the problem. Believing that hidden and unseen forces work external results in mental as in material unfoldings, the writer would ask if Shakespeare may not have been a medial subject in the hands or under the control of some hidden intelligence, force, or potent power, through which Shakespeare's organism afforded opportunity for such intelligence to work phenomena upon the external plane of life?

There is, perhaps, no better-established axiom than that a knowledge of man, his external being, and the environments pertaining to his universe, has not and does not come to the race through collegiate and scientific channels only. Varied are the sources through which such events and a knowledge of human life record themselves upon the disk of man's memory. Hence voluminous is the evidence corroborating the assumption of any particular form or method within the literary and scientific world as to man's educators.

Even if it be admitted that Shakespeare himself was incapable of writing the works in question, that assumption or admission is of itself only negative testimony, and does not in any sense prove that the Baconian claim is correct; and that Bacon wrote the works is not proved by any testimony yet presented. His capabilities, his profound learning, the newly-coined words of Shakespearean origin found in Bacon's diary, in no sense establish his claim to the authorship of the writings. Such evidence only shows that certain conditions and events may be construed as reasonable collateral evidence supporting the Baconian critical attitude, while in an analysis of the evidence of all that has yet been presented, we get only one residuum—to wit, the summing up of negative forces in an effort to prove a positive result. With this the mind, or the reason, is no more satisfied as to the Baconian claim to authorship, than with the Shakespearean reputation of two centuries' standing. As a man of letters and mental parts, perhaps Shakespeare was of himself deficient. It must take more than an average man to write with such excellency; and in reading Bacon's known works, the writer finds no proof that he was competent to produce the plays. It has been the opinion of some that no living man, unaided by esoteric inspiration, could claim the honors of their production, and the writer shares this opinion; and to assume that Bacon was the only qualified scholar of that day to warrant such writings—such profundity in verse and prose—is the height of illogical assumption.

Bacon's works, his known writings themselves, considered by the side of the Shakespearean productions, are as much inferior in style, research, and universal delineations of life and its unfoldment, as Shakespeare was considered below Bacon in literary acquirement and intellectual development. The Shakespearean writings, compared with recorded Baconian thought, bear evidence of a greater inspiration, deeper spirituality, and a much broader range of ideas. The research in literature, the draught upon human experience, with the utilization of prophetic utterance, are each largely manifest in the Shakespearean writings, while a notable absence of these qualities is prominent in Bacon's works; and especially may it be said that they are almost unobservable in his poetic writings. Instead of its being a "miracle" for Shakespeare to write thus, as Mr. Donnelly asserts it would have been, it would seem to be more than a miracle for Bacon to have entered that mental and inspirational condition which would have permitted him to conceive and record such thoughts as Shakespeare has given to the world.

The inquiry, "May it not have been Shakespeare, guided by occult forces giving his pen more than Shakespearean control,

who wrote the works under discussion?" is a hypothesis which can be considered with reasonable certainty of finding strong analogous and corroborating evidence to support the assumption. Surely nothing has been given, or could be adduced, to prove that William Shakespeare was not one of the medial instruments the infinite intelligences have chosen, to voice the revelations omnipotence has seen fit to give to mankind through hidden and unforeseen forces. Rather, is it not very probable that he possessed — to a very large extent — those medial powers which it is now well known are the inheritance of many men and women of to-day, and which distinguished both seers and sages who preceded Shakespeare? In all biblical and historic literature, such gifts enter largely into the inspirational manifestations of infinite force, through seership and prophetic revelation. The individual voicing the divine word has been said to be directly inspired in his utterance. To-day we see men and women write and speak, logically and fluently, while in an unconscious state. Many of the world's recorded thoughts have come to the race on these mysterious wings. No religion — no historic record — Egyptian, Chaldean, Brahmanic, or Buddhistic, has entered the external world except through gates turning upon like hinges. A similar claim for the origin of the world's records and their modes of transmission to man comes to us now, as in the past, apparently through channels of inspirational mediumistic gifts. In earlier times such revelations came through the seer and the prophet, and in this more modern day, through intuitive and inspirational sources, pervading the community and particularized in individual instances.

It is a well-established maxim that nature works through constant and like methods in all ages — not changing, except for present *result* to become new *cause*, in evolutionary sequence — may it not with propriety be claimed that the "ways and means" nature takes to educate mankind are ever through like channels, varying only in accordance with individual development and general human advancement, and that the divine afflatus is ever and constantly operating to this end? Thus in assuming that spirituality is the divine essence, and is next in kind to external man, standing between occult knowledge and deific effort to instruct man, how natural it seems to have the spirit of all knowledge speak to the race through medial powers of the individual, as a chosen channel of communication to the external world. Nature evidently has not exhausted her resources — she neither changes her methods nor limits her supply — in cosmical evolution. Her unfoldings go on as in olden times; and, in the absence of proof of any claim like this, in favor of the Baconian *versus* Shakespearean hypothesis, it is sound practice to demand

proof of a new assumptive claim to such honors, before yielding the time-conceded authorship of two hundred years. At the most, all that has been shown by the advocates of Bacon's claim is that "It may have been," and that "It is barely possible that Bacon could have written the plays." But this seems very weak in the face of that historic evidence which two centuries have brought to us showing that Shakespeare was the author.

All men may not view this question with the aid of that profundity of literary research which Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Reed bring to it; but there is a *consensus* in nature which fills man's environment, and brings to the average reasoning faculties intuitive conclusions, largely satisfying the critical powers, and harmonizing with man's reason and consciousness, as well as showing itself to be in unison with the methods of nature's revelations, and God's way of imparting knowledge to man. The world is evidently very old, and human development has ever come to the race on mysterious wings. The Homeric writings and much other rare and choice literature are purported to be of doubtful authorship, or to rest upon anonymous effort. The Shakespearean writings are no exception to this condition, and while it may be difficult to establish historic correctness in the claims for individual authorship, there is a maxim in nature which gauges all precedent—to wit, the subjective or occult forces have their place in natural law, and work certain evolutionary conditions, such being concomitants to man in every advanced step he makes in the evolution of his universe.

How much of man's thought, how much of the result of his effort, should be accredited to objective action, and how much is due to subjective adjuncts, operating conjointly with his thought and physical actions, in any phenomenal product, is a very nice question, and one which seems too occult for frail mortals to determine. Yet in considering questions such as form the base of this writing, learned and scientific men leave these conditions entirely out of their debate, and form their conclusions upon a purely material base, taking natural external results as the only evidence to be relied upon; while they at the same time live and hold their reasonings within an environment partaking largely of subjective forces and conditions, which affect every thought, through and in which they live and write. Can it not be reasonably certain that Shakespeare lived, wrote, and had his objective life within such an environment, where the two elementary forces of nature, the dominant in objective life and the controlling in subjective living, join their potent forces and give equal opportunity for the soul to reveal its thought, and to give through the *automatic pen* the writings which, some at least believe, neither Bacon nor Shakespeare, of himself, was capable of producing?

It would seem that nature should be accredited with the same powers when producing a Shakespeare as when instructing a Moses; that the same law which gave the commandments to Moses on Mt. Sinai could give writings to more modern mediums. If inspirational conditions were given to Elijah, why might not such come to Shakespeare? If the olden prophets were mediums for divine revelation, and Jesus was a medial teacher, instructing man in the deeper truths of his spirituality, from subjective promptings; if Swedenborg was a seer, through whom the hidden forces of nature could speak, why may not Shakespeare have been a chosen medium by spirit egos, through which the mighty intellects of the past ages could speak to the coming races, both in verse and prose? It would seem self evident that whoever or whatever force gave to the world the Shakespearean writings, they have been embellished and beautified with the acquisitions of all previous experiences. He who did leave man those works, songs, and plays, drew from a deeper fountain of experience than nature has before or since accorded to objective man.

Much could be said in favor of this inquiry to show the strong probability that neither Shakespeare nor Bacon, as men, of themselves, alone and unaided by the subjective forces of spirit power, wrote the works; but detail in either evidence or argument is not the object of this inquiry. The writer wishes to put the question in clear form, hence he asks: May not William Shakespeare have been a medium — *trance* or *inspirational* or both — through which some older spirit ego could have spoken, or written by automatic pen, to mankind, and left to the world the so-called Shakespearean writings, to remain forever, with the Homeric verse and Vedic hymns, as treasures from the highest and best thoughts of the human soul, within the domain of literature?

Surely it cannot be assumed that no tangible evidence accompanies a metaphysical proposition of such scope and importance; therefore in order to make the inquiry appear to be what the hypothesis assumes it to be — to wit, tangible fact, based upon subjective unfolding within the material world — it is well to call to one's mind the very many results which come as fixed phenomena from invisible causes, such *results* always proving the scientific maxim that it is a product from cosmical nature, and its development is strictly within evolutionary law, while its methods of presentation are always from cause to effect.

Objective man is so organized that he is compelled to view all objective things through his five physical senses. Beyond the tests which nerve action renders to his consciousness, there can be no material proof of any phenomenon in the physical world. Yet does he not find a *consensus* within himself, the origin, cause, and unfoldment of which his reasoning powers cannot account

for, nor trace back to its primitive infancy; and which carries the conviction to his consciousness that external things, within his objective universe, have a subjective cosmical origin, and grow to visible manifestation, the result being humanity and its environing universe—occult potency being cause, and objective phenomena the result?

Through *a priori* reasoning man finds subjective potency to be cause to many effects, and in his inability to find any material proof of such cause except the effect, he implicitly relies upon the *consensus* within the universal consciousness, and accepts the result. His existence here and now is a state of realization through objective sensation, and he assumes that his life and its environment is a fixed fact within space, controlled and maintained by invisible and inscrutable law; notwithstanding he can adduce no proof of this subjective assumption, nor of its hidden primitive workings, which have thus clothed his objective ego with form, thought, and consciousness. This maxim is irrevocably fixed in man's being; and the seeming changes of his environment do not obliterate it. In this respect his development has gone beyond objective evidence and nerve tests, and germinating within his organism and ego, is found the fullness of a conscious instinct which, to each individual, is proof of the fact of life and being, with internal or subjective vision of earlier growth, that has left results which add to his present attainments. Because he cannot see through the walls of objective sentient living, and observe clear outlines of every act or thought, cause or effect, which has aided his development into his present *status*—it does not in the least weaken the claim to a knowledge of his present life and its realizations in all of its potencies at the present moment.

Man's intuitive instinct, his *consensus*, although not presentable to the world as a material witness, is none the less conclusive to him, proving the fact of his existence, and making probable the future continuation of his being, through like conscious growth, which in its turn, with the change of environment which progression demands, creates and again infolds, and becomes a part of his realized *status*, although he may not be able to individualize his experience in such subjectivity when within objective life.

Such seems to be the life chain of human unfoldment; and when the *cause* of certain great and grand effects is sought, as in the Shakespearean writings, no adequate source can be found to which man can attribute it. In seeking potent cause for such excellency in result, it is most natural to call to our aid all visible and tangible conditions which may have contributed to or tended, in any way, to have left such result. And hence in assuming the incapability of the man Shakespeare to produce such results as the writings are found to be, it is natural to fall

back upon *any probable cause, or competent person who may be shown to be capable of such writing.*

In this case the critic calls Sir Francis Bacon to his aid. But with all of Bacon's known ability, there does not appear one fact in evidence, proving his claim to the authorship. This being the case, it turns the methods of investigation into such channels as may, perchance, lead to the discovery of the true author. Such new research after the author should take the investigator over all other fields which have any reasonable probability of containing a fact or presenting a truth, giving potency of force or possible powers of individualization, sufficient to establish the fact, either by itself or in union with the physical and mental powers of William Shakespeare. The well-established fact that the man Shakespeare was the one who first presented the writings in question to the world, seems reasonable proof that he was at least an agent in their production. The historic evidence of that fact seems to be deeply rooted within the folklore of the place of his nativity; and even his opponents cite such evidence to overthrow the claim to any considerable literary attainments on the part of Shakespeare, and argue that such illiteracy as his was incapable of giving the learned sequel.

Historic tradition, brought down through the forgotten ages, even, is found to be so vivid and potent in its imprint upon the human soul that it to-day furnishes much of the most reliable evidence upon which man builds the story of his development. Out of the songs, the hymns, the traditional prophecies and events of the past, there has been woven an indestructible web of evidence which neither time, experience, nor learned criticism has been able to annihilate; nor can it be erased from the literature of our time. Nature records her actual workings more fully in the unwritten than through the written literature of the race.

Man absorbs all and every excellency of nature's unfolding; so much so, that no known element or constituent within the universe which is visible by chemical test may not be traced in the constitution and makeup of man. Dissect him, physically, and you find the constituents of his universe as the base of his physical being. Analyze him, mentally, and you will find every potency of the divine creative and retentive forces in his thought and soul. These results, lodged in his present makeup, have come from *all* conditions of thought and act, throughout his sidereal and planetary living. True, it must seem to the anthropogenetic student examining man's body, brain, thought, or soul, that much of his force comes from a subjective potency, not transmissible in tangible material condition. How to certify these attainments, or account for their growth within the human consciousness, cannot be explained by any rules within

objective experience. Yet such *consensus* is a part of man's known inheritance, and comes to him from the unknown in nature; such being to him life, love, and conscious existence—the realization of which in sentient living is conclusive proof of the reality.

On what wings do such things come to men? Observably, by intelligence without objective form, as in the writing by an automatic pen, conveying intelligent fact, without conscious knowledge of events or what is being recorded upon the paper; and by grand thoughts and great wisdom coming through lips where there is an unconscious brain, as in the state of *entrancement*. These are facts, known and accepted by many; they are proven conditions in which man frequently finds himself—not new conditions, but old as well as new. Such are known to be the “ways and means” through which has come to man very much of his knowledge and a large portion of his choicest literature, the Scriptures not being an exception to this rule.

In the light of these facts, and the large experience of the human race in the acquisition of knowledge from subjective sources, through esoteric channels, is it unreasonable to ask that the universally accepted law of inspirational living—with automatic control of the hand, and entrancement of the individual—be considered capable of being utilized through and under Shakespeare's medial forces to produce the writings in question? Certainly there is as much in man's experience and unfolding to warrant such inquiry, as can be found in an attempt to prove that the Shakespearean writings came from Sir Francis Bacon's pen.

A. B. BROWN.

A. B. Brown believes that Shakespeare's pen, aided by occult forces, produced the plays.

IV. HENRY IRVING.

Frankly, I have never been able to take any serious interest in this controversy. The apex of the ludicrous was touched when Mr. Ignatius Donnelly wrote a stupendous work to prove that Bacon wove into Shakespeare's plays a narrative in cipher full of historical incidents which never happened. After this, there remains nothing for the Baconian party to achieve. They ought to weep like Alexander because there are no more trophies. Their condition moves me to such compassion that I will make them a present of a suggestion. Why not argue that the total lack of imagination, of the poetic faculty, and of the sense of humor, revealed in Bacon's published works, is a proof of his deliberate purpose to prevent any identification of his genius with Shakespeare's? This would be quite as convincing as the famous cipher.

The theory of “composite authorship” is a weak and waddling

compromise. It seems to be founded on the idea that while the "brilliant nobles" of Elizabeth's court contributed the scholarship, Shakespeare threw in the poetry. A committee of classical experts, with Bacon in the chair, would meet, I presume, of a morning, discuss the rough draught of "The Tempest" or "King Lear," and send it round to Blackfriars, where Shakesphere would make it shipshape with a touch or two of character and a little blank verse!

The testimony of competent witnesses in this matter is very simple and conclusive. Shakespeare was believed to have written his plays by his comrades and his rivals. Nobody in his day ventured to suggest that he was trading on another writer's brains. The man who knew him best and loved him best, "this side idolatry," throws no suspicion on his fame. When the Baconians can show that Ben Jonson was either a fool or a knave, or that the whole world of players and playwrights at that time was in a conspiracy to palm off on the ages the most astounding cheat in history, they will be worthy of serious attention.

HENRY IRVING.

Henry Irving renders his verdict in favor of defendant.

THE VOTE.

The vote on the Bacon-Shakespeare case is now in, and the poll stands as follows:—

I. In favor of the plaintiff: G. Kruell—one vote.

II. In favor of the defendant: Alfred Russel Wallace, the Marquis of Lorne, Edmund C. Stedman, Edmund Gosse, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Appleton Morgan, Franklin H. Head, Luther R. Marsh, A. A. Adee, Professor N. S. Shaler, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Marcus J. Wright, L. L. Lawrence, William E. Sheldon, George Makepeace Towle, Henry George, A. B. Brown, A. H. H. Dawson, Honorable William E. Russell, Henry Irving—twenty votes.

III. Believe in the claim of composite authorship: Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Frances E. Willard—two votes.

IV. Believe that defendant did not write the plays, but not convinced that the plaintiff was the author: Professor A. E. Dolbear, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore—two votes.

Total vote in favor of plaintiff	1
Total vote in favor of defendant	20
Votes not counted for plaintiff or defendant	4
Total vote	25

Of the twenty-five jurors, twenty are in favor of Shakespearean authorship.

“LA CORRIVEAU.”

BY LOUIS FRECHETTE.

STANDING on Dufferin Terrace in Quebec, the spectator may descry, two or three miles down the river, on the opposite shore, the graceful, tin-covered steeple of the old parish church of St. Joseph; which parish, in olden days, included what is known to us as the town of Levis. The church was built on a projecting point facing the Falls of Montmorency, and just above the southern end of the Island of Orleans. The queen's highway, after passing the church, mounts gradually upward until it reaches an elevation on which, a few years ago, stood a Doric pillar surmounted by a gilded cross. And about this hill my story is centred.

One morning, during the spring of 1849, Bourassa, the parish digger, was at work on the eastern corner of the graveyard which surrounded the parish church of St. Joseph. Suddenly his spade grated against something which was neither stone nor wood. Whatever curiosity he may have felt, his day's work was before him, and he went on with his labor, until bit by bit he unearthed a curious framework of solid iron, the whole presenting the horrible suggestion of a human body. There were head, trunk, and limbs, all outlined in heavy iron bands riveted and held together by crosspieces, and surmounted by a hook turning in a socket; and within this cage were a few mouldering bones. The bones were examined and pronounced to be those of a woman. The cage was in a perfect state of preservation, and, though evidently embedded in the earth for many years, had but slightly suffered from rust or decay. Whence did this weird network come? What grewsome mystery was connected with the forging of these iron bands?

An oft-recounted story among the people of the place, and learned in their youth from their fathers by the oldest inhabitants, supplied the answer to these questions. The fell machine bore witness to the barbarous usages of the past. It was the remnant of a judicial drama converted into a legend added to the store of nursery and fireside tales, in which it held a gloomy part, filling hearts with dismay, and haunting the consciences of the guilty like a nightmare — an old relic reputed to have been

carried away long, long ago, with its horrible contents, by Satan himself, to the nethermost depths of the bottomless pit. Of this last fantastical feature the legend was, of course, shorn by the discovery of the gravedigger. On the other hand, the event could not fail to awaken the interest of amateurs of archaeological folklore. Their inquiries led them back to the previous century; and tradition, aided by documentary scraps found here and there, revealed the following facts in their thrilling and dramatic nakedness.

Just one hundred years before the date above referred to — in 1749 — on a bright day in spring, the little village of St. Vallier, lying some twenty miles lower down than St. Joseph, was given up to festivity. A joyous crowd, in Sunday attire, flocked to the door of the parish church amid laughter, gossiping, and pleasantries, while the new bell, just imported from old France, rang out a merry wedding peal for the first time. All the people of the *Fort* — to use an expression of the time — were in high glee, quite ready to deck out the only street of the village, and to strew the stone steps of the church with flowers, over which her father led the beauty of ten parishes around, now blushing and timid — Marie-Josette Corriveau, the bride.

Not few were those who envied the soldierly-looking young farmer who came last in the procession, also arm in arm with his father, and who entered the little church, a happy victor of a tourney in which the richest and handsomest lads of the surrounding country had entered the lists. He was rich, handsome, and a favorite, the more so that he bore his triumph with so much modesty, and every one looked kindly on his happiness.

His happiness! — for eleven years, but one cloud seemed to hang over it. Unlike other Canadian couples, whose union to this day is always so fruitful, the young people lived alone, and no cluster of rosy cheeks gathered round their solitary hearth.

One morning, the neighbors were astounded to see the young woman rush in to them, dismayed, dishevelled, and apparently crazed with terror, telling them, amid choking sobs, that she had found her husband lying dead on his bed. As we have said, the deceased was universally beloved, and so was mourned for by all. All shared the grief of his family, and publicly marked their sympathy for the bereaved young widow.

The latter's sorrow seemed so natural, that no suspicion arose against her; — none at first, until, after the brief space of three months, to the astonishment of the whole parish, she married a youth known by the name of Louis Dodier. This occasioned some gossip, and the couple were thenceforward closely watched by the neighbors.

Three years passed away, however, without any further incident. All suspicions had been gradually laid, when, on the morning of Jan. 27, 1763, Louis Dodier's body was found in his stable, almost under his horse's hoofs, his skull apparently fractured by a kick from the animal. This time, the attention of the authorities was drawn to the matter, and a judicial investigation was held. It showed that the mortal wound had not been inflicted by a kick from a shod horse, but by a blow with a pitchfork, which was found close by, stained with blood. The body of the first husband was then exhumed, and a minute examination of it showed that, in this case, death had resulted from the pouring of molten lead into the ears of the unfortunate man, doubtless during his sleep. From the whole evidence, the guilt of Marie-Josette Corriveau—in so far at least as the murder of her second husband was concerned—remained no longer a question.

The trial took place before a court martial, the only tribunal then existing, as Canada had been ceded to England by France but a few days after the crime. A curious feature of the case was that the prisoner was tried in the name of the king of England, and—to use the technical phrase—“against the crown and dignity” of the king of France.

The evidence at the trial was crushing. It consisted principally in the declarations of a young girl named Isabelle Sylvain, which, though circumstantial, were conclusive, and sentence of death was about to be pronounced on the prisoner. Before this was done, there was a sudden stir in the room, and the father of the prisoner, a white-haired old man, overwhelmed with anguish, and despairing of any other means to save his daughter, arose suddenly before the court, confessed himself to be the murderer of Louis Dodier, and surrendered himself as such. His unnatural child consented to the sacrifice, and impassively allowed the supreme sentence to be pronounced against this martyr of paternal affection.

The following is the original text of the judgment. It is copied from the draft found among papers belonging to the Nairne family, at Murray Bay, and was reproduced by Mr. Aubert de Gaspé, in the explanatory notes appended to his very interesting book, “*Les Anciens Canadiens*”:—

QUEBEC, April 10, 1763.

General Order.

The Court Martial, whereof Lieutenant-Colonel Morris was President, having tried Joseph Corriveau and Marie-Josette Corriveau, Canadians, for the murder of Louis Dodier, and also Isabelle Sylvain, a Canadian, for perjury on the same trial, the Governor doth ratify and confirm the following sentence:—

That Joseph Corriveau having been found guilty of the charge brought against him, he is therefore adjudged to be hanged for the same.

The Court is likewise of opinion that Marie-Josette Corriveau, his daughter, and widow of the late Dodier, is guilty of knowing of the said murder, and doth therefore adjudge her to receive sixty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails on her bare back, at three different places, viz., under the gallows, upon the market place of Quebec, and in the parish of St. Vallier, twenty lashes at each place, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter M.

The Court doth also adjudge Isabelle Sylvain to receive sixty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails on her bare back, in the same manner and at the same time and places as Marie-Josette Corriveau, and to be branded in the left hand with the letter P.

The unexpected confession of the old man had of course destroyed this poor girl's evidence; her declarations had been ascribed to motives of hatred for the accused; she was convicted of perjury, and sentenced accordingly.

Old Corriveau, bearing the weight of threescore years and ten as well as the load of infamy he had voluntarily shouldered, walked off to jail beside his daughter, who, almost crazed with delight to have escaped the gallows, did not even turn a look of pity or gratitude on him.

The superior of the Quebec Jesuits at that time, the Reverend Father Clapion, was called to attend the self-convicted murderer. After hearing his confession, he impressed on him that, even had he the right to dispose of his own life, he could not, as a Christian, cause an unfortunate girl to suffer for a crime of which she was wholly innocent. The devoted father had generously given his life to save his daughter's, but he would not sacrifice his soul, and the real facts were communicated to the authorities.

A fresh trial took place; and the following sentence was substituted for the first. It is taken from the same source:—

QUEBEC, April 15, 1763.

General Order.

The Court Martial, whereof Lieutenant-Colonel Morris was President, dissolved.

The general Court Martial having tried Marie-Josette Corriveau for the murder of her husband Dodier, the Court finding her guilty, the Governor (Murray) doth ratify and confirm the following sentence: That Marie-Josette Corriveau do suffer death for the same, and her body to be hung in chains, wherever the Governor shall think fit.

(Signed)

THOMAS MILLS, T. Major.

La Corriveau—to use the name handed down to us by the legend—was for many years supposed to have been locked up alive in the famous iron cage, and there starved to death; but this was not the case. She was hanged on the Plains of Abraham. After the execution, the body was encased in the cage, which was hung upon a tall gibbet on the heights of Levis, at cross-roads half way between the villages of Bienville and Lauzon.

The terror inspired by this frightful sight, in those days of superstition, can readily be imagined. The body confined in this horrible cage turned and swung with outstretched arms, a lure to birds of prey, and soon became the subject of a thousand awful tales. According to popular rumor, *La Corriveau* used to come down from her gibbet to track the benighted *habitants* on their way home. When darkness was thickest, she would steal into the churchyard, and, tearing open some fresh-made grave with her iron arms, would glut her horrible appetite. The bodies of impenitent souls were declared to be her property by right. At sunset, doors were solidly barred for miles around. Wherever the spectre halted in its wanderings, the spot was cursed and was sure to be the scene of dreadful mishap, until the priest had by exorcism removed the bane.

Under the gibbet the grass was scorched to the root. Here goblins, evil spirits, and *loups-garous* met for the celebration of their diabolical mysteries. Many trustworthy persons had seen gigantic black brutes of hideous shape stand there on their hind legs, and grow and grow in height until their snouts reached the suspended skeleton, and whispered fearful unknown secrets in its ear.

At other times, 'twas said, specially on Saturdays, when midnight tolled from the belfry tower of the lofty citadel of Quebec, the gibbet became silent, and, gliding slowly through the inky darkness, a strange and formidable phantom might be seen to make its way to the riverside, adding at each heavy step the clinking of chains and fetters to the horrors of the night. Those who still happened to be awake in the neighborhood fell on their knees, crossed themselves tremblingly, and prayed. It was *La Corriveau* going to keep vigil and dance a saraband with the sorcerers and witches of the Island of Orleans—*les sorciers de l'Île*, as they were called.

Imagine the cyclops of infernal aspect, with a mouth split from ear to ear, with a solitary rhinoceros tooth, movable at will from one jaw to the other; monster heads, each with a single eye blazing like a forge fire under a blood-oozing eyelid; toad-like pustulous abdomens, long and filmy frog's feet, arms like immense spider legs provided with lobster claws; add to all this the horns of a bull, forked tails twisting and wriggling like a bundle of snakes, and a breath rolling in sulphurous vapor from their nostrils, polluting all the atmosphere for acres around.

At stated hours of the night, these ghastly beings congregated on the south beach of the island, in the hollow of a dark cove called St. Patrick's Hole—*Trou de Saint-Patrice*. There they built large fires, and, by the red glare, screeching, yelping, howling, and distorting themselves in all manner of shapes, they

clattered, rattled, and made an infernal hubbub, while a still-born infant roasted on a spit to be served up at their abominable banquet. And then, leaping, waddling, tramping, and stamping, they would squeal out some dreadful strain, to which the people on the opposite shore listened with terror in their hearts.

We find, in Mr. de Gaspé's works, the text of one of these satanic compositions. I give it here in the original form — for the *Sorciérs de l'Île* were French, of course : —

C'est notre terre d'Orléans (*bis*)
 Qu'est le pays des beaux enfans.
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!

Venez-y tous en survenants (*bis*),
 Sorciérs, lézards, crapauds, serpents,
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!

Venez-y tous en survenants (*bis*),
 Impies, athées, et mécréants.
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!
 Toure-loure,
 Dansons à l'entour!

The following is an attempt at the translation of this wonderful specimen of phantasmagoric poetry : —

The Isle of Orleans is the place
 Where handsome gallants grow apace;
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round;
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round!

Come one, come all, nor wait a call,
 Serpents, efts, tods, warlocks all!
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round;
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round!

Come one, come all, nor wait a call,
 Rake-hells, pagans, outcasts all!
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round;
 With whoop and bound
 We'll dance our round!

Such were the *Sorciérs de l'Île*, renowned far and wide. It was in this company that *La Corriveau* was said to spend an

hour or two, every Saturday night, as a reprieve from her lonely and terrible confinement. Before the break of dawn, she stole back to her dread station.

This could not last forever. One Sunday morning the parishioners, on their way to mass, no longer saw the skeleton swinging from its hook. Rumor said the monster had been carried off by the devil. The truth is that the barbarous exhibition was not only a loathsome sight and an object of terror to the inhabitants of the place, but the alarm had spread to the surrounding localities, so that people ceased, as far as possible, to use the Levis road; farmers of the lower parishes took their produce to market by the river, and none travelled that way who could help it—all of which was very harmful to the locality thus threatened with desolation and ruin.

At last the interest of the ferrymen and tavernkeepers had got the better of their fears, and one night a few bold and hardy youths, less superstitious than the rest of the population—with great secrecy of course, for fear of the authorities—had climbed the gibbet, unhooked the cage, and buried it beside the churchyard wall, within the space allotted to criminals and unidentified drowned bodies.

When the parish church was rebuilt, in 1830, the cemetery was extended in that direction, and this accounts for the finding of the strange relic within the sacred precincts.

As there were no newspapers printed in the country in those days, no report of the memorable trial was published, and the accounts of it handed down by grandmothers to little ones greatly exaggerated the particulars. In course of time, the celebrated murderess was said to have killed not two but several husbands; and in 1849, when the cage was found, the number reached was seven or eight at least. Of course descriptions of the unfortunate individuals, including age, appearance, size, color of hair, etc., were given in full detail, together with all the circumstances attending their assassination.

The rush of visitors attracted by the unexpected discovery lasted a couple of weeks. But suddenly, though safely locked up under the vestryroom of the church, the cage vanished once more.

The devil this time was called P. T. Barnum. The celebrated showman had secured it, in perfect good faith, no doubt, at the hands of some unscrupulous speculator; and it soon became known that the old cage was to be seen in his museum at New York, the duty of explaining its legend being entrusted, some people said, to Washington's nurse, on exhibition there at the time. When this noted establishment was burned, twenty-five years ago, the famous cage was once more lost to sight; but if

you should happen, gentle reader, to visit the Boston Museum you may discover, in a corner often passed over by the general public, a glass case standing upright, and within it a mass of iron, broken up, twisted, tangled, and half eaten by rust and fire. A simple ticket bears the laconic inscription : —

FROM QUEBEC.

At first sight, the mysterious object looks somewhat like a strange suit of armor, reduced by time to a shapeless heap; but on close examination, it gradually assumes the form of a black and ghastly skeleton, half disjointed and crumbling to pieces — all that is left of the famous *Cage de la Corriveau*.

AN OMEN.

BY E. E. E. MCJIMSEY.

I CANNOT ope the volume of the years,
To sing prophetic of what lies before,
Nor with divining eyes foreread the lore
Of hidden purpose, which time only clears;
But yet, methinks, these are presageful fears,
Which mark the distance widen, more and more,
Between the rich and the oppressèd poor,
Who plead to them unanswered through salt tears.

Then shall Hate's daggers hurtle through the air,
And, swift as light, red Terror sway our lands,
When those in bondage shall put off their chains.
For, not in patience will souls always bear
The burthens sore heaped on by unkind hands;—
Oh! not forever will men hush their pains.

THREE GENTLEWOMEN AND A LADY.

BY MARY JAMESON JUDAH.

ONE winter afternoon three friends sat together sewing. It was the week before Christmas, and they were busy preparing for that season. Some packages, be-ribboned and addressed, lay on the table in the middle of the drawing-room in the shadow of a cluster of long-stemmed red roses. Other parcels, almost ready to be put with them, filled a chair near one of the ladies.

As they pursued their pretty work, they talked together with the playful candor of bright women who are fond of each other. But although their conversation was intelligent and free, there was a sort of repression about it which stands among American women as a sign of high breeding; and the same thing was to be noticed in the composure of their attitudes and even in the simple elegance of their attire. It was an easy guess that any of them would regard a manifestation of mental or moral vehemence as evidence of a lack of culture.

They had been speaking of a woman whom they all knew. Then, as the sun went low behind the snow-capped turrets of the house opposite, they dropped their work and talked, not of one woman, but of womankind.

"I wonder if it is true that all women are at heart pretty much alike?" asked Theodora.

"For my part," said Daphne, "I see no more reason for believing that women's hearts are alike than that their minds are, which is absurd."

"I think we are alike," said Amy. "There are the same depths and shallows in every woman's nature. What fills a depth—love or religion or jealousy—is of course decided by circumstances or education."

Daphne objected: "It is easy to say that, but you cannot prove it. There are a very few instinctive passions, such, for instance, as maternal affection (which even Theodora must admit she has in common with lower animals), that we all may feel; but I think it probable that the highly developed sensitiveness which alone can engender complex and delicate emotion is the result of culture, either personal or inherited."

"I don't like to agree with you," said Theodora. "For one thing, such an idea seems irreligious."

"Yes; that's your only reason," laughed Daphne under her breath.

"I have known many women intimately," said Amy, "and I am sure that no class monopolizes the capacity for high and intense feeling."

"I like the way you two talk!" exclaimed Daphne. "Whom did either of you ever know outside of your relatives and visiting lists?"

Theodora ventured to respond that she had gone among the poor a great deal.

"No doubt," commented Daphne with scorn; "the *worthy* poor! that is to say, the poor made in your own image."

"And I," asserted Amy, "may have learned something from books. You know I read *anything* that tells of humanity."

"Yes, I know," said Daphne, "you pride yourself on your love for your kind, and you lie on the sofa all day reading stories about French and Russian women. I don't say the stories are not true, but how do you know they are?"

"How does one know anything?" asked Theodora. "One sees by one's imagination; one tests what is seen by one's reason."

"That sounds very grand; it's a pity there's no sense in it!" said Daphne. "For my part, I wish I could know for myself." She paused, laughed, and then, with a look of defiance on her pretty face, began to speak more earnestly than before. "The truth is, I just long to know something outside of myself. I am lonely on our little desert island of culture. If there is any Humanity in the howling savages on shore, I want to shake hands with It. Maybe I wouldn't like it, but I'm sick for a chance to try. But there's no use hoping for such a chance—none of us will ever get it."

Amy began to speak, and then hesitated. "I do not know that it would interest you—Last summer I met—But perhaps it's too long a story."

"Pray tell it," said Theodora politely.

"Yes," said Daphne, "pray tell it. But I don't believe you ever met anybody who was not introduced to you by your mother or your sister-in-law." She smiled lovingly at her as she spoke.

Amy blushed a little as she began. "A year ago last September I had to go to Chicago alone. It was necessary that I should change from one train to another on the way, and I was to wait in Plymouth from noon until six in the afternoon. There was nothing alarming about this, for Plymouth is as quiet an old place as one could wish to find."

"I know it," interrupted Daphne. "The cleanest little town! There are sandy streets densely shaded by beautiful maple trees,

and here and there a mountain-ash bright with clusters of scarlet berries."

"My husband had told me just what to do," continued Amy. "I was to go from the station to the La Fayette House, and stay there until time for the next train. This house is an old place which is highly thought of by the few travellers—mostly lawyers—who have occasion to stop in the little town. It is more like an English inn than one would think possible, with not one modern improvement, and yet much homely comfort.

"I walked from the station to the hotel. The day was beautiful. At the door the landlord met me with hospitable warmth. I was late for their regular dinner; but his daughter, a comely old maid, took me into the dining-room, seated me by a vine-shaded window, and served me with simple dainties—red raspberries fresh from the tiny garden just outside, a pitcher of yellow cream, and later a little cake hot from the oven—the 'try-cake,' she said, 'of one sister was making for tea.'

"When my luncheon was finished, I went across the hall and looked about before I should settle myself for the afternoon with a novel. I delighted in the room; the striped paper on the walls; the pictures high-hung and tilted forward; the clean Nottingham curtains that shook in the sweet air."

"You don't say anything about the tin placque with a one-legged stork on it," said Daphne.

"No; because I didn't see it. But there was an old glass fruit dish full of mignonette on the centre table. The room seemed like the rest of the house—sweet and restful, as if it were the index of simple, undisturbed lives.

"In a far corner, with her back to me, sat a lady busy with some needlework. She had the appearance of being at home. Her work-basket was beside her. I did not look at her twice, but opened my book and read for awhile, forgetting there was any one there but myself. A half-hour, perhaps, had passed. I had put aside the book, and was resting in the sweet quiet of the place. The lady rose and walked across the room. As she moved, I looked at her, at first listlessly, then astounded. I could not see her face; but her dress, her figure, above all, her carriage, fairly took my breath away! Never have I seen anything like the grace of her moving. I know now that the most beautiful dancing in the world is not so beautiful as—is not to be compared with—the rhythmical grace possible in the human walk. I felt an actual pang, as at the silencing of sweet music, when she seated herself. Then I noticed her costume. You may smile, Daphne, but I have seldom seen a woman so charmingly dressed. My own little bravery seemed tawdry and common beside the fashion of her attire. I almost thought I was dreaming."

"And were you not?" said Daphne. "You know I've been in Plymouth myself!"

"Who was she?" inquired Theodora.

"That was what I exercised myself to think. I concluded that she must belong to one of the wealthy Sevier County families, and was perhaps waiting here after a summer's absence for her house to be opened. But I wondered that in that case I had not heard of her. She was sewing on some fancy work, a strip of pink velvet cut in deep points along one edge, which she embroidered with silver thread and jewel-like beads. She dropped her thimble and rose to look for it. I saw it in a corner. Then we fell into conversation. Soon I was seated at her side counting the beads for her as she used them. I know I can *never* make you understand the simple elegance of that woman's manner—her grace, her dignity."

"First," said Daphne, "I'd like to understand something about *your* manner and its dignity. Are you in the habit of sitting down to sew with every woman you meet in a hotel parlor?"

"You know very well that I am not. It was her fineness which made it possible. It seemed just the natural thing to do. There was no making one's self common possible in her society."

"Oh, well," said Daphne, "I suppose it was not so very bad for you to get suddenly intimate with her. I know who she was—that young Mrs. Ridley whose husband is minister to China."

"No, my dear," answered Amy with a tantalizing smile, "she was not Mrs. Ridley. Of course I myself was wondering who she was, though the instant charm of her presence kept me from thinking definitely about it as we talked. By and by I carelessly asked her what her work (the strip of velvet) was for. What do you think she said?—you, Daphne, who know everything?"

"For the mantel-piece in her own little sitting-room, of course," said Daphne.

"Not at all! Without haste or hesitation, as simply as possible, she said, 'For my husband's costume.'"

"Well," said Daphne, "I suppose they were going to have some private theatricals."

"I said something implying that. She looked at me with mild surprise. 'Ah,' said she, 'I fancy Raymond would find them very tiresome.' Then we went back to what we had been talking about. She told me of a winter journey in Russia; how her husband piled furs over her till she thought she would smother; of the palaces and their conservatories; of a certain princess's gowns; of market scenes, and *fêtes* on the ice,—all this, and more, with such gayety and wit, such pretty accompaniment of gesture and changing color and airy mimicry, that nothing could have been more charming."

Daphne mused, "The Reed Dudleys live somewhere up there; they are often abroad."

"She was *not* one of the Reed Dudleys," answered Amy.

"Well, then," said Daphne, "you deserved no such luck; and how it ever happened in Plymouth, and in September, is past me—but she was an actress or a singer."

"She was neither; a thought of that sort did occur to me for a minute, but I rejected it even before I found out positively that it was not true. One look at her face would have convinced you that never since she was born had that rose-petal skin been touched by paint or powder. Have I told you what she was like?"

"No," said Daphne, "I thought you spared us purposely."

"I suppose she was very pretty?" said Theodora.

"I do not think she was; but she was a revelation of what a woman may be at the high mark of physical perfection. She did not need to be pretty. She had in her appearance a quality that transcends any beauty of feature."

"Oh, yes," said Daphne; "goodness—I used to hear that sort of talk when I was a little girl. I thought it was out of date now."

"I do not mean goodness; though, for that matter, her face did show that. I am trying to describe a quality that is as much a material attribute as beauty is. She was the incarnation of physical well being, the climax of perfect health. She fairly glowed with it; an atmosphere of it seemed to surround her. Even to be near her was to feel a health-giving influence. Looking at her one would say that from head to foot, there was not a muscle, not a nerve, not a drop of blood, but was working in absolute order as God meant it to work. I never thought till I saw her what physical perfection might be—not physical beauty, which beside it is a poor, scrappy affair, but strong, flawless vitality. I tell you this fair creature made other women show beside her as deformities—cripples."

"How you must admire Mr. Corbett!" said Daphne pensively.

"Nonsense," answered Amy. "He has nothing to do with it. A man of that kind is the owner of certain abnormally developed muscles—to a degree the result of special training. This young woman seemed to have blossomed into perfection as a flower does."

"But I was telling you of our talk. She mentioned her husband again, and said he had gone to some small towns near by on professional business. She had stayed in Plymouth awhile the year before when he was on a similar journey; he felt it safe to leave her there because the people in the house were such good, kindly folks."

"And *then*," said Daphne, "I suppose you asked this United States senator's wife what her husband's line of trade was!"

"Not quite that, but something like it, I'm afraid. She answered me at once."

"She answered you as you deserved, I hope," said Daphne.

"Daphne, are you not ashamed of yourself!" exclaimed Theodora. "You know *you* would have asked her flatly in the first five minutes!"

"She looked up at me with a smile," continued Amy, "and she said, 'Will it seem vain for me to say, what our agent has printed on all his letterheads, that my husband, Raymond Mersac, and I are the leading cannon-ball artists in the world?'"

"And what," said Theodora calmly, "is a cannon-ball artist?"

"I'll tell you," cried Daphne. "A cannon-ball artist—oh, why was I not in Plymouth that day?—a cannon-ball artist is a lady, clad in tights, who is shot out of an imitation cannon—Amy, you never deserved this; *you* could not appreciate it—shot out of an imitation cannon with a spring high into the air, where she catches the hands of a gentleman who is at the moment suspended by the knees, head down, from a trapeze—that is a little swing fastened on a tight rope! Amy, it has been the dream of my life to meet, to actually know, one of these circus people! And now it has happened to *you*! It is too much!"

"I can understand," said Theodora, "that one might be curious, not about the individuals, but about their habits. I confess that I cannot see how a person living such a life as that from childhood (and I believe that only long training makes such feats possible) could have any of the womanly charm that Amy says belonged to her Madame Mersac."

"I do not ask you to understand it," said Amy, "and I do not know that her life had anything to do with her personality, though probably it had preserved for her the transcendent physical endowment with which she must have been born."

"Well, I hope you asked her a thousand questions!" exclaimed Daphne.

"No doubt I would have expected myself to, had I anticipated such a meeting; but in her presence one was not tempted to the impertinence of questioning. That would have been impossible. However, I was with her for several hours. I saw that she was drawn to me as I was to her. It seemed just the natural thing to talk freely, and by and by we gave ourselves to confidences as children do, or as young girls will in the first abandonments of intimacy.

"What she told me of herself was in substance this: Her parents died when she was three years old. They had been

professional acrobats. Her father was English, her mother French. They had no relatives. At their death the little Leonie was taken in charge by an old Frenchman and his wife, who had some little employment at a zoölogical garden near London, and who kept a sort of training school for acrobats. They must have been a very gentle, kind old pair. They gave her the best training their knowledge could secure. Her exercise, her food, her hours of rest, were carefully (and, she said, lovingly) arranged for her from her earliest recollection. Except the hours when she was being taught the details of her profession, she spent almost all her time out of doors. She had no playmates; she said she never wanted any. The other students at the training school were all older than she while she was a child; and after she was ten, she was so much more proficient in the feats of her profession than the others, that she had her lessons alone.

"I asked her if masters were not at times cruel, and if, when she was a child, she was not frightened at the danger of the exercises. She said she supposed trainers were unkind sometimes, but she fancied not often, even if they were by nature bad-tempered. 'A master,' said she, 'wants, more than anything else, that his pupils should do him credit. Every one knows that nothing is done well under compulsion. When there is one trace of fear in the heart, one can't think; one can't act; one can do nothing really very good. For my own part,' said she, 'I was never set to do a special feat for which I was not already so well prepared that it was easy. It was a delightful pastime, the reward often of months of work. This routine work was never hard, and only tiresome because it lasted so long; but one came to do it as one might dance—without thinking much about it.'"

"I suppose," said Theodora, "that those nets that are hung under the performers give them confidence when they are poised high in the air."

"I said that. She was very engaging and sweet in her desire that I should not guess what a primary sort of question that was; but her answer was clear. The nets gave no confidence, because one never could walk on a tight rope at all until one had forgotten all about the elevation of the rope. The first thing to learn was to feel that the rope was not a rope stretched in mid-air, but a line drawn flat on the surface of the earth. Consequently, the net made no difference one way or the other. With it she merely exercised on a line that rested on a surface covered with netting. As she was saying this, she stopped suddenly with a radiant smile. Then she said, 'I should tell you that Raymond does not agree with me about this.'

"'He prefers a netting under him?' said I.

"'Oh, no,' she laughingly answered; 'but he not only prefers, he insists on one under me. He sees to it himself at every performance. The canvas men I am sure hate him. The whole company laughs. Sometimes, when the netting has been mislaid, he will not let me appear, and has in consequence stormy interviews with the manager. I thought it a little babyish of him at first—he is so brave for himself, and he knows so well my strength and confidence. I said so to him'—Here she stopped.

"'And what did he say, my dear?' I asked, with courage born of our intimacy.

"She spoke gravely: 'He said, "Should I see you in great danger, Leonie, it might not kill me, but I think it would."'"

"She had lived so quietly with the old French couple," said Theodora, "where did she get her husband?"

"This is what she told me," continued Amy: "I have been married four years, and I can hardly remember when I did not know that I was to marry Raymond. This always made me very happy when I thought of it, and I tried hard to be good so that he might be pleased with me. He is ten years older than I, and was a relative of my dear master. When he had a vacation he came to see us. Sometimes, not often, he brought me a gift; and he always talked to me so sensibly, and yet so entertainingly, that it seemed to me no company could be so delightful as his. And then he makes one feel when he is gone that one must try to be kinder and more unselfish so as to be like him. I thought there was no wiser or wittier man in the world, and no finer gentleman. I think so still," she added simply."

"What did she know about gentlemen?" asked Daphne.

"Nothing except what she had learned from books. She had met a good many men of the world, she said, but she had the idea that they were rude and silly. She suggested an ingenious explanation—that people of wealth, not being forced to be constantly together, as working people are, are not obliged to learn to control themselves and be polite for their mutual comfort; so they should be excused for little rudenesses."

"This is important, if true," said Daphne; "I must think of it!"

Amy continued: "As we talked, I came to see that between Madame Mersac and her husband there was a most tender union. It was a rare chance that had united two people so sweet, so refined in feeling, and so untouched by what we call the realities of life. They seemed to dwell in the calm centre that is in the midst of a whirlpool, and they were as alone as Adam and Eve in Paradise. She told me that they had never had an intimate friend; their whole life was in each other. This was not a tri-

umph of love over other feelings; it was a love that left no room for other feelings. No doubt there are many people who are capable of such a passion, but I don't think they often marry each other."

"Well, it is saddening," said Daphne, "to think that wedded love in its highest, purest form can only exist between a gentleman and a lady who are shot out of a cannon at each other, and who enjoy hanging by their toes from tight ropes."

Amy continued: "I do not say anything so absurd as that the calling of these two made them what they were. I do think that a healthful existence, away from the keen intellectual strife that most of us are a part of, might nourish a simple and faithful spirit; but I cannot think of Madame Mersac as belonging to one order or another. She was nature's own."

"You said she was witty and vivacious," said Theodora; "but had she any education?"

"As we count education she probably had almost none; and yet, as results go, she was not behind some highly educated women. She knew French perfectly — beautiful French, too. I suppose she had a natural aptitude for language, for her English was very pleasing. Apparently her words were chosen with regard to their finest meaning, and not, as ours sometimes are, in conformity to a passing fashion. She had read a great many books, but she knew nothing of magazines or newspapers; and she had a very bright and active mind. Apart from what she said, her manner of speaking was that of a highly cultivated person. Her master had a friend, an old dramatic teacher, who had instructed some of the greatest of English and French actors. This man had given her lessons in pronouncing and enunciation. Every sentence came from her lips with a high-bred accuracy that gave it a charm quite independent of its meaning. But everything about her was fine and delicate; her accent was only part of it!"

"Did she have any curiosity about your life, such as you felt about hers?" asked Theodora.

"Yes; but I do not think her interest was as — morbid, shall I say? She did ask me many questions, but I fancy they were prompted more by her liking for me than by any curiosity. It was a startling experience. You do not know what an embarrassing thing it is to hold such a life as ours up to the inspection of a sensible person from another world. She wanted to know something of the pursuits of a person who had no special avocation. She had thought it might be very pleasant, she said, but that one would have to decide on ways in which to spend the time profitably. She asked me what *I* did.

"“Oh, I keep house,” I said.

“‘Surely,’ she answered, ‘I might have known that; and it must take thought and much time. Raymond is a very good cook; he has taught me how to prepare several dainties. When we have a chance I cook something and we have a *fête*. It must be very pleasant to have one’s husband and children come to the table every day to compliment one’s successes.’

“‘No — I don’t cook,’ said I.

“She looked a little surprised for an instant. ‘I see I was thinking of a simpler life, probably, than yours. Of course there is no reason why a woman should cook when she can afford to hire the services of some one who can do it equally well. I can fancy there are many things one might better save one’s time for — sewing, teaching the children, visiting the poor, and the like.’

“I was getting desperate. ‘My dear,’ I said, ‘I neither sew, nor teach the children, nor visit the poor, and yet I think I am always busy.’

“‘What *do* you do?’ she had to ask.

“‘Well, I make visits and receive them’ — ‘Ah, but you have many friends, no doubt,’ she smilingly interrupted — ‘and,’ continued I, ‘I go out and buy things.’”

“Did you tell her that you improved your mind?” asked Daphne dryly; “because, if you did, she might have thought you were chaffing her.”

Amy gave her an indulgent smile as she continued: “We talked all that long, quiet afternoon of more subjects than I can recount. We talked as women do who feel perfectly at ease and happy with each other; of large questions, and of the merest trifles; and with every sentence I felt that this was the friend I had dreamed of — a woman who was utterly congenial and yet inspiringly different.

“The time came for me to go to the station. She put on her hat and walked with me. I shall never forget how she looked in the low afternoon sunlight. Her flesh seemed of half crystalline texture, like a perfect fruit or flower. Other women give you the impression of being clothes all the way through, like a rag doll. Leonie moved like a living, glowing statue draped in soft fabrics that covered her, but were no more a part of her than are the clouds part of the moon that they veil. Once I slipped on the board walk. She put her arm around me for an instant. Her touch was magnetic — life giving.

“The train came in; we stood in silence; she held my hands tightly; she looked straight into my eyes, and with a word we parted. Oh, how sweet she was!”

“Have you ever heard from her since?” asked Theodora.

“That is what I want to tell you. I knew she had gone West

with her husband. I meant to write to her. I meant surely to see her"—

Here she paused. Daphne, looking keenly at her, evidently saw something unusual in her manner, for her own face assumed an expression of tender anxiety. Theodora's eyes were fixed on the fire. In a moment Amy continued:—

"Last Christmas morning, in the telegraphic news, in the morning paper, I read an item. It was about this:—

DENVER, December 24:—Raymond Mersac, an acrobat who has lately been performing at the Grand Opera House, committed suicide at his hotel at eight o'clock this evening. He had been in Leadville on business for the past week, and, returning at six to spend Christmas with his wife, to whom he is said to have been passionately devoted, found that she had taken poison and had died a few minutes before his arrival. In a moment of temporary insanity, he shot himself through the heart, dying instantly.

"I found in a Chicago paper some fuller details. Leonie had been in a hotel with other members of the company during her husband's absence. The devotion of the two to each other was a subject of jesting among their associates. The morning of the day Mersac was expected to return, a practical joker suggested a scheme that was acted out with spirit by all of them. They brought to her, first, insinuations of her husband's infidelity; then flat statements attested by all of them; then every sort of forged evidence. They said at the inquest they would never have gone so far but that Madame Mersac received it all with such smiling incredulity—oh, my brave Leonie!—that they were tempted to say more and more. They had no idea she believed them; they thought their joke a failure until they found her dying.

"It was stated that when Mersac arrived, and comprehended the meaning of their wild apologies and noisy grief, he sprang at them like a madman. Then, catching sight of Leonie, white and still, he seized a pistol, placed it at his breast, and fell lifeless over the corner of the bed."

The three were silent for a moment. Daphne rose and, passing by her friend, touched lightly, first her shoulder, then her cheek, with the back of her hand. Then she stood by the window. Outside the early winter sunset grew each moment more brilliant. The snow-covered lawn shone with a pinkish glow, and on the white-capped stone pillars of the gates gleamed a faint copper lustre. Nature was deep in winter.

GERALD MASSEY: POET, PROPHET, AND MYSTIC.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

FIRST PAPER, THE MAN AND THE POET.

I.

THERE are in our midst many poets who attract small attention from conventional critics, as they have studiously avoided the praise of conservatism, choosing the byways of duty to the highway of popularity, and always living up to their highest conviction of right. The poor, the oppressed, and the sorrowing have been their special charge. Their lives have been characterized by simplicity, and their words and deeds have inspired unnumbered struggling souls with lofty ideals and nobler conceptions of life. While the wreath of fame has been placed by conservatism on the brows of many whose empty rhymes have conformed to the *dilettante* standard of "art for art's sake," these poets have quietly sung courage, hope, and love into the hearts of the people, luring them unconsciously to higher altitudes of spirituality. They have at all times proclaimed the noble altruism of living for others — the song of the to-morrow of civilization. Amid the ambitions and jealousies of life, the strife for fame and gold, they are not found; but where hearts are bowed or the poor cry for justice, their words ring clear and strong. They are the people's saviours, for they help the multitudes into the light of truth and up the path of noble endeavor.

Among this *coterie* of chosen sons of God, whose unpurchasable love of justice and holy candor of soul have rendered it impossible for them to yield to the siren voices of conventionalism, no name is entitled to a more honored place than that of Gerald Massey — the poet-prophet of our day, who, like the true seers of olden times, has stood for truth and right, while less royal souls have sold their heaven-given birthright for earth's pottage. Had Mr. Massey chosen to devote his rare talent to the enjoyment of the conventional world, instead of offending the *dilettanti* by boldly pleading the cause of the oppressed; had he devoted his gifts to the creation of popular lyrics, instead of

compelling his readers to think upon the wrongs of those who suffer through man's inhumanity to man, he would not have remained comparatively obscure and been compelled to eat the bread of poverty. For few men of our century have received higher praise from leading literary critics than this poet of the people. And had wealth been able to flatter him into a fawning sycophant he would have become the idol of a gay, frivolous, and amusement-loving class who imagine they are cultured.

But Gerald Massey was a man before he was a poet. His love for justice was greater than his desire for the eider down of luxury or the chaplet of fame. He was the son of a poor man. He himself had tasted the bitterness of want. He possessed the courage of an Elijah and the spirit of an Isaiah. He preferred to reflect the best in his soul and devote his divine gift to the service of justice, rather than conform to the vicious standards which conventionalism demands as the price of popularity and preferment. He championed the cause of the weak, the poor, and those whose lives are made bitter by having to bear heavier burdens than rightfully belong to them.

Now because of this magnificent loyalty to justice and human rights, because he dared to assail the injustice of entrenched plutocracy and the hypocrisy of creedal religion, he has been denied the justice due to his fine poetic talent and his superb manhood. But though ignored, in the main, by conservatism, he has won the hearts of millions who love, suffer, and wait. And I believe the future will place him high in the pantheon of England's poets, because he has voiced the real spirit of the oncoming civilization in a truer and braver way than many contemporaries who are basking in popular favor. The following extracts from his writings reflect the dream ever present in the poet's mind. They may be said to contain the keynote of his creed:—

The first duty of men who have to die is to learn how to live, so as to leave the world, or something in it, a little better than they found it. Our future life must be the natural outcome of this; the root of the whole matter is in *this* life.

We hear the cry for bread with plenty smiling all around;
Hill and valley in their bounty blush for man with fruitage crowned.
What a merry world it might be, opulent for all and aye,
With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth that wastes away!
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips of the sod,
The happy birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of God,
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me—
"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

If faith, and hope, and kindness passed, as coin, 'twixt heart and heart,
Up through the eye's tear-blindness, how the sudden soul should start!
The dreary, dim and desolate should wear a sunny bloom,
And love should spring from buried hate, like flowers from winter's tomb.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Were truth our uttered language, spirits might talk with men,
And God-illuminated earth should see the Golden Age again;
The burthened heart should soar in mirth like morn's young prophet-lark,

And misery's last tear wept on earth quench hell's last cunning spark!

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

II.

Gerald Massey was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1828. His father was extremely poor, and Gerald was compelled at an early age to enter a factory, and thus help support a family which knew all the bitterness of biting poverty. He received no instruction save that obtained in a penny school, but his passionate longing for knowledge led him to many fountains of truth which duller minds would never have discerned. The book of nature attracted his eye, her smile wooed him, her voice charmed his ear; his mind unconsciously drank deeply of her truths. Like many another poor boy, Mr. Massey learned the value of knowledge. His mind became a storehouse for truth, rather than a sieve, and his passion for the acquisition of facts, which was awakened before necessity compelled him to enter the rank of the child slaves of factory life, grew stronger as he advanced in years. At a later period he became a deep student along several lines of thought. An overmastering determination to possess the truth and an unflinching loyalty to what he conceived to be right, have ever been marked characteristics of the poet's life. In him we have a curious combination. He is one of the most graceful and charming lyric poets England has given the world. He is also a seer and philosopher, a mystic and scientific student, a prophet and reformer, while all his work reflects simplicity and purity of life inspired by his high ethical code and lofty faith. For years he has experienced remarkable psychic phenomena within his own home circle. To him have been given tests and evidences which have convinced him beyond all peradventure of doubt that his loved ones who have passed from view are neither in the ground nor in some far-off Heavenly City of the Christian, nor yet in the state of Devachan of the Buddhist, but are around about him, in his daily life. He has had proof palpable and of such a reason-compelling character as to leave no doubt in his mind that his dear ones live, love, and move onward. On

this point Mr. Massey thus clearly and forcibly expresses his convictions:—

My faith in our future life is founded upon facts in nature, and realities of my own personal experience; not upon any falsification of natural fact. These facts have been more or less known to me personally during forty years of familiar face-to-face acquaintanceship, therefore my certitude is not premature; they have given me the proof palpable that our very own human identity and intelligence do persist after the blind of darkness has been drawn down in death. He who has plumbed the void of death as I have, and touched this solid ground of fact, has established a faith that can never be undermined nor overthrown. He has done with the poetry of desolation and despair, the sighs of unavailing regret, and all the passionate wailing of unfruitful pain. *He cannot be bereaved in soul!* And I have had ample testimony that my poems have done welcome work, if only in helping to destroy the tyranny of death, which has made so many mental slaves afraid to live.

The false faiths are fading; but it is in the light of a truer knowledge. The half Gods are going in order that the whole Gods may come. There is finer fish in the unfathomed sea of the future than any we have yet landed. It is only in our time that the data have been collected for rightly interpreting the past of man, and for portraying the long and vast procession of his slow but never-ceasing progress through the sandy wilderness of an uncultivated earth into the world of work, with the ever-quickening consciousness of a higher, worthier life to come. And without this measure of the human past, we could have no true gauge of the growth that is possible in the future!

Indeed it seems to me that we are only just beginning to lay hold of this life in earnest; only just standing on the very threshold of true thought; only just now attaining a right mental method of thinking, through a knowledge of evolution; only just getting in line with natural law, and seeking earnestly to stand level-footed on that ground of reality which must ever and everywhere be the one lasting foundation of all that is permanently true.

On the vital social problems which intimately affect the progress of the race, Mr. Massey evinces the clear perceptions of a broad-visioned philosopher. He observes:—

It is only of late that the tree of knowledge has begun to lose its evil character, to be planted anew, and spread its roots in the fresh ground of every board-school, with its fruits no longer accursed, but made free to all.

We are beginning to see that the worst of the evils now afflicting the human race are man made, and do not come into the world by decree of fate or fiat of God; and that which is man made is also remediable by man. Not by man alone! For woman is about to take her place by his side as true helpmate and ally in carrying on the work of the world, so that we may look upon the fall of man as being gradually superseded by the ascent of woman. And here let me say, parenthetically, that I consider it to be the first necessity for women to obtain the parliamentary franchise before they can hope to stand upon a business footing of practical equality with men; and therefore I have no sympathy with these would-be abortionists, who have been somewhat too "previously" trying to take the life of woman suffrage in embryo before it should have the chance of being brought to birth.

With the keen penetration of a highly intuitive mind, Mr. Massey long ago perceived that wisdom as well as justice demands that woman be accorded a far more exalted place than she has been permitted to occupy in the past, and he has been an untiring advocate of absolute justice and the same wholesome freedom for her as is good for man. I know of no writer of any age who has taken higher grounds for true morality, both within and without the marriage relation, than Mr. Massey. He is one of the few men of our time who have evinced superb courage in demanding that women be protected from involuntary prostitution within the marriage relation. On this important theme he observes:—

The truth is, that woman at her best and noblest must be monarch of the marriage-bed. We must begin in the creatory, if we are to benefit the race, and the woman has got to rescue and take possession of herself, and consciously assume all the responsibilities of maternity, on behalf of the children. No woman has any right to part with the absolute ownership of her own body, but she has the right to be protected against all forms of brute force. No woman has any business to marry anything that is less than a man. No woman has any right to marry any man who will sow the seeds of hereditary disease in her darlings. Not for all the money in the world! No woman has any right, according to the highest law, to bear a child to a man she does not love.

Our poet's high ideal of woman and her true position is beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

My fellow-men, as yet we have but seen
Wife, sister, mother, and daughter — not the queen
Upon her throne, with all her jewels crowned!

Unknowing how to seek, we have not found
Our goddess, waiting her Pygmalion
To woo her into woman from the stone!

Our husbandry hath lacked essential power
To fructify the promise of the flower;
We have not known her nature ripe all round.

We have but seen her beauty on one side
That leaned in love to us with blush of bride:
The pure white lily of all womanhood,
With heart all golden, still is in the bud.

We have but glimpsed a moment in her face
The glory she will give the future race;
The strong, heroic spirit knit beyond
All induration of the diamond.

She is the natural bringer from above,
The earthly mirror of immortal love;
The chosen mouthpiece for the mystic word
Of life divine to speak through, and be heard
With human voice, that makes its heavenward call
Not in one virgin motherhood, but all.

Unworthy of the gift, how have men trod
 Her pearls of pureness, swine-like, in the sod!
 How often have they offered her the dust
 And ashes of the fanned-out fires of lust,
 Or, devilishly inflamed with the divine,
 Waxed drunken with the sacramental wine!

How have men captured her with savage grips,
 To stamp the kiss of conquest on her lips;
 As feather in their crest have worn her grace,
 Or brush of fox that crowns the hunter's chase;
 Wooed her with passions that but wed to fire
 With Hymen's torch their own funereal pyre;
 Stripped her as slave and temptress of desire;
 Embraced the body when her soul was far
 Beyond possession as the loftiest star!

Her whiteness hath been tarnished by their touch;
 Her promise hath been broken in their clutch;
 The woman hath reflected man too much,
 And made the bread of life with earthiest leaven.

Our coming queen must be the bride of heaven—
 The wife who will not wear her bonds with pride
 As adult doll with fripperies glorified;
 The mother fashioned on a nobler plan
 Than woman who was merely made *from* man.

On the proper rearing of children he has words to say which should appeal to every loving parent:—

The life we live with them every day is the teaching that tells, and not the precepts uttered weekly that are continually belied by our own daily practices. Give the children a knowledge of natural law, especially in that domain of physical nature which has hitherto been tabooed. If we break a natural law we suffer pain in consequence, no matter whether we know the law or not. This result is not an accident, because it always happens, and is obviously intended to happen. Punishments are not to be avoided by ignorance of effects; they can only be warded off by a knowledge of causes. Therefore nothing but knowledge can help them. Teach the children to become the soldiers of duty instead of the slaves of selfish desire. Show them how the sins against self reappear in the lives of others. Teach them to think of those others as the means of getting out of self. Teach them how the laws of nature work by heredity. . . . Children have ears like the very spies of nature herself; eyes that penetrate all subterfuge and pretence. . . . Let them be well grounded in the doctrine of development, without which we cannot begin to think coherently. Give them the best material, the soundest method; let the spirit world have a chance as a living influence on them, and then let them do the rest. Never forget that the faculty for seeing is worth all that is to be seen. It is good to set before them the loftiest ideals—not those that are mythical and non-natural, but those that have been lived in human reality. The best ideal of all has to be portrayed by the parents in the realities of life at home. The teaching that goes deepest will be indirect, and the truth will tell most on them when it is overheard. When you are not watching, and the children *are*—that is when the lessons are learned for life.

These are twentieth-century thoughts, and they are pregnant with the truth which will yet make the world glad. One thing which impresses the reader, in all Mr. Massey's works, is his sincerity and his abhorrence of hypocrisy or shams of any kind. This thought, which is present in all his writings, is emphasized in the following passage from his "Devil of Darkness":—

The devil and hell of my creed consist in that natural Nemesis which follows on broken laws, and dogs the law breaker, in spite of any belief of his that his sins and their inevitable results can be so cheaply sponged out, as he has been misled to think, through the shedding of innocent blood. Nature knows nothing of the forgiveness for sin. She has no rewards or punishments — nothing but causes and consequences. For example, if you should contract a certain disease and pass it on to your children and their children, all the alleged forgiveness of God will be of no avail if you cannot forgive yourself. Ours is the devil of heredity, working in two worlds at once. Ours is a far more terrible way of realizing the hereafter, when it is brought home to us in concrete fact, whether in this life or the life to come, than any abstract idea of hell or devil can afford. We have to face the facts beforehand — no use to whine over them impotently afterwards, when it is too late. For example :—

In the olden days when immortals
To earth came visibly down,
There went a youth with an angel
Through the gate of an Eastern town.
They passed a dog by the roadside,
Where dead and rotting it lay,
And the youth, at the ghastly odor,
Sickened and turned away.
He gathered his robes about him,
And hastily hurried thence:
But nought annoyed the angel's
Clear, pure, immortal sense.

By came a lady, lip-luscious,
On delicate, mincing feet;
All the place grew glad with her presence,
All the air about her sweet,
For she came in fragrance floating,
And her voice most silvery rang;
And the youth, to embrace her beauty,
With all his being sprang.
A sweet, delightful lady:
And yet, the legend saith,
The angel, while he passed her,
Shuddered and held his breath!

Only think of a fine lady who, in this life, had been wooed and flattered, sumptuously clad and delicately fed; for whom the pure, sweet air of heaven had to be perfumed as incense, and the red rose of health had to fade from many young human faces to blossom in the robes she wore, whose every sense had been most daintily feasted, and her whole life summed up in one long thought of self, — think of her finding herself in the next life a spiritual leper, a walking pestilence, a personified disease, a sloughing sore of this life which the spirit has to get rid of, an excrement of this life's selfishness at which all good spirits stop their noses

and shudder when she comes near! Don't you think if she realized that as a fact in time, it would work more effectually than much preaching? The hell of the drunkard, the libidinous, the blood-thirsty, or gold-greedy soul, they tell us, is the burning of the old, devouring passion which was *not* quenched by the chills of death. The crossing of the cold, dark river, even, was only as the untasted water to the consuming thirst of Tantalus! In support of this, evolution shows the continuity of ourselves, our desires, passions, and characters. As the Egyptians said, "Whoso is intelligent here will be intelligent there!" And if we haven't mastered and disciplined our lower passions here, they will be masters of us, for the time being, hereafter.

III.

In lyric verse Gerald Massey ranks among the first English poets. His descriptions of humble life, portrayal of profoundly human sentiments, and exquisitely delicate reflections of those subtle emotions which are the common heritage of every true man and woman, have rarely been equalled. They reveal the power of the true poet. Take, for example, the following stanzas selected from "Babe Christabel," and note the purity, wealth of feeling, and beauty of expression which clothe the simple story of dawn and night in the human heart: —

Babe Christabel was royally born!
 For when the earth was flushed with flowers,
 And drenched with beauty in sun-showers,
 She came through golden gates of morn.

No chamber arras-pictured round,
 Where sunbeams make a gorgeous gloom,
 And touch its glories into bloom,
 And footsteps fall withouten sound,

Was her birth-place that merry May morn;
 No gifts were heaped, no bells were rung,
 No healths were drunk, no songs were sung,
 When dear Babe Christabel was born:

But nature on the darling smiled,
 And with her beauty's blessings crowned:
 Love brooded o'er the hallowed ground,
 And there were angels with the child.

* * * * *

The father, down in toil's mirk mine,
 Turns to his wealthier world above,
 Its radiance, and its home of love;
 And lights his life like sun-struck wine.

The mother moves with queenlier tread:
 Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
 Above her heart, so warm and white
 A pillow for the baby-head!

* * * * *

She grew, a sweet and sinless child,
 In shine and shower, calm and strife;

A rainbow on our dark of life,
From love's own radiant heaven down-smiled!

In lonely loveliness she grew, —
A shape all music, light, and love,
With startling looks, so eloquent of
The spirit whitening into view.

* * * * *

And still her cheek grew pale as pearl, —
It took no tint of summer's wealth
Of color, warmth, and wine of health:
Death's hand so whitely pressed the girl!

No blush grew ripe to sun or kiss
Where violet veins ran purple light,
So tenderly through Parian white,
Touching you into tenderness.

* * * * *

She came — as comes the light of smiles
O'er earth, and every budding thing
Makes quick with beauty, alive with spring;
Then goeth to the golden isles.

She came — like music in the night
Floating as heaven in the brain,
A moment oped, and shut again,
And all is dark where all was light.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a flower her life did close.
Angels uncurtained that repose,
And the next waking dawned in heaven.

They snatched our little tenderling,
So shyly opening into view,
Delighted, as the children do
The primrose that is first in spring.

The lines quoted above are taken from various parts of the poem, and therefore do not present the unity of thought which characterizes the exquisite creation as a whole. "My Cousin Winnie" is another very charming poem, in which the author describes the child love which throbbed in his heart, when, as a boy, he basked in the smiles of "Cousin Winnie." I have space for only a few stanzas. They will be sufficient, however, to call up many long-vanished images to the mind of the reader. For the chambers of the human brain are stored with springtime treasures, which are forgotten until some magic word is spoken, some picture flashed upon the mental retina, or a sound of long ago is heard, and straightway the sealed door flies open, and forth come trooping, as children from a country school, the dreams and hopes which gilded life's young day: —

The glad spring green grows luminous
With coming summer's golden glow;

Merry birds sing as they sang to us
 In far-off seasons, long ago;
 The old place brings the young dawn back,
 That moist eyes mirror in their dew;
 My heart goes forth along the track
 Where oft it danced, dear Winnie, with you.
 A world of time, a sea of change,
 Have rolled between the paths we tread,
 Since you were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

* * * * *

My being in your presence basked,
 And kitten-like for pleasure purred;
 A higher heaven I never asked
 Than watching, wistful as a bird,
 To hear that voice so rich and low;
 Or sun me in the rosy rise
 Of some soul-ripening smile, and know
 The thrill of opening paradise.
 The boy might look too tenderly —
 All lightly 'twas interpreted:
 You were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

* * * * *

And then that other voice came in!
 There my life's music suddenly stopped.
 Silence and darkness fell between
 Us, and my star from heaven dropped.
 I led him by the hand to you —
 He was my friend — whose name you bear:
 I had prayed for some great task to do,
 To prove my love. I did it, dear!
 He was not jealous of poor me;
 Nor saw my life bleed under his tread:
 You were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

I smiled, dear, at your happiness —
 So martyrs smile upon the spears —
 The smile of your reflected bliss
 Flashed from my heart's dark tarn of tears!
 In love that made the suffering sweet,
 My blessing with the rest was given —
 "God's softest flowers kiss her feet
 On earth, and crown her head in heaven!"
 And lest the heart should leap to tell
 Its tale i' the eyes, I bowed the head:
 You were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

* * * * *

Alone, unwearying, year by year,
 I go on laying up my love.
 I think God makes no promise here
 But it shall be fulfilled above;
 I think my wild weed of the waste
 Will one day prove a flower most sweet;

My love shall bear its fruit at last —
 'Twill all be righted when we meet;
 And I shall find them gathered up
 In pearls for you — the tears I've shed
 Since you were my "Cousin Winnie," and I
 Was your "own little, good little Ned."

Here again in "The Mother's Idol Broken" — which in my judgment is the finest work of this character written by Mr. Massey — we find a depth of emotion, a beauty of imagery, and a wealth of pure poetic power which would have done honor to Tennyson in the best moods of the late poet laureate.

After describing the mother's joy over the advent of the babe in the household, our poet continues: —

And proud were her eyes as she rose with the prize,
 A pearl in her palms, my peerless!

Oh, found you a little sea siren,
 In some perilous palace left?
 Or is it a little child angel,
 Of her high-born kin bereft?
 Or came she out of the elfin land,
 By earthly love beguiled?
 Or hath the sweet spirit of beauty
 Taken shape as our starry child?

With mystical faint fragrance,
 Our house of life she filled —
 Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
 Where winged hopes might build.
 We saw — though none like us might see —
 Such precious promise pearled
 Upon the petals of our wee
 White Rose of all the world!

* * * *

Our Rose was but in blossom;
 Our life was but in spring;
 When down the solemn midnight
 We heard the spirits sing:
 "Another bud of infancy,
 With holy dew impearled,"
 And in their hands they bore our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

She came like April, who with tender grace
 Smiles in earth's face, and sets upon her breast
 The bud of all her glory yet to come,
 Then bursts in tears, and takes her sorrowful leave.
 She brought heaven to us just within the space
 Of the dear depths of her large, dream-like eyes,
 Then o'er the vista fell the death veil dark.
 She only caught three words of human speech:
 One for her mother, one for me, and one
 She crowed with, for the fields and open air.

That last she sighed with a sharp farewell pathos
A minute ere she left the house of life,
To come for kisses never any more.

Pale Blossom! how she leaned in love to us!
And how we feared a hand might reach from heaven
To pluck our sweetest flower, our loveliest flower
Of life, that sprang from lowliest root of love!
Some tender trouble in her eyes complained
Of life's rude stream, as meek forget-me-nots
Make sweet appeal when winds and waters fret.
And oft she looked upon us with sad eyes,
As for the coming of the Unseen Hand.
We saw but feared to speak of her strange beauty,
As some hushed bird that dares not sing i' the night,
Lest lurking foe should find its secret place,
And seize it through the dark. With twin-love's strength
All crowded in the softest nestling-touch,
We fenced her round, exchanging silent looks.
We went about the house with listening hearts,
That kept the watch for danger's stealthiest step.
Our spirits felt the shadow ere it fell.

* * * *

* The mornings came, with all their glory on;
Birds, brooks, and bees were singing in the sun,
Earth's blithe heart breathing bloom into her face,
The flowers all crowding up like memories
Of lovelier life in some forgotten world,
Or dreams of peace and beauty yet to come.
The soft south breezes rocked the baby buds
In fondling arms upon a balmy breast;
And all was gay as universal life
Swam down the stream that glads the City of God.
But we lay dark where Death had struck us down
With that stern blow which made us bleed within,
And bow while the Inevitable went by.

* * * *

This is a curl of little Marian's hair!
A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!

Poetic genius of a high order is displayed in this remarkable production, and though the extracts given above carry with them the spirit of the poem, they are only threads in what, when taken as a whole, is a cloth of many tints, rich in color and fine in texture.

Seldom do we find anything so pure and sweet as the following lines taken from "Wedded Love," in which the poet gives us a page from his own heart and home life:—

My life ran like a river in rocky ways,
And seaward dashed, a sounding cataract!
But thine was like a quiet lake of beauty,
Soft-shadowed round by gracious influences,
That gathers silently its wealth of earth,
And woos heaven till it melts down into it.

They mingled: and the glory and the calm
 Closed round me, brooding into perfect rest.
 Oh, blessings on thy true and tender heart!
 How it hath gone forth like the dove of old,
 To bring some leaf of promise in life's deluge!
 Thou hast a strong up-soaring tendency,
 That bears me Godward, as the stalwart oak
 Uplifts the clinging vine, and gives it growth.
 Thy reverent heart familiarly doth take
 Unconscious clasp of high and holy things,
 And trusteth where it may not understand.
 We have had sorrows, love! and wept the tears
 That run the rose-hue from the cheeks of life;
 But grief hath jewels as night hath her stars,
 And she revealeth what we ne'er had known,
 With joy's wreath tumbled o'er our blinded eyes.
 The heart is like an instrument whose strings
 Steal nobler music from life's many frets;
 The golden threads are spun through suffering's fire,
 Wherewith the marriage robes for heaven are woven;
 And all the rarest hues of human life
 Take radiance, and are rainbowed out in tears.

Thou'rt little changed, dear love! since we were wed.
 Thy beauty hath climaxed like a crescent moon,
 With glory greatening to the golden full.
 Thy flowers of spring are crowned with summer fruits,
 And thou hast put a queenlier presence on
 With thy regality of womanhood!
 Yet time but toucheth thee with mellowing shades
 That set thy graces in a wealthier light.
 Thy soul still looks with its rare smile of love,
 From the gate beautiful of its palace home,
 Fair as the spirit of the evening star,
 That lights its glory as a radiant porch
 To beacon earth with brighter glimpse of heaven.
 We are poor in this world's wealth, but rich in love;
 And they who love feel rich in everything.

* * * * *

Oh, let us walk the world, so that our love
 Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful
 Upon the walls of life's surrounding dark.
 Ah! what a world 'twould be if love like ours
 Made heaven in human hearts, and clothed with smiles
 The sweet sad face of our humanity!

Many of Europe's most competent and conscientious critics have expressed their appreciation of the high order of much of Mr. Massey's poetical work. "I rejoice," wrote John Ruskin to the poet, "in acknowledging my own debt of gratitude to you for many an encouraging and noble thought, and expression of thought. Few national services can be greater than that you have rendered." Thomas Aird, in a critical review, observed: "Gerald Massey belongs to the new choir. Pathos and love and a purple flush of beauty steep the color of all his songs."

The eminent essayist, Walter Bagehot, in criticising Mr. Massey's work, said: "His descriptions of nature show a close observer of her ways, and a delicate appreciation of her beauties. His images, however subtle and delicately woven, are never false."

As I have before said, there is little doubt but that Gerald Massey would have become one of England's most famous lyric poets, had he chosen to confine his gifts to subjects pleasing to wealth and conventionalism; but like other royal souls, who throughout the past have persistently held to the path of duty, he chose to be loyal to truth and faithful to earth's oppressed, ever preferring the bread of poverty with the approval of his highest self, to the applause of the *dilettanti* with a life of comparative ease. Such spirits are rarely appreciated until they have passed from earth. They belong to the Royalty of Nature; they are in truth the Sons of God.

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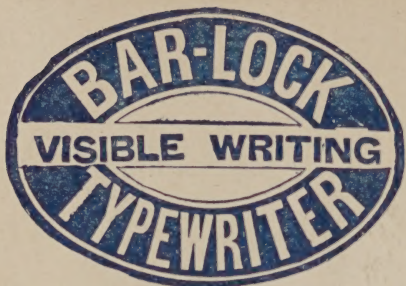
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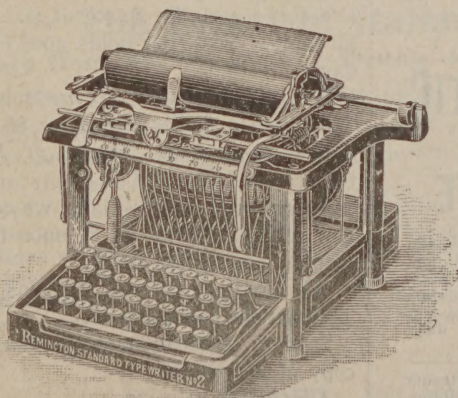
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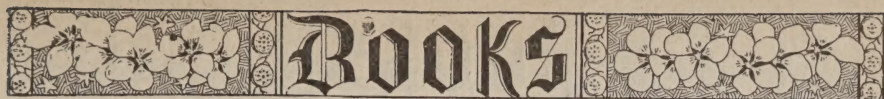
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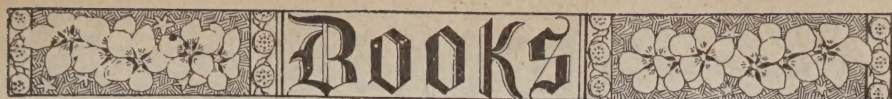
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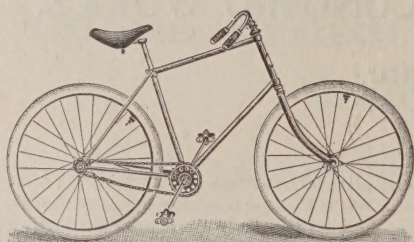
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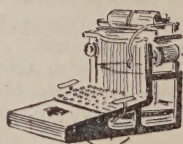
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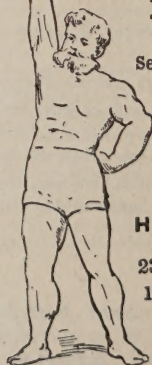
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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

PLATO AND PLATONISM.*

It is with the art movement in England that Mr. Walter Pater is most strongly identified, and though his first appearance as critic and expounder brought consternation to the Philistine, and speculation and wonder to the conventional critic who saw here a quality as unique in its own way as that of Ruskin, his place was made at once. "The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry," struck a new note, and the owner of that first edition with its dark green cover, broad margins, and rivulet of most delightful prose wandering down the page, will never be reconciled to the later editions, however they may testify to the growing liking for the brilliant author.

His style is his own—subtle, minutely wrought, each word fastidiously chosen, the phrases massed with something like recklessness, but with a charm like that of Swinburne's complicated yet flowing rhythms. Often a single phrase is in itself the illumination of the chosen subject, and remains in the mind like a strain of music; and agreeing with his conclusions or not, it is certain he has always something to say.

Other books have followed, each one holding much of the same charm, but the present one on "Plato and Platonism" is an unexpected addition to the list. Written originally for some young students in philosophy, the book abounds in technicalities, which, however, need not deter the average reader, who, in the growing love for philosophical speculation discoverable in the literature of to-day, has had a certain preparatory education for its more abstruse forms.

Platonism in Mr. Pater's hands is not any school of thought founded upon his teaching, as, for instance, Neo-Platonism, but the essential Platonic doctrines as seen at their source; and thus the first three chapters are given to a full analysis of Plato's theories of motion, rest, and number. The author's steady aim is to "replace the doctrine or system we are busy with . . . as far as possible in the group of conditions, intellectual, moral, social, material, amid which it was actually produced."

To accomplish this, the first need is a study of the influences that moulded Plato's own thought, and thus Parmenides and Heraclitus divide the honors, the one positively, the other negatively. Plato's own mind chose instinctively the Eleatic doctrine of rest or a Oneness of Being filling all space, and thus the contention of Heraclitus, "All things pass and nothing abides," stirred his opposition and confirmed him in his own belief of an unchanging Actual behind the changeful Appearance. The rhythm and harmony taught by Pythagoras appealed

* "Plato and Platonism: A series of Lectures." By Walter Pater. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 256; price, \$1.75. Macmillan & Co., New York.

no less strongly to his sense of order and beauty. The world in which he found himself was already one of disputation and speculation, sects and rival schools rising on every side, with all of which he had to deal before his own mind could determine their value or the want of it. Heraclitus himself, distracted by the same causes, had formulated his theory of the perpetual flux of all things as the best solution of existing difficulties, regarding disintegration as the only certainty, and youth as merely a synonym for revolt and insolence. That an unchanging Force might lie behind this perpetual movement, and the two at last show themselves as one, was, for this first among pessimists—the weeping philosopher—an impossible conception; yet in his own words such possibility to-day shows itself, and it is plain that Plato, even when most strenuously opposing him, had some apprehension of the truth. A habit of thought that could follow this eternal mobility of things meant, as it means to-day, “susceptibility, sympathetic intelligence, capacity,” and Plato, an advocate of the immutable, in spite of himself accepted the best in this theory, and became its unconscious expounder even when in his Republic he demanded a refuge for elect souls from an ill-made, ill-regulated world.

Through these chapters Mr. Pater passes to a consideration of the Platonic Socrates and the Socrates who had actual existence, since to really comprehend the man there must be subtraction of the latter from the former. But though the Platonic Socrates is in part Plato’s conception of him, the wonderful personality of the man loses little from this fact. The quality of Plato’s mind, under the overmastering influence of those last hours described with a beauty and power that make the record of the “Apology,” the “Phædo,” and the “Memorabilia” imperishable, changed in every fibre, and was from thenceforward saturated with the spirit of this master of men. Only twenty-eight years of age, rich in all intellectual gifts, as well as in those of this world, he turned once for all from the actual to the ideal, identifying what was best in himself with his master, till now, when we speak of Plato, generally, “What we are really thinking of is the Platonic Socrates.”

The chapter on Plato’s relation to the Sophists records another phase in his intellectual life, and leads naturally to the fine one on “The Genius of Plato,” brilliant both in description and analysis. The remainder of the book is given to a consideration of the most important of the dialogues, the “Republic” naturally claiming largest space, and the volume closes with Plato’s “Æsthetics.” The lesson of both life and work is emphasized at every turn, and it is one of vital bearing even more for to-day than in any generation since his actual work ended. More and more we are a writing people, and more and more, therefore, must we learn the value of words, finding constant incentive to closer, keener judgment, in the old but ever new pages of the master whose own fluent and luxuriant genius was curbed at every turn. The prose of Plato, writes Mr. Pater in his closing paragraphs, “is a practical illus-

tration of the value of that capacity for correction, of the effort, the intellectual astringency, which he demands also of the poet, the musician, of all true citizens of the ideal Republic, enhancing the sense of power in one's self and its effect upon others, by a certain crafty reserve in its exercise, after the manner of a true expert." Patience, infinite patience, was the secret of his finish, no less than of his present power, and he who would have new light on the old pages will find no better guide or interpreter than the delightful book which ends too quickly for the pleasure of the reader.

TWO OF BALZAC'S NOVELS.*

Two more volumes are added to the noteworthy edition of Balzac, twenty-five having now been given to the public. Miss Wormeley's always fluent and sympathetic rendering of Balzac's difficult French is now taken for granted, her place among translators being of the highest, and her power so perfect that one forgets that the work has known any other tongue than that in which we find it.

"A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris," is in many points Balzac's own experience, Miss Wormeley's careful "Mémorial" having already given in condensed form his close connection with the press, his ambition to become a publisher, and his final passage into the career of superb and successful novelist. To reach this goal he passed through every phase of bitter experience—constant rejection of earlier work, repeated failures, and writing and rewriting till the right vein had been struck, to pour out thenceforward an unfailling and steady stream.

It is the hero of "Lost Illusions" who reappears in the "Great Man of the Provinces," and who is carried through all the bewildering complications of Parisian journalism. He has eloped with a married flirt who becomes as weary of him as he of her, both discovering how unequal they are to coping with the *élégantes* of Paris. Handsome as a Greek god, poetic, charming, and gifted, the qualities of Lucien Chardon include shiftiness as well, but his beauty and wit bring him finally into an environment of gorgeous vice impossible outside of Paris, and depicted with the power of merciless analysis of which Balzac is master, moving through this mephitic atmosphere as naturally as if it were free air, and apparently unconscious that it carries certain poison. Through these mists and vapors shines out the face of the poor fallen Coralie, true to the last; the "Brotherhood," one of the noblest groups painted by Balzac, and the myriad types included in the panorama unrolled before the reader, who turns from them all with a wonder at the patience which seems to have studied each exhaustively, with equal interest for all.

* "A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris." By Honoré de Balzac, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo; pp. 426; price, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"The Brotherhood of Consolation." By Honoré de Balzac, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo; pp. 329; price, \$1.50. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

In "The Brotherhood of Consolation," one comes upon a different atmosphere, and finds one of Balzac's most sympathetic studies of pure human goodness, facing evil with a certainty that it can be conquered and annihilated, and losing in work for humanity all sense of personal loss or pain. That pain should be there is inevitable. A tragedy of some sort is the necessary pivot on which future action for good or evil must turn, and thus each man and woman in the singular group has a story, told with the picturesque and minute attention to detail that characterizes every phase of life depicted by this student of human nature. The strange house, silent as a cloister, near the gray old cathedral of Notre Dame, the stranger life of the father whose chief virtue is his passionate devotion to the paralyzed daughter to whom he sacrifices himself, and the gradual conversion of the nominal hero, Godefroid, to the faith of the Brotherhood, make the volume one of the most notable of the series, and one of the best exponents of Balzac's religious side — a side not always suspected by the general reader.

TOOLS AND THE MAN.*

Mr. Gladden has for many years been identified with the earnest workers in the ministerial profession who fearlessly warn the holders of riches of the danger and responsibility that accompany their possession, and who seek constantly to bridge the breach between labor and capital. It is something to admit that such a breach exists, and that it is not the complaint of the unsuccessful alone that is the sum of the social discontent which makes part of the problem of to-day.

This book is made up of a course of lectures on "Practical Christian Sociology," delivered at Meadville, Penn., before the students of the Meadville Theological Seminary, and opens with the premise that to rechristianize society will inevitably make all wrongs right. The old political economy took egoism as the ruling force among mankind. To balance this by a due proportion of altruism is the key to successful working out of the present situation, and to this end Mr. Gladden takes up in turn the questions of "property in land," "labor," "competition" and its fruits, and the necessity for the reorganization of industry on a new basis. He believes "that the great realm of natural powers can be christianized, that its worst abuses can be corrected . . . that industry and trade can be so transformed by human motives that they shall be serviceable to all the higher interests of men," and in this faith, he demands that all that stands in the way of such accomplishment shall be removed. Accepting Christian socialism up to the point of placing most public needs in the hands of government, abolishing monopolies and trusts of every order, he believes that beyond this point the individual must be solely responsible.

* "Tools and the Man: Property and Industry under the Christian Law." By Washington Gladden. 16mo; pp. 308; price, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The chief value of the book lies in its demonstration of the inadequacy of the present social system, but the prescriptions given, admirable as they often are, carry with them limitations that would defeat their effectual working. More altruism will accomplish much, but altruism at best is rarefied, not natural air. It is more happiness that humanity needs, and if altruism includes certain possibilities in this direction, it also shuts off much that is the rightful inheritance of each and all. The church has thus far failed to secure this or even to point the unerring way to its attainment, and Christianity in any present acceptation of the word must add to itself much that is now rejected before its prescriptions can prove absolutely and finally efficacious.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

ANOTHER VOICE FOR FREEDOM.*

"Poems for To-day" is another clarion voice in the chorus of the new day, another protest against injustice and bondage which reminds us of the bold, brave utterances which preceded the Boston Tea Party, and which are, indeed, the precursors of every great reform or revolution which marks the ascent of man. Progress is the law of life, and man's onward movement, when not by evolutionary unfoldment, is through the shock of bloody revolution. It is idle to imagine that the great unrest of the present time will be cured by palliative measures or by further dissimulation and betrayal on the part of demagogues and politicians. The people are thoroughly aroused. *The age of special privilege is doomed.* The industrial millions have beheld the light of a new day; henceforth, it will be folly for politicians to attempt to thwart the people's wishes by longer raising boggy men or by offering make-shifts and compromise measures. When once a people catch a glimpse of justice and freedom from a higher altitude than their fathers beheld them, an era of discontent ensues, in which every lash and blow dealt them through the old system or by classes who have long arrogated rights not based on justice, is keenly felt, and in time determinedly resented. Our people during the past two decades have been reading and thinking for themselves. They have moved rapidly from the old camping grounds. They have slowly come to see that until all special privileges and class laws are abolished, the wealth producers will run the risk of being slaves to the wealth acquirers. The clock is striking twelve. The advance couriers are in the field; another Reformation is being ushered in; the bugle is sounding. There may be Bunker Hills in the early stage of the conflict, but Yorktown is ahead.

"Poems for To-day" is one of the many inspiring voices of the hour. It comes from the pen of a woman keenly alive to the injustice of our present social and economic system. It glows with the enthusiasm for liberty and justice which marks the true reformer. Here are some lines

* "Poems for To-day." By Frances Margaret Milne. Cloth; pp. 138; price, \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

which breathe the spirit present on every page. They are taken from the poem entitled "Freedom's Ahead":—

Though our eyes may not behold her,
 She is coming on her way;
 For her couriers have foretold her,
 Through the night and through the day.
 East and west they flash the warning,
 North and south the message flies;
 Lo, it is the New Year morning,
 And the dawn is in the skies!

Courage! see the future looming
 With its issues grand and vast;
 Let the dead, the dead entombing,
 Idly wail the vanished past.
 Not for us lament or scorning,
 Triumph fleet of base emprise:
 Lo, it is the New Year morning,
 And the dawn is in the skies!

Freedom! let our touch but linger
 On thy spotless garment's hem;
 Let thy pure anointing finger
 Blindness, self-imposed, condemn;
 Not in vain, the east adorning,
 Shall the sun of healing rise;
 Lo, it is the New Year morning,
 And the dawn is in the skies!

Though our eyes may not behold her,
 She is coming on her way;
 Long the ages have foretold her—
 Haste! prepare her place to-day!
 Heed no longer taunt or scorning;
 Higher charge upon thee lies;
 Lo, it is the New Year morning,
 And the dawn is in the skies!

The following thought-provoking lines ought to set our easy-going pewholders in fashionable churches thinking, if they should be fortunate enough to read them. It might save them a bitter experience after earth-life, for as surely as there is a heaven beyond, so surely will no man enter it until he has learned those lessons which Jesus taught by His life — unselfishness and love for all his fellow-men:—

I cannot image Him, as preachers tell us—
 The tender Friend who wept with Mary's tear—
 Enthroned on height supernal, and beholding,
 Afar, the issue of our conflict here.

Not where, from arch to arch, cathedrals echo
 The repetitions vain He scorned of old;
 Not where the wealthy and the titled worship,
 And dare to name Him Shepherd of their fold;

Not where the gilded throng of fashion gathers,
 Heedless of brother's or of sister's moan;
 Shining in robes of labor's patient weaving—
 Spurning the hand of toil that fills their own.

Not where proud Dives from his blazoned portal,
 Regards the wretches shivering at his door,
 And gives — to feed the hungry, clothe the naked —
 The crumbs of wastefulness from lavish store; —

But where in sordid garrets women shrivel,
 And weary feet the tireless treadle speed;
 Where even childhood's hours must render tribute
 To never ceasing, ever desperate need.

Where, in his cheerless home, the miner cowers
 (O God! that we should call such shelter *home*),
 And where the factory wheels, incessant turning,
 Are tended by each silent human gnome;

Wherever love, more strong than death, endureth;
 Where man for men can doom unfaltering meet;
 Wherever purity disdains dishonor,
 And want and woe their piteous tale repeat;

Walks He not there — the Man of Sorrows — marking
 Each bitter tear, each dumb, unspoken grief?
 Oh, from of old, acquainted with earth's anguish,
 Doth He not yearn to minister relief?

Think you that eye of tenderest compassion
 Flashes not with the woe denounced of yore!
 Are *these* not, then, *His* brethren? — whom, despising,
 Despoiling, ye pass by and heed no more.

The author is an ardent disciple of Mr. Henry George. Many of the best poems in the work have been called forth in connection with notable passages in the conflict of recent years upon the land question, in which the great apostle of the single tax figured prominently. Here are some stanzas from a poem entitled "Under the Wheel" which is inscribed to Hamlin Garland: —

The wheel of fate hath a measureless round —
 A measureless round, and it turneth slow;
 And few on the topmost curve are found
 Who care for the lives crushed out below.
 But silent and sure its circuit keeps;
 And still the shadows beneath it steal;
 For, sooner or later, all it sweeps
 Under the wheel.

There are some in the mire of want who fell,
 As the great wheel slackened their straining hold;
 Yet kept their souls, as, the legends tell,
 The spotless martyrs kept theirs of old.
 And some in the furnace of greed are lost
 (Nor ever the angel beside them feel),
 And outer the darkness where some are tossed
 Under the wheel.

O terrible wheel! must thou still go round,
 While suns and while stars their orbits keep?
 Hast thou place, like theirs, in the fathomless bound
 Of nature's mystery dread and deep?

Nay! man's injustice, not God's decree,
 Marked thy fell pathway; the skies reveal
 A day that cometh, when none shall be
 Under the wheel.

Many of the poems thrill with an enthusiasm which marks a soul aflame with a redemptive thought that becomes contagious, infecting all true men and women who come under the spell of the enthusiasts. Here are some examples taken from different minor poems:—

The voice of many waters —
 Deep and dread!
 The trump of resurrection
 To the dead!
 Hide thy bold front, oppression!
 Freedom calls;
 And lo! the thronging thousands
 Crowd her halls. -

The bugle is blown, is blown!
 Up, comrades! it calls to the fray;
 The tremulous dark is all sown
 With gleams of the swift-coming day.
 What matter the bivouac dreary?
 Like a dream of the night it is sped.
 What matter limbs stiffened and weary?
 They thrill to new life as we tread.

Hear it ring!
 Loud and clear its warnings fling
 O'er the dull, unheeding crowd!
 Even now the heavens are black;
 Even now the lightning's track
 Cleaves the cloud!

Hark! they call—
 Brothers, sisters, as they fall,
 Crushed and vanished in the fray!
 Are we guiltless of their blood?
 Has our voice the wrong withstood,
 While we may?

God of right!
 Let Thy arm's resistless might
 Sweep aside man's puny will!
 Ere blind passion vengeance wreak,
 Let the voice of justice speak:
 "Peace! be still!"

This volume is an important addition to the *vital* literature of our times. It should be found in the libraries of those who are in sympathy with the broader thought and higher justice of the coming day.

B. O. FLOWER.

THOUGHTS ON INSTITUTIONS OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION.*

Dr. Levenson is never fainthearted in his attacks on public evils. He is nothing if not a Radical with a big R. Having in other pamphlets

* "Thoughts on Institutions of the Higher Education, with a chapter on Classical Studies." By Montague R. Levenson, M. A., Ph. D., M. D. Pamphlet; pp. 114; price, 50 cents. New York, 1893.

assailed various abuses in legal procedure, and preached against the prevailing ignorance of social economy and legislative science, he now breaks a lance with those veteran foes of progress — classical studies. His present work is at the same time constructive, and lays down the lines upon which rational educational methods must proceed.

The dedication to Henry George is a characteristic bit. "Dear friend," writes the author, "not very long ago you were inclined to feel regret that you had not 'had the benefits of a classical education.' I told you then that you had nothing to regret on that score, and that had you received it, you would most probably never have acquired the power, or would have lacked the will, to render to humanity the noble services you have done."

Dr. Levenson proceeds to show that the development of our system of education goes hand in hand with increasing crime. The statistics of Census Commissioner Porter prove that Massachusetts, with least illiterates, has a criminal population equalled only by California, Colorado, and Nevada.

Instead of instructing the young in what they ought to know, their time is wasted on useless and false rules of grammar and in learning to spell words which they will forget long before they have any opportunity to use them; they are diligently trained in *not thinking*, and their teachers know nothing better than word-grinding and machine rote work, because in the normal schools, academies, and colleges they have been taught no better.

The introduction of manual training schools is a step in the right direction, but as long as the colleges set a false standard in insisting upon the classics, the preparatory schools are obliged to follow.

It was natural enough at the time of the revival of learning that Latin and Greek should be studied, because practically all the best literature and science of the day were contained in the classics. But to-day the philologist and antiquarian alone really need an accurate knowledge of the dead languages.

To learn to play upon an instrument which can never utter a sound would be regarded as so palpable an absurdity that only hereditary conventionalism furnishes the slightest color for the practice.

It is in fact the influence of early surroundings or an inherent aptitude for the intricacies of grammarian research which prompt men like Mr. Gladstone, John Stuart Mill, and Dr. Howard Crosby of New York to defend the classics. Even Professor Blackie, who once declared, "I believe in Greek as I believe in the Bible," was obliged to acknowledge, "Greek, as it is generally taught to-day, is simply bones without life." The famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby said: "For the most boys who do Greek at public school, it is not merely useless but pernicious. Greek is for them a lesson in slipshod. They never get the ideal, nor even the idea, of doing their work perfectly. They give up the attempt, and nothing can be more demoralizing to the intellect than this."

Nay, further than this, the classics teach false views of life. They are permeated with contempt for labor and praise of war. They instil into

youthful minds the fallacies from which spring jingoism, socialism, and communism. They breed an extravagant worship for military and naval heroes, and prepossess the mind in favor of oligarchies and aristocracies.

And the joke of it is that, while the flower of our youth toil hopelessly in the meshes of Greek and Roman literature, we have failed to profit from the ancients in certain things wherein they were really our masters.

The graceful, comfortable, and healthful style of Grecian and Roman clothing for both sexes has given away to one uncomfortable, disease-inducing, and grotesque in its ugliness beyond the imagination of all whose sense of beauty has not been dulled by its use. . . .

But even in educating the young we are in certain respects far behind the best of the Greeks and Romans, whom we plagiarize without imitating. They never committed the folly of cramming the minds of their youth with a dead tongue, useless even when acquired.

In the last chapter Dr. Levenson gives a comprehensive plan for a university, preceded by primary and secondary schools. We leave the reader to examine it for himself.

Writing of diplomas, he expresses this following just sentiment:—

The limiting the practice of the law and of medicine to special classes of persons is a monopoly as bad as would be that of a trades union whose members were by law the only persons permitted to exercise a particular trade.

We specially commend the author's statement that a complete university ought to include schools of poetry, music, painting, and sculpture. The idea of a sort of peripatetic university Dr. Levenson ascribes to Dr. J. R. Buchanan, but his international exchange of professors and students between our peripatetic university and seats of learning abroad is novel and full of great possibilities.

One thing is certain, the classics must cease to be taught in the present happy-go-lucky, demoralizing way, or they will soon slip from the school curriculum altogether. On the whole they stand a very good chance of doing this before the century is finished.

W. D. McCrackan.

THE BOOK "ZENIA" AND ITS AUTHOR.

It is not too much to say that the advent of this book marks an important event in our literature.

Every one who is cognizant of the progress of the times knows that in the domain of philosophy and metaphysics we are in the midst of a remarkable renaissance. The past is coming to us again with *redivivus* engraven on its brow. That which we thought dead we find to have been only sleeping. Men have not always sought so much for the truth as for something new. We look backward to the "golden age of Pericles" and realize the fact that by the immortal men of those times the possibilities of the human mind in the field of philosophy were well-nigh exhausted. In that particular domain not much has been added to Plato or Aristotle or Socrates. How the writings and teachings of these

men have been buried by inferior but dominating thoughts of ages subsequent to their times is very well known. How our modern thinkers have been taken by surprise and overwhelmed with chagrin at finding that their cherished ideas have been ages ago anticipated, has been often illustrated. If this be true of Grecian philosophy, how much more is it true of a philosophy that is many centuries older than Greece itself.

With the termination of the Dark Ages every form of human activity rushed hastily westward. Since then Europe has been rehabilitated, America has been created, and modern civilization, crossing the intervening seas, has found her limitations, in that there are no more worlds to conquer. A few years hence and modern civilization will find herself absolutely banked against the ancient civilization upon the borders of Western Asia. So far do they already touch that there begins to be a substantial intermingling.

With the recoil from the first contact there came to us marvellous accounts of much lost wisdom in the fastnesses of India. Much of it had perished, but there remained a remnant of no inconsiderable amount stored in the hands of an unapproachable caste and a peculiarly impenetrable social organization. The writer hereof is not an old man, but within his recollections China, India, Japan, and Africa have been rediscovered. What we are to gain from Africa remains to be seen; what we have gained from China and Japan is well known, but what we have gained from India cannot be well estimated. Once rich in gold, and now thoroughly despoiled of her material wealth, India remains, as she ever will remain, inexhaustibly rich in philosophy.

If it can be proven that the human race did not have its origin in that wonderful country, it must remain indisputable that India was the cradle of human thought. The transition of that thought to Egypt and Greece resulted in breaking its continuity, so that civilization forgot its origin. Brahminism and Buddhism, which in the main were but forms of philosophy, were for a long time fairly lost to the world. The reaction from mysticism to realism caused the world to discard the former or supplant it with a cruder mysticism which bore little relation to its predecessor. After the lapse of centuries the West has invaded the East, and by the rediscovery of the Indian religions has added immensely to the philosophical wealth of the present age. These religions are full of idealism as opposed to the materialism of the religions of the West. It is, in fact, their chief feature. The incorporation of their writings into our modern literature is coincident with a tendency in modern philosophy to return to its first estate.

It is not many years since Chunder Sen first came to London, bearing to the West the gospel of Buddhism in the special form and doctrines of the Bramo Somaj. His mission, no doubt, served to kindle the latent esotericism that was already deeply set in the heart of western philosophy. Theosophy, in its distinct character as a religio-philosophical system, has wrought a marvellous mission since it has entered the

domain of Christianity and attempted to return with interest the labors of Christian missionaries. In comparison it has accomplished a thousand times more than its rival. It has met with almost unparalleled success, considering that it has used neither the sword nor fire.

The fact is that the West was ripe for the invasion. Christianity, with all its excellences, did not quite satisfy. The speculations of Paul and James were a bit threadbare. They did not reach deep enough. Writers and thinkers were constantly coming to the front who seemed to be searching for a higher way. They knew little or nothing of eastern philosophy, but they plainly felt the need of something better than that which they possessed. For more than fifty years, in various forms and under diverse names, the West has shown a strong trend toward a development of the so-called supernatural. The chaos which naturally resulted from this genetic state has been somewhat lessened by grouping these various systems — if we may call them so — under the comprehensive title, *occultism*.

The author of "Zenith" is a born occultist. When she was but a child, with strong practical instinct, she was yet a dreamer. Generously endowed with the best of mental qualities, she has always possessed a highly developed imagination. This she has shown in her varied writings extending over many years. While engaged in the constant and exacting duties of the wife of a clergyman, quite unknown to others she dwelt apart from the world. One cannot imagine the thrill of joy given her when first she touched hands with theosophy. From that moment her knowledge of the world of thought so broadened and intensified that she found she was not alone in the world. When her eyes were truly opened she found the world, both seen and unseen, full of kindred souls. Out of the depth of her experience, much of which death has made bitter indeed, she has wrought that which is of inestimable value to the world.

Two years ago she gave as the product of her heart and pen the beautiful story, "Born of Flame." It may be the multitude have not read it. Thousands have, with great delight. The present book is somewhat larger and more pretentious in matter. In form it is a romance cast in the purest literary style, but in substance it is the embodiment of some of the profoundest philosophy of all the ages.

It would not be an easy task to classify Mrs. Peeke as a thinker. She is not a theosophist, much less a Buddhist, nor can she by any means be placed in the category of spiritualist. She is an occultist without any special qualification to the word. She believes in palmistry as devoutly as does any gypsy, in astrology as implicitly as ever did Paracelsus, and in communication with after-death existences as firmly as does any spiritist.

These beliefs are woven into a remarkably well-written romance. The story has no plot; there are no startling episodes or climaxes. With a modicum of realism it superabounds in that which to the

ordinary mind must seem wonderful. Ancient mysteries, occult forces, and supernatural agencies are unfolded and exhibited with a freedom that charms the reader if it does not convince him.

As may be surmised, science has very little place in Mrs. Peeke's system of thought. She does not cast it aside — she simply ignores it. She has, however, borrowed a very vital fact of science and made it the groundwork of her philosophy. That fact is *vibration*; and she is entitled to much praise for the skilful method by which she has woven it into her occultism. Everything in the mental, moral, and spiritual spheres finds in the laws of vibration a perfect solution. With her is no more mystery. The profoundest questions of all time are happily settled by the law of vibration, and all mysteries are unlocked by this key. Life, death, the human soul, time, eternity, God, and immortality are looked at with undazzled eyes from the high vantage ground of vibratory law.

The author teaches the existence of certain adepts or masters, who by a process of evolution have reached a degree so that "They project themselves to any distance, read and interchange thoughts across mountains, send solid substances through ether, heal diseases by a thought wave, or step into a world of disembodied spirits as easily as we step into the next room. Yet there is nothing supernatural about it, and if we would follow the law we could reach the same height of power and true life." This disclaimer, that "There is nothing supernatural about it," will hardly suffice to eradicate the line the reader will draw between ordinary phenomena and the marvellous accounts given in this book.

The writer is a Christian but not orthodox, a pagan but not unlettered, a philosopher without logic, a beholder of visions without dreaming, and an evolutionist without the aid of science. No one can read "*Zenia, the Vestal*" without profit.

T. P. WILSON, M. D.,

Professor in Cleveland Medical College.

EL NUEVO MUNDO.*

"*El Nuevo Mundo*" — The New World — is a wonderful poem, the writing of which marks the author, Louis James Block, as belonging preëminently to this new age, when truth is retold, relived, and *known* as never before. Sublime ideals, tender fancy, keen spiritual insight, strong, sturdy adherence to purpose, glowing hope, and a magnificent faith characterize this work of a true poet.

The book opens with an eloquent dedication to the women of America who, in the large spiritual sense which the author intends, represent the universal womanly, the womanly element in mankind, which ever looks forward, leaps onward, and loves divinely.

* "*El Nuevo Mundo*." By Louis James Block. Pp. 95; cloth. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Nay, we are not deceived; no lampless night
 Glooms round the world and hope with its despair.
 Thought, winged, rises into regions fair
 Where is the dominant, all-transfiguring light.
 Faith has revealed the heart of love aright.

* * * *

Unshattered on the heavenward looking hill
 The marble splendor fronts the sunrise still.
 The blue-eyed goddess smiles, and turns her unveiled shield
 Upon the invading bands who strew the smoking field.

So is told the story of humanity, and the birth and growth of human liberty, from creation's morning to the present. Parallel with the darker side of earth's evolving, runs the story of the dawn and progress of soul light, and like a gleaming thread of gold, it throws into bright relief the woven figures on the varied pattern of human history. This spiritual vein, with its luminous revealings and unfaltering hope, makes Mr. Block a prophet as well as a poet, a sage as well as a prophet. He discerns the need, the remedy, and the triumph of every epoch. His song is full of majesty and truth.

Firm in the heart of men an impulse strong
 Was need to grasp the earth and to prolong
 Their nobler life about its curving sides, absorb
 Its spherèd secret, and command the obedient orb.

* * * *

Then freedom might forever build its home
 Upon that conquest, and the very stars
 Rising from out the infinite dark, thrust bars
 Away from their best knowing, and the dome
 Of heaven hold no more mystery, and to roam
 From light to light, the gradual truth become
 The joy of search, feeling on the brow the foam
 And wind of thought's great ocean, where the dumb
 Forth-reachings of the past
 Fruition find at last.

One orb being solved, the distant maze and hum
 Of worlds whose multitude had dared to numb
 The earlier gropings, rise in ordered song,
 Repeating the one story. From the strong
 Desire of the great ages leaps, divine and mild,
 The longed-for, mild-eyed goddess, fate's fate-slaying child.

As a work of art, the book might be compared to a stately temple, the epitome and culmination of a superb mental architecture. Its marble pillars, façades and arches, its lofty domes and turrets, its windows many-hued and jewel-like, its grand proportions, rise before the mind's eye sun-kissed and glorious with the light of the new *Renaissance*. One more glance at this grand Parthenon so grandly reared, and we are done. The reader must enter the edifice himself, and further study its marvellous beauty.

And supreme thought, who calls the world her own,
 And passes things and life in full review,
 And gains the old truth that is ever new,
 Freedom's best guide and counsellor hath grown;

There are no fields which her seed hath not sown,
 There are no heights which her feet may not climb,
 There are no dreams which must not hers be known,
 There are no glooms for her in any time;
 Arranger of all life
 And mistress over strife,
 She sets the stars in melody and rhyme,
 And makes the periods with each other chime;
 Pouring her hopes into the dark recesses
 Threading her way through the vague wildernesses,
 She fashions, rules, designs, and dwells within the light
 Which is the heart of hearts and very sight of sight.

HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING.*

This book is in substance a plan for the extension of private credit by means of mutual banking concerns, and is designed to furnish a supplemental currency at time of need which will prevent panic. The author evidently believes it could entirely supplant not only national banknotes, but also all other currency, and reduce interest to a very low point. A careful reading of the book leads us to believe that it is a practicable scheme, provided the natural conservatism of business men can be overcome. There is no good reason why the principle of mutual aid should not be carried out in banking as well as in building loan associations, insurance, and the like. The certificates of these banks would only be completely good among members of the associations, but these associations could be indefinitely extended, till by their weight and influence the certificates of any association would pass in every trade, because there would be a desire to secure the trade of its members. To all those who are studying the question of banks and money this little book will be worth while.

MONEY FOUND.†

"Money Found," by Thomas E. Hill, also published by Charles H. Kerr, Chicago, is the opposite of Mr. Van Ornum's plan. It is the extreme of nationalism. It is government banking, and meets the usual objection in my mind, that it infers something supernaturally honest in "government." I don't quite know what to do about those government bankers, and those three thousand postmasters handling all that money. There are grave objections to be urged against this plan, as against the sub-treasury plan. It is presented in a superficial way, but is suggestive, and like all such schemes will appeal to those who have large faith in "government."

It is to be observed that Mr. Hill at any rate has no conception of the underlying cause of inequality—unequal ownership of the earth. Granting the success of his plan, supposing it would reduce interest, *it would*

* "Co-operative Banking." By W. H. Van Ornum. Paper; pp. 58; price, 25 cents. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

† "Money Found." By Thomas E. Hill. Paper; pp. 106; price, 25 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

raise rent, just as any other invention of wide utility does. It must be insisted, as General Weaver so well said, speaking before the World's Fair congress of single tax men: "The land question is, after all, the fundamental reform. These other reforms in money and railroads are necessary. They seem to me the ones to be most immediate, but without reform in our land system they are only patchwork. The man who owns the land holds the key to the situation."

Our nationalistic friends cannot be told too often that ground rent must be taken by the community, before any other reforms will fall to the benefit of the entire people; and our money reformers should consider General Weaver's wise and candid words, and look deeper if they would find the basic cause of inequality of condition.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH.*

In "Joseph Zalmonah," Mr. King has given us one of the best books of the season, a work which interests the serious reader from its opening chapter, and which awakens the best in man. If our civilization is to mount on the wings of progress, the careless indifference to the welfare and happiness of others which has characterized so many public acts, as well as marked the lives of so large a proportion of the money acquirers of our time, must give way to that magnificent love and sympathy for all living things which is the crown of the highest manhood. "Joseph Zalmonah" awakens our sympathies for the most friendless and, in a way, cruelly persecuted slaves in the world—the Russian-Jewish refugee slaves of the sweater. Our nation has been brutal in its treatment of the Indian, callous in its conscience when justice cried for the black man, unjust to the yellow man; and now while our gates are open to the refugees of Europe, our social system fosters slavery infinitely more cruel than were Southern slave drivers in the palmiest days of African slavery. It is difficult to conceive of a bondage more frightful than that pictured in this remarkable book; and the picture is doubtless an uncolored one of conditions as they actually exist in New York to-day, and not in New York alone, but in all great cities of the New World.

That the author can so deeply interest the reader in the fate of a class which has been regarded with cruel contempt, even by our civilization, and which heretofore has been far oftener misrepresented and caricatured than treated in a serious manner, is a tribute to his power as a truthful delineator of human life, and also shows anew that in manhood is something divine, something more powerful than prejudice or selfishness in its influence. It is to awaken and call into active life this divine spark in the human heart that the great reform agencies at the present time are working. This book will assist materially in this important work.

B. O. FLOWER.

* "Joseph Zalmonah: A novel." By Edward King. Pp. 365; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

DEAREST.*

This novel will please the lovers of the old-fashioned, conventional love stories. "Cinderella" and "Jane Eyre" serve for the skeleton around which Mrs. Forrester builds her story; and if the reader will resurrect these tales from the dusty corners of memory's chamber he will have a fair conception of the story of "Dearest." The interest is carried along two lines — Ralph and the governess, and poor little Eve, tormented by her mother and her proud and pretty sister, but finally securing the love of a nobleman. In the end all parties are made happy, as is the wont with stories of this character. The novel is thoroughly conventional—a love story pure and simple. Its atmosphere is pure; it is not so exciting as to be unhealthy, and yet for those who enjoy the conventional love story the interest is well sustained.

JAPANESE PROVERBS.†

A unique little book, written by Ota Masayoshi, has recently appeared, entitled "Japanese Proverbs." It is a charming work and exceedingly interesting, showing as it does how near to us in thought are the dwellers in this wonderful little empire across the Pacific. Here are two of the maxims or proverbs: "Repay malice with kindness." "Trouble proceeds from the mouth." The book will well repay reading.

FURTHER CRITICISMS OF "IT IS POSSIBLE."‡

I.

While every literary or didactic work should in a certain sense conceal the author's personality, yet its influence upon the reading (and thinking) world is greatly enhanced by the knowledge that the author and book are one. Especially is this true of the "novel with a purpose"—and because of the unfortunate fact that the gift of expression does not always go hand in hand with deep conviction or true knowledge. The writer of these few words is in a position to whisper into the ears of those who have not been blessed by personal intercourse or the friendship of the author of "It Is Possible," that the story is such only in the mere garb and action of her brain children. While healthfully and sweetly and truly flesh and blood, yet are the characters but the rehabilitation of spiritual facts lived and observed by a true woman. It is this that gives her the right to say "*It Is Possible.*" And it is this which gives the book a power far beyond its indirect purpose as a mere story.

But what is it that is possible which the story reveals? That the kingdom of heaven is within, and that *its recognition is the kingdom,*

* "Dearest." A novel. By Mrs. Forrester. Cloth; pp. 376; price, \$1.25. Published by Tait & Co., Union Square, New York.

† "Japanese Proverbs." By Ota Masayoshi. Cloth; price, 75 cents. Address the author, P. O. Box 1956, San Francisco, Cal.

‡ "It Is Possible." By Helen Van-Anderson. Arena Publishing Company, 1893.

and that with this conscious knowledge comes power—the power over self and over the outer world—and that love is the key to it all. “But we have known this before.” No! Even now we are but grasping that tremendous knowledge with uncertain hand. It was this theme which burned in her soul which demanded utterance. And it is the variations of this mighty theme which are at the bottom of so much splendid and promising restlessness of our day.

Mrs. Van-Anderson is a natural story teller, with fine literary discrimination in her art. The dramatic interest of the story is not allowed to flag, nor is it ever preserved at the expense of spontaneity of development. The verbal dress well suits its actors and events. The final page leaves us in a spiritual exaltation similar to that which is so peculiarly and admittedly a result of the author’s personal ministrations.

“It Is Possible” is a literary flower out of the field of the new thought. The worthy peer of “Edward Burton” and “Amore,” like them it insists upon the evanescence of error and does not make it the centre of interest nor the essential foundation of the art structure. The story is *real*, but not in the abominable sense of the word *realistic*. The real is the eternally true and good and beautiful, and to prove their reality is the wholesome mission of “It Is Possible.”

It was night! The world was dreaming in its troubled sleep.

It is morning. A glad new day breaks on the weary sleepers. A little child, with sparkling eyes and refreshing vigor, comes upon the scene.

“Awake!” she cries. “It is morning. The sun is high and bright. Wake! Come and see!”

The morning song of the child is the jubilee of the world, for the world is awake.

JOSEPH SINGER

II.

At-one-ment with the divine image within one’s self can alone bring the “peace which passeth all understanding.” All the energies of our being, directed toward the development of that image, will make of each of us his own saviour, and thus the Christ within becomes the atonement for sin.

Here is the whole scheme of salvation in a few words, the truth which all the religious teachings of all the ages have hinged upon; yet mortal minds and human intellects have so distorted and misrepresented it, zealous bigots and half-mad ascetics have so hedged it about with misconceptions, that the world has groped in darkness for ages without grasping it. Now and then an illuminated soul, with a childlike trust and angelic intuition, has found and preached it, to be hooted at and condemned for heterodoxy. But in these latter days many are venturing to “speak that they do know and testify to that they have seen,” and their words begin to command respect.

The author of “It is Possible” has set forth this doctrine in a clear and attractive form. To the average reader, even, it is a pleasant story of not-at-all-impossible people, while to one who is searching for light

on Christian science, mental healing, or, best of all, healing by and through the power of spirit, the book is a revelation.

The first step toward the attainment of knowledge of the truth that makes one free, is a broad conception of the Great Over-Soul; the second, a true idea of boundless spirit. No matter how these conceptions are framed into words; no matter, indeed, if they are never orally expressed, the moment one has grasped them, and made them his own, the work of cultivation of spiritual gifts and the use of spiritual activities will begin.

In this book of Mrs. Helen Van-Anderson's, the child, Mary, seems to have been born with the intuitive knowledge which Carrol reaches only by patient study and perseverance, and by becoming a willing instrument to be used for universal good, instead of leaning on any individual for love, comfort, or satisfaction. The story of the two girls, their struggles, loves, and triumphs, their work and influence on all who are connected with them, is well and simply told, and the meaning of religion made so plain that he who runs may read.

JULIA A. DAWLEY.

SPIRITUAL LAW IN THE NATURAL WORLD.*

Positive and undeniable evidence demonstrates the realm of spirit or mind to be a real and attractive world, a sphere long thought to exist by many to whom its truths have been intangible. Those who dwell within its borders have found a great and abiding peace, likened only to that depth of ocean whose calm no storms disturb. Many have reached this haven, and others are desirous of mastering the laws which govern entrance. To the latter class, this unpretentious but helpful little book may appeal.

Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins, an acknowledged leader among the Christian scientists of the West, observes in the introduction:—

Lionel Beale told Joseph Cook that what is now wanted is something to upset natural law. By "natural law" he meant the procession of undesirable phenomena to which our race seems to be subjected. What shall upset disease, starvation, hatred, pain, old age, death, save the "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, that maketh free from the law of sin and death"? We speak what our world has long felt, viz., that we hunger and thirst for peace and safety, for health and sweet life, and realize that the methods so long in practice have signally failed to bring them. I can set to my seal that "Spiritual Law in the Natural World" contains the stepping stones to every attainment the heart aspires to. It is sure to heal you if you read it—heal you of pain, of physical disease, of feebleness, of indeterminate will, of faltering by the wayside of your human walk. It will uplift, and cheer, and inspire you, and this is the mission of a good book.

H. C. F.

THE RED MAN'S GREETING.†

This tiny booklet, called forth by our Columbian anniversary, is seasonable, and in its rusticity characteristic of the child of the forest.

* "Spiritual Law in the Natural World." By H. M. Stowe (Eleve). Pp. 192; price, cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Purdy Publishing Company, 160-170 Madison Street, Chicago.

† "The Red Man's Greeting." By Simon Pokagon, chief of the Pottawattamie Indians. Published by C. H. Engle, Hartford, Mich.

Printed upon white birch bark, in its natural state, is an account of the cruel betrayal of this hunted race, dating from the advent of the white man to these shores up to the present time.

The author is sixty-three years of age, of pure Indian descent, has profited by a fair English education, and is the acknowledged chief, by the United States, of the "Pokagon Pottawattamie Band." His father was chief of the band forty-two years, and signed a number of important treaties with the United States.

The son has journeyed many times to Washington to insist on the fulfilment of the promise of one million dollars of compensation, made to his father. After laborious years of weary waiting, fraught with wearing anxiety, and ever battling with heartless antagonism, he has succeeded at different times in obtaining payments in part, but the entire debt is not nearly cancelled. One reads with unutterable sadness this voicing of the outraged spirit of a race, eloquent in its pathos, yet entirely free from wild vindictiveness. He says:—

In behalf of my people, the American Indians, I hereby declare to you, the pale-faced race that has usurped our lands and homes, that we have no spirit to celebrate with you the great Columbian Fair now being held in this Chicago city, the wonder of the world. No; sooner would we hold high joy-day over the graves of our departed fathers than to celebrate our own funeral, the discovery of America. And while you who are strangers, and you who live here, bring the offerings of the handiwork of your own lands, and your hearts in admiration rejoice over the beauty and grandeur of this young republic, and you say, "Behold the wonders wrought by our children in this foreign land," do not forget that this success has been at the sacrifice of *our* homes, and a once happy race. . . .

But alas! the pale-faces came by chance to our shores, many times very needy and hungry. We nursed and fed them,—fed the ravens that were soon to pluck out our eyes, and the eyes of our children. . . . Turkey-like they gobbled in our ears, "Give us gold, give us gold. Where find you gold?" We gave for promises and gewgaws all the gold we had, and showed them where to dig for more. To repay us, they robbed our homes of our fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters; some were forced across the sea for slaves in Spain, while multitudes were dragged into the mines to dig for gold, and held in slavery there until all who escaped not, died under the lash of the cruel task-master. It finally passed into their history that "The red man of the West, unlike the black man of the East, will die before he'll be a slave." Our hearts were crushed by such base ingratitude and, as the United States has now decreed, "No Chinaman shall land upon our shores," so we then felt that no such barbarians as they should land on *ours*. . . .

Nor was this all. They brought among us fatal diseases our fathers knew not of. Our medicine-men tried in vain to check the deadly plague; but they themselves died, and our people fell as fall the leaves before the autumn's blast. To be just we must acknowledge there were some good men with these strangers, who gave their lives for ours, and in great kindness taught us the revealed will of the Great Spirit through his Son Jesus. . . .

You say of us that we are treacherous, vindictive, and cruel. In answer to the charge, we declare to all the world with our hands uplifted before high heaven that before the white man came among us, we were kind, outspoken, and forgiving. Our real character has been misunderstood, because we have resented the breaking of treaties made with the United States, as we honestly understood them. Our sad history has been told by weeping parents to their children from generation to generation, and as the fear of the fox in the duckling is hatched, so the wrongs we have suffered are transmitted to our children, and they look upon the white man with distrust as

soon as they are born. Hence our worst acts of cruelty should be viewed by all the world with Christian charity as being but the echo of bad treatment dealt out to us.

This wail of anguish from a fast vanishing people is a justifiable complaint. It seems that our nation's record of shame, inflicted torture, bloodshed, and sweeping despoliation, can only as a natural sequence be followed by such a cataclism of horrors as will draw our people into its dark vortex and for a period overwhelm us. The aborigines have ever been notable for their inborn poetic and oratorical powers. A bit of literature so clearly indicative of this phase of their natures, is worthy of careful preservation.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

BOOK CHAT.

Among the interesting and valuable works recently issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company of New York are the following:—

SLEEP AND DREAMS.*

This is a book easy to read and not difficult to digest. It is written for popular use. While it makes no large demands upon the knowledge of the laity, it will not be an unwelcome contribution to the science of the mind. Sleep, its Cause and its Phenomena, Dreams, Sleeplessness and its Prevention, and the Analogy of Insanity to Sleep and Dreams, are the subjects treated. It is indeed easy to follow the author, as he tells us in the introduction:—

You need not fear that I shall conduct you along the dizzy heights of speculation or into the abyss of metaphysics. No, we will remain on the well-made road, and the ascent will not be difficult. And we will not confine ourselves to enjoying the beautiful view, but like the energetic collector who fills his box with useful fruits, we will bring home some things from our excursion—some good lessons which shall have the merit, so highly esteemed nowadays, of being “practical,” good, sensible receipts for household use!

HUMANICS.†

This new book is full of ideas, written in plain language, “to bring out the likeness of man and the substance of things.” In some of his remarks the author will undoubtedly be found open to unfavorable criticism, while many of his contributions to moral and social ethics will be found calculated to convince as well as to instruct, are of high merit, and provide hundreds of apt quotations. These contributions will be found of especial use as an incentive to thought, and inspiring

* “Sleep and Dreams; A Scientific Popular Dissertation.” From the German of Dr. Friedrich Scholz, Director of the Bremen Insane Asylum. By H. M. Jewett. Also “The Analogy of Insanity to Sleep and Dreams.” By Milo A. Jewett, M. D., Assistant Superintendent of Danvers (Mass.) Lunatic Hospital. Bound in one volume. Cloth; pp. 148; price, 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, London, and Toronto.

† “Humanics, Comments, Aphorisms, and Essays. Touches of Shadow and Light, to Bring out the Likeness of Man and Substance of Things.” By John Staples White. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 250; price, \$1. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, London, and Toronto.

for those whose profession calls for constant exercise or study in sociology, moral philosophy, etc. The following partial list will serve to indicate the range of subjects treated: Animal, Civilization, Consciousness, Death, Evolution, Faith, Genius, God, Heaven, Happiness, Human Nature, Humanity, Humbug, Immorality, Knowledge, Language, Law, Love, Man, Mind, Money, Nature, People, Politics, Reputation, Sensation, Sentiment, Self-conceit, Sin, Skepticism, Slander, Society, Soul, Speculation, Spirit, Style, Trade, Whiskey, Will, Woman, Work, etc.

The price of the book will be well invested in a copy by any interested, thinking reader, and especially is it suitable for use on the centre-table, where an occasional glance at its contents by one and another will be apt to secure interest, excite comment, and do good service.

INDEPENDENCE: A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.*

This story covers a period of forty years, from the real inception of the struggle for independence to its triumph—a thrilling narrative. Pen pictures of the great struggles of our forefathers are given with painstaking fidelity to truth. During these struggles the great majority of the common people in England were undoubtedly in sympathy with the Americans, and the author has done well in this lively narrative to give prominence to the parts taken in behalf of American independence by many noble foreigners, among whom were Lafayette, Pulaski, De Kalb, De Barre, Duplesses, De Fleury, and other Frenchmen; and Pitt, Fox, Burke, Barre, and other Englishmen.

The following titles of chapters from the table of contents in the book are supplemented at the end of the volume by a historical index occupying twelve pages: Rugby Tavern; Stamps, Tea, and Chains; First Blood of the Revolution; Flora McDonald; Royalty Repulsed; The Doctrine of Freedom; The Hessian; Washington and Lafayette; Burgoyne's Campaign; Brandywine; The Horrors of Valley Forge; Monmouth; Wyoming and Cherry Valley; Sir Arthur at Camden; The Traitor; Hope and Despair; The Sword of Cornwallis, etc.

No American home should be without a copy of this book, which is certainly one of the most absorbing of this admirable series of historical novels, full of action, and as truthful as its recital is startling.

The illustrations are all beautiful and the letter-press is exceedingly good.

As in the preceding volumes, this book contains a romance interwoven with the history, which, while not objectionable to the student, will charm its readers, young and old.

* The Columbian Historical Novels, Vol. IX., "Independence: A Story of the American Revolution." By John R. Musick. Illustrated with eight full-page half-tone engravings and fourteen other illustrations, by F. A. Carter. Cloth; 12mo; pp. 480; gold stamps, etc.; price, \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, London, and Toronto.

OUT-OF THE SUNSET SEA.*

A dozen years ago, on the publication of "A Fool's Errand," the literary world awoke to the fact that an author of unique and exceptional power had appeared. At a time when literary art demanded the utmost detail of figure with an absolute neglect of background or relief, he has persisted in the view that a life separated from its background of cause and environment is essentially false and often unreal because of its distorted realism. For this reason, the books which bear his name have a flavor of verity which none can resist. Not only are his characters living human essences, but the very time in which they live, lives with them in his pages. They have been called "novels for men" and are, indeed, the lives of men, colored and shaped by the general life or prevailing sentiment of the time. Whether as an artistic principle his literary method is correct or not, it furnished an admirable preparation for the writing of an historical novel of the highest character, the life of the Columbian epoch as seen and told by a young Englishman of that day, writing fifty years afterward.

The illustrations show a pencil as true to nature and character as the author's pen. The conjunction of author and artist in the persons of father and daughter, gives a peculiar interest to a work which is unquestionably destined to universal favor.

POEMS BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball of Cambridge and Chicago have in press Hamlin Garland's first book of verse, entitled "Prairie Songs." The appearance of the volume is impatiently awaited, for it is sure to be a novelty. Mr. Garland has a felicity in the description of western scenes which is truly exceptional. He pictures the prairie landscape as no one else has ever done, and he takes a place in our literary history as the first realistic novelist who has taken his whole inspiration from the West. The verses soon to be published have—many of them—appeared in the magazines, and they are always striking from their peculiarly strong combination of realism and poetry. They are sure to be largely read and widely circulated.

A NEW WORK BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Messrs. Stone & Kimball also announce a new work by Joaquin Miller, "The City Beautiful." It is one of the most powerful prose poems of our time, and alone would give the author a permanent place in literature. We speak from knowledge, having had the privilege of reading the manuscript now in press. The edition is limited to five hundred copies.

"Out of the Sunset Sea." By Albion W. Tourgee, with illustrations by his daughter. Cloth; pp. 462; price, \$1.75. Published by Merrill & Baker, 74 Fifth Avenue, New York.

D. Lothrop Company's new works merit the attention of our readers. They have issued several books of special value, among which we mention the following:—

OSCAR PETERSON.

One of the best and most absorbing books of the year for boys, is "Oscar Peterson, Ranchman and Ranger," by Henry Willard French. The author's previous book, "The Lance of Kanana," was an evidence of his fine style and good English, with a descriptive and adventurous quality in the makeup of the story that at once made him take front rank as a writer for boys, who are nothing if not voracious in this direction.

"Oscar Peterson" is the best book for boys issued for years. It is more than that; it is the pioneer in the great field of American literature of this kind, with the far West as the scene.

HELPS BY THE WAY.

An exquisite edition of that favorite year book, "Helps by the Way," is prepared as a memorial to Bishop Brooks, and contains his portrait and autograph in a beautiful photogravure frontispiece. There are many of the best utterances from the sermons of Phillips Brooks, also selections from other famous writers. These all received the sanction of the bishop, who wrote the introduction. An *edition de luxe* is printed on parchment paper, antique style, and bound in full parchment with antique decorations in gold, also in heavy white or black corded silk, antique style, and with antique decorations.

WHITTIER WITH THE CHILDREN.

Margaret Sidney has contributed a new and very valuable addition to literature in the study of Whittier in connection with childhood. The book is written with the simplicity of a child in its directness; personal, with that delicate aroma that yields the living atmosphere, meanwhile keeping the writer in the background. "Whittier with the Children" was all written from intimate personal friendship, and from choice family reminiscences.

LITTLE PAUL AND THE FRISBIE SCHOOL.

Boys who were entertained by the story of the Frisbie school and "Rob" will be glad to be made further acquainted with the institution by Margaret Sidney's latest story, "Little Paul and the Frisbie School." Little Paul, the hero, is one of the most winsome of the many boy creations of the author.

FIGURE DRAWING FOR CHILDREN.

A most fascinating little book is a thin square volume, bound very artistically in sage green and pale blue, on "Figure Drawing for Children" by Caroline Hunt Rimmer.

BRENTANO'S INVITING LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Brentano's list of new books for the fall season includes: "How to Keep Young" by Dr. James E. Kelly, a popular treatise on the preservation of youth and vigor by the constant exercise of all the faculties, mental and physical, and the harmonizing of surroundings; "Love in Letters," a collection of love letters of famous men and women, compiled by Mr. Henri Pène du Bois, and illustrated by Frank M. Gregory with etched portraits of the Countess Guiccioli, Lady Hamilton, Abigail Adams, Abélard and Heloïse, Sophie Monnier, and the Empress Joséphine. Among the men represented in the series are Napoleon, Franklin, Mirabeau, Byron, and Lincoln; five new volumes in the dainty "Petite Library" — Wagner, Weber, Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn; a new book on whist, "Modern Scientific Whist," by Mr. C. D. P. Hamilton, an acknowledged authority on the game, whom "Cavendish" has declared one of the best players now living; Foster's "Duplicate Whist," an exhaustive treatise on the methods and strategy of the game; "The Third Alarm," by James L. Ford, a book for boys dealing with the New York Fire Department, its workings and organization. This story, which has been illustrated by Mr. Frank M. Gregory, it is expected, will make for itself an enduring place in the hearts of the young; reprints of "The Doll and her Friends" and "The Memoirs of a London Doll," by Mrs. Fairstar, two old favorites that reigned supreme fifty years ago as standard juveniles in England and America, and which have been illustrated by Mr. Gregory; "How to Buy a Horse, with Hints on Shoeing and Stable Management," by Pelagius, an eminently practical short treatise on the noblest of all animals; a new volume in their series of translations from foreign authors, to contain the stories from the German that won the first prize in Brentano's Competition for Translations from Foreign Languages, and new editions of the "Baby's Biography," "A Nihilist Princess," by M. L. Gagneur; "Witty, Wise, and Wicked Maxims," by Henri Pène du Bois; and several new, inexpensive editions of Heitman's postage stamp albums.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"OUT OF THE SUNSET SEA," by Albion W. Tourgee. Cloth; pp. 462; price, \$1.75. Published by Merrill & Baker, 74 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"MASSES AND CLASSES: A Study of Industrial Conditions in England," by Henry Tuckley. Cloth; pp. 179; price, 90 cents. Published by Cranston & Curts, Cincinnati, O.

"I, MYSELF," by James Logan Gordon. Cloth; pp. 85; price, \$1. Published by the Little-Book Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

"EL NUEVO MUNDO," by Louis James Block. Cloth, pp. 95. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"NOT ANGELS QUITE," by Nathan Haskell Dole. Cloth; pp. 327; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"LARRY," by Amanda M. Douglas. Cloth; pp. 242; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"PAULA PERRIS," by Mary Farley Sanborn. Cloth; pp. 276; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"PLEASURE AND PROGRESS," by Albert M. Lorentz, LL. B. Paper; pp. 398; price, 50 cents. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

"BIRCH-ROD DAYS AND OTHER POEMS," by William C. Jones. Cloth; pp. 266. Published by American Publishers' Association, Chicago, Ill.

"FOR FIFTY YEARS," by Edward E. Hale. Cloth; pp. 133; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"TASKS BY TWILIGHT," by Abbot Kinney. Cloth; pp. 211. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"THE NEW THOUGHT," "A Journal of Spiritualism in its Higher Aspects." Published by Moses Hull & Company, 29 Chicago Terrace, Corner Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"THIRD HAND HIGH," by W. N. Murdock. Paper; pp. 254; price, 50 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"POPULAR PERILS," Cabin Home Papers, by Leonard Brown. Paper; pp. 200; price, 50 cents. Published by George A. Miller, Printer and Binder, Des Moines, Iowa.

"PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS: THE SATISFACTION OF HUMAN WANT," by Grover Pease Osburne. Cloth; pp. 447; price, \$2. Published by Robert Clarke & Company, Cincinnati, O.

"OSCAR PETERSON," by Henry Willard French. Cloth; pp. 380; price, \$1.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS," by Frederick A. Ober. Cloth; pp. 515; price, \$2.50. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

"MEDICO-LEGAL STUDIES," by Clark Bell, Esq. Cloth; pp. 204. Published by the Medico-Legal Journal, 57 Broadway, New York.

"SPARKING IN THE DARK," by Dr. J. A. Houser. Paper; pp. 63; price, 15 cents. Published by Vincent Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

"MRS. CURGENVEN OF CURGENVEN," by S. Baring-Gould. Cloth; pp. 368; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"GEOFFREY HAMSTEAD," by Thomas Stinson Jarvis. Paper; pp. 378; price, 50 cents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE KE WHONKUS PEOPLE," by John O. Greene. Cloth; pp. 426. Published by Vincent Publishing Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

"JOSEPH ZALMONAH," A Novel, by Edward King. Cloth; pp. 365. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"EVERYBODY'S FAIRY GODMOTHER," by Dorothy Q. Cloth, pp. 58. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., 31 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

"ELEMENTS OF LIFE INSURANCE," by Miles Menander Dawson. Cloth, pp. 153. Published by the Independent Printing and Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

"DR. PERDUE," by Stinson Jarvis. Paper; pp. 397; price, 50 cents. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill.

"FIVE DOZEN FANCIES," by Charles B. Morrell. Cloth, pp. 150. Published by Earhart & Richardson, Printers, Cincinnati, O.

"BIBLICAL ESCHATOLOGY," by Henry Theodore Cheever, D. D. Cloth, pp. 241; price, paper, \$1; cloth, \$1.25. Published by Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"BROTHERS AND STRANGERS," by Agnes Blake Poor. Cloth; pp. 321; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"THE EASIEST WAY IN HOUSEKEEPING AND COOKING," by Helen Campbell. Cloth, pp. 293; price, \$1. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ARENA FOR 1894.

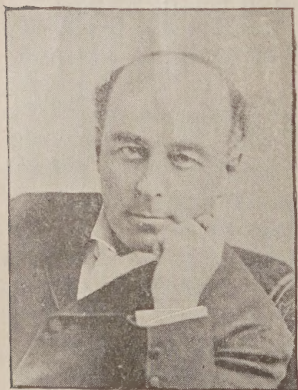
OUR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Chat about Some of the Good Things in Store for the Readers of Our Review.

The Ascent of Life: or, Psychical Laws and Forces in Nature.

THE above work will prove so unique and valuable a contribution to the philosophical and scientific discussion of *man in search of his soul*, that we have felt it due to our readers to give a somewhat elaborate description of the work.

In issuing this work to the world, we are aware that it is the most peculiar one within our knowledge. Even if some of the author's deductions may afterwards be found to be partially incorrect, the work will still stand as a monumental contribution to modern thought. But allowing, as the author himself does, the chance of its containing some partial inaccuracies, we are of opinion that the educated public will endorse the work from beginning to end. It is altogether an appeal to the reason. With the exception of the facts given in reference to the experiments, the whole book is intended to be put interrogatively — even when, as the author says, his own conviction leads him to speak with certainty; so that, even if some deductions be found to be in part erroneous, the author's judgment is protected by his avoidance of all dogmatizing and by his friendly request that the reader shall come with him, both as companion and critic, to join in this search for knowledge in a hitherto trackless region.



STINSON JARVIS.

Yet the modesty with which his views are issued only increases the reader's appreciation of the boldness that was required to promulgate them in any shape. We remember no work in which a writer has more completely disregarded prejudice in order to win or give truth. It is true that it is only the prejudice of the uninformed which he has to face, but yet this is and has always been the greatest boggy that has stood in the way of original thought. The announcements which his own scientific experiments in the region of psychic laws and forces enable him to make, and the deductions necessarily arising therefrom, combine to produce a work in which extreme originality and convincing continuity of thought appear in almost every line.

Somewhere in the work is this sentence: "What is opinion, or any centuries of opinion, worth—what is any man's thought worth, unless it leaps into the heart as a truth?" and it is evident that not only in this but in his previous works this text has been before the author. It must have been with him throughout his life, for otherwise he could never have been able to produce this work and sufficiently pare down, skim off, discard, or gather up the world's best findings in regard to science, religions, and social life. The reader feels that the writer expects him to have all the latest findings on these subjects at his finger-ends, and yet the expressed desire for extreme simplicity has culminated in a wording such as any schoolboy may understand. Indeed, in this short and very condensed treatise, the writer is too much occupied in bringing extraordinarily mysterious facts of nature within the comprehension of readers to risk any obscurity in his own words. His aim is to banish mystery, as far as may be—not create it. In a letter to us he says he has "none of the evident purpose of some great writers, to suggest literary godhead by mysterious hiding in clouds of verbiage."

The work, therefore, may be termed a first chart of an untravelled region—vague, it may be, in some localities, with the shores but dimly outlined—but with many hitherto unproved realities surely and certainly defined, and thus, as a whole, making us far richer than when we possessed no chart at all.

It commences in a conversational way with a simple description of a series of experiments in psychic phenomena which prove beyond any doubt the existence of the human soul, and also many of its almost incredible powers. As a barrister who has practised for many years in the courts of law, and largely in the criminal courts, the author is well aware of the values, or lack of values, attached to human testimony; and he therefore asks for no further credence beyond that which will be sufficient to put others in the same channels of scientific inquiry. Several times in the text he assures us that almost any man, with suitable media, can find out exactly the same things for himself.

There is a total absence of mystery about the work—in fact it is clear in several places that the author even dreads the idea that a desire for mystery or peculiarity may be imputed to him. And it is partly in the convincing frankness with which he endeavors to remove all idea of the supernatural, and to explain every necessary item, that he wins the reader. For the sake of publishing discoveries which will undoubtedly advance to an enormous extent the cause of truth and the knowledge of the world, he is obliged, with strangers, to partly place reputation at stake. On this point his boldness for truth's sake is much to be commended.

After explaining how in human beings there are media by which thought transference can without words be made complete, he proceeds to show how similar abilities obtain in a lesser degree throughout the animal kingdom, and how this capacity for receiving wordless enlightenment is one method by which all life is assisted towards its progress into ascending grades. It shows how, wherever there is a mind, a sensorium, even down to the most primitive ganglion, there is the ability through its immaterial correspondences of gaining such intuitive impressions as are necessary for its welfare or advance. He shows how it is through these necessary demands of the sensorium in its immaterial correspondences that such enormous delays have occurred in the development of high grades of life and intellect upon this globe; and also that all advances are owing to the workings of the same processes, thus also explaining the rapid separation of man's

grade from the lower planes of life after thought and invention commenced to multiply through the conscious and determined effort of brain and soul.

Throughout the work, Stinson Jarvis confines his methods to the limits which strict science requires. When a conjecture is made, he openly states it to be conjecture. The reader follows in a charmed way—not asked to believe anything, but only to reason, and led on from one acceptable and totally new thought to another, until he is gradually brought into comprehension of a scheme of life such as never before has been published—so vast, so magnificent, so simple, that one's thanks are felt to be due for its portrayal.

Mr. Jarvis insists that the strictest science must extend its own methods into immaterial regions. He does this himself. He gives an aid to the science of evolution such as it has not enjoyed since Darwin died. In fact, while carrying it on, he satisfactorily explains the ascent of life on the great point where Darwin was entirely in the dark—or, in other words, he takes up the thread where the great naturalist dropped it, and carries it further. He quotes Huxley to prove that he is justified by science itself in advancing scientific methods in the way he does towards the discovery of the soul attributes and the proper study and acceptance of religion. A number of simple facts are marshalled to show in a cogent way that life (soul) is in part vibration, and thus is governed by vibratory laws; and the most beautiful portion of the work is the exposition of the part that music plays in nature—music being the language of the soul's phases, any one of which is producible by the music that is the language of such phase.

It would be impossible to give here a synopsis of the work, because it is itself a synopsis—of everything—condensed far too much for the reader, who is made hungry on one thought and then rushed on to the next. While scientific in its proofs of realities, the book is deeply religious. It does not collide with any religion; neither does it in any way offend the high priests of science. It takes a new and further ground for both.

While showing that life (soul) is in part vibration, the psychic phenomena as exhibited in the experiments are followed in the examination of their effects throughout all human intercourse, and that of the sexes, including the extraordinary results in nature's sacrament of marriage. Every living thing in nature is subject to and controlled by vibratory laws. Thus every living thing must conform to these. "Acquiescence is a song; prohibition produces a dirge; refusal means discord, despair, madness." The evolution into the spiritual life by natural means is beautifully traced through the teaching of love through marriage; and the spiritual life (the latest and highest known grade of life), is shown to be just as much a part of nature as the life of a worm.

In this work nature is shown to be all one huge symmetrical whole, with no jumps or chasms anywhere; and the work culminates in tracing the natural evolution of the animal man into the spiritual one. We do not think that any book ever published has gone so far towards *actual proof* of a life after human death; and yet the writer confines himself strictly to existing facts. It is the gladdest, most hope-giving production that we know of. After its perusal there can be no more necessity for agnosticism. It might be a fairly good subtitle for the work to add, "Or the Agnostic in Heaven." Not that the writing approves of agnosticism—on the contrary, it shows that this must mean continued suffering. It merely indicates the path of true happiness—that which has brought joy to every living thing when in its own grade it has lived in accordance with the laws which were at that time the appropriate ones.

It claims that the spiritual man discards those things, whether allowable or disallowed by society, which check the advance of the spiritual life — not always because the impediment is sin, but perhaps because it partakes of that which was once idealized, sought, acquired, enjoyed, found tiring, discarded, and therefore now an absurdity. The doctrine here advanced for the first time of the continual seeking, acquiring, and discarding of continually ascending ideals contains a wide observation of human life. The individuality knows happiness in the seeking and conquest of an ideal. But we are intended to move continually on; and after satiation that which at one time seemed so much a real fact is nothing but a *mirage* of the past. In our passage through life there are, strictly speaking, no facts — that is to say, an ideal ahead seems like a fact, but after it has been fully utilized, one sees that it was only a useful *mirage*. The ascent of the ideals is, therefore, the natural upward path to the Ultimate Ideal. Since this work went to press we find that in the latest of the celebrated Hibbert Lectures, delivered in England, some very similar ideas were put forward — the subject of the lecture being “God, the Source of the Ideals.”

Where ideas are condensed to a line which ought to take a chapter, where the paragraphs bristle with new thoughts, and where the sketch of a stupendous system is compressed to the confines of one hundred and fifty pages, it is difficult to give any account which would be satisfactory either to the public or to the author. But in conclusion it may be said that this work supplies the proof (or rather puts people in the way of supplying themselves with proof) of that which a great number of educated people of to-day believe without demonstrable evidence. Stinson Jarvis has for himself evidently avoided with care any alliance with any sect or cult. He holds that these things are to be discovered by each one in himself, such information being acquired from others as may be possible.

We pass now from the above work to its author, feeling sure that some details concerning his life will be found interesting.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly produced an account of his life when it published his portrait after his winning the thousand-dollar prize awarded last year in Chicago for the best novel submitted; and we use our contemporary's account, together with notes collected by ourselves.

Stinson Jarvis belongs to a family that has been American for two hundred and thirty-seven years — since Stephen Jarvis, an English lawyer, settled at Huntingdon, L. I., in 1656. Prior to the last ten American generations, the family was English, and in the older country can be traced back to a distant period, the name having passed, as shown in the *Patronymica Britannica*, through different spellings to the Norman French, Gervaise, and through this to the original Latin, Gervasius. In the “Jarvis Family Book,” which has been forwarded to us for inspection, are found many eminent men, and also the steel engravings made from their extant pictures. We here find reprinted many interesting records and wills of the family which are more than two centuries old, stretching back as far as 1668. We find them conveying their slaves and other properties in the quaintest way. On July 29, 1682, a person was fined twenty shillings for having brought a bag of meal from Oyster Bay on the Sabbath, and on June 3, 1683, a written confession of shame and repentance was required from three men who had travelled on a Sunday from Hempstead. Coming down five generations we find the Right Reverend Abram Jarvis, bishop of Connecticut, who was a historical man in the church, and was the first bishop ever consecrated in America. He was the present author's great-great-grand-uncle, and was also great grand-uncle of Caldwell Colt, the present commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. The bishop's son, the Reverend Samuel Farmar Jarvis, was

one of the ripest scholars this country has produced, his literary works making him as well known in England as in America.

At the time of the Revolution, this author's great-grandfather, Colonel Stephen Jarvis, of the English Dragoons, fought all through the war on the wrong side. His life, as it still appears in his own manuscript, was a romantic one, and will be published in the form of a historical novel. He remained, of course, loyal to the English flag, and afterwards became adjutant-general of the British forces in Canada. He, together with two brothers, abandoned properties in the United States after the independence, and settled in Canada. The energy exhibited by these people in accepting the trials of a new country for the sake of an ideal was transmitted to their descendants, who have since been chief justices, judges, barristers, and clergy in Canada. William Jarvis, one of the above-mentioned brothers, was subsequently Secretary of State in Canada for many years.

This family has therefore been historical in two countries, and the alliances formed by the marriages of its daughters are almost endless. They pass into the lines of William Dummer, the Powells, Seymours, Bleekers, Bernards, Sherwoods, Hamiltons, Irvings, Wetmores, Murrays, Waterburys, and many others; while in England the connection is large, through the lines of General Budgeon and Sir Samuel Raymond Jarvis, the Beaumonts, and others.

The Boston branch descended from Nathaniel, who was the brother of the original Stephen Jarvis of 1656. The number of men in the Boston branch who have held eminent positions in the navy, the state, and the learned professions could only be dealt with, as it has been, in a book devoted to the purpose. Notable, however, among these is Mr. Consul Jarvis, as he was known, whose life was published by his daughter, Mary Pepperell Sparhawk Jarvis, who married the Honorable Hampden Cutts, and was a writer well known in Boston society. It is through these memoirs, and in others of similar kind, that we learn of the claims made by Sir John Jarvis at various times to his cousinship with the American branches. Sir John was then admiral of the hostile British fleet during the Revolution, and afterwards (then Lord St. Vincent) met Mr. William Jarvis when he was American consul at Lisbon, and again brought forward his claim. Whatever Lord St. Vincent's proofs were, they have been lost, and as he was the most celebrated naval commander of his day, the fact of the loss may reasonably be regretted.

As the present author has come back from Canada and made New York his home, his family's temporary indiscretion of one hundred and seven years may readily be forgiven.

In his idea, a college education is merely the preparation for the real education which continues throughout one's life. The college course being passed, he left at the age of eighteen on an unmapped course of travel. After a winter spent in the European cities and a two months' study of Rome, he went east and lived in various oriental countries. It was at this time and through accidentally meeting a man who was well known throughout Europe and Egypt for his odd knowledge, that Mr. Jarvis first gained some insight into those usually unobserved powers of nature which subsequently attracted him towards experiments. After a year's travel, and before he was twenty years old, he published a book on oriental travel. For several years after this, in the latter part of the seventies, he divided his time between law, general reading, and yachting, with occasional experiments in regard to the phenomena of which we are now publishing the account.

In the practice of his profession as a barrister, his successes were chiefly

in the criminal courts, where his knowledge of men and his power for discerning human character assisted him. Before three years had expired he had made some name for himself in regard to certain important extradition cases in which he was counsel, and then received a commission from the Canadian government to act judicially in extradition matters.

Stinson Jarvis has put more into his thirty-nine years than most men. Two subsequent visits to England and Europe assisted his chief study, namely, that of men and life. The odd ways of odd people have for him a scientific value; and there are few really odd corners of the world with which he is unacquainted. Always travelling alone, he knows Jerusalem and Damascus better than New York, and has lived for months in the tents with the Arabs, riding daily through foreign lands.

"The Ascent of Life" will be seen to be the outcome of the serious studies of a lifetime. His favorite authors have been Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Hæckel, A. R. Wallace, Max Müller, and many others. In prose fiction George Eliot holds supreme place with him. Then comes Balzac, then Thackeray. Among religious writers he deems Sir Edwin Arnold entitled to first place, but for one poem only, namely, "The Light of Asia." When the amount of reading matter is now so great, and when our time is so limited, he holds that we must not lose grasp of general views by absorption in any one groove of study, but feed on the published results of all the specialists, and thus seek the dovetailing of the whole. Whatever doubts which he, in common with all readers of science, has had to cope with, his early experiments with psychic forces and his actual proof of the existence of soul and its powers continually advised him that the full extent of man's possible knowledge is not to be found within the confines or through the material methods of material science.

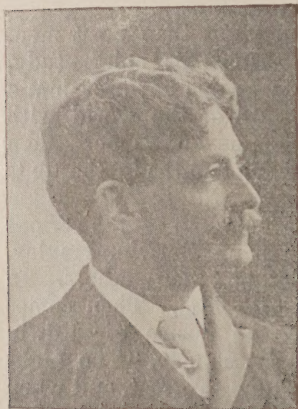
It is natural to desire that a lifetime of study and generalization should not be lost as to its results. We are not surprised that Stinson Jarvis abandoned the more lucrative practice of the law for the life of letters. We believe it was his duty to make this venture, and that to hold secreted in his own brain such a sequence of ideas as appears in "The Ascent of Life" would be a wrong to others as well as to himself. What particularly strikes the reader of this work is the amount of profound study of all religions and science, which is not mentioned, but makes itself felt; and while it is our intention to review Mr. Jarvis' novels in an early issue of *THE ARENA*, we cannot avoid adding here that even if he never writes another line after the publication of "The Ascent of Life," his name will be already made in the realm of lasting and invaluable literature.

The New Bible; or, The Higher Criticism. What it Aims to Accomplish.

A series of papers by leading orthodox clergymen and scholars of Europe and America who advocate the broader view of the Scriptures.

We are in the midst of a religious revolution, deeper and broader in influence, if less belligerent and demonstrative in character, than the Reformation. The latter great protest was an appeal to the consciences of men and women who, while profoundly religious, had not had the opportunity to view life or its great problems broadly; for the centuries which preceded it had narrowed rather than widened man's vision, and the era of material, scientific, and intellectual progress for Western Europe was only then beginning to dawn. Since that period the world has become knit together as one huge commonwealth, through invention and the discovery of methods whereby steam and electricity may be utilized. Since then the

printing press and popular education have changed a world of unreading ignorance to a world well informed, even if as yet there is far too little independent thinking; while astronomy, physical science, and psychical research have revolutionized the conceptions of other worlds.



REV. F. B. VROOMAN.

That this broadening of thought and increase of knowledge should affect in a very real way the religious views of Christendom is perfectly natural; while a deeper study of the Bible, and profounder research into the mental attitude, the religious conceptions, the influence of scholarship, and the inherited ideas entertained by the Greek, Jewish, and Roman worlds at the time when Christianity became moulded into a great dogmatic system of thought, together with the important facts revealed by ancient manuscripts, not known to exist at the time of the Reformation, have flooded the intellectual world with new light, and to a certain extent compelled leading thinkers among the expert scholars of the religious world to take an advanced position on questions relating to the Bible and Christianity.

Then again, the keener sense of justice, the higher respect for right, the finer conception of what any God must be who is worthy of love and respect, have obliged the religious world to discard views and opinions long ago cherished by Cotton Mather and Michael Wigglesworth. That the brutal doctrines long taught by the church have driven a large number of earth's noblest, most humane and thoughtful children into materialism is unquestionably true. And this important fact has been recognized and appreciated by the leaders of the great religious reformation, now in progress within the confines of the church, which is known as *Higher Criticism*.

It is perfectly natural that the leaders of this great movement should be persecuted and charged with heresy by that class which in the time of Jesus were loyal to the sanhedrim, and in consequence persecuted the great Nazarene; that class which in later years raised the cry in the city of Ephesus, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" that class which sought to destroy the leaders of the Reformation; and in a word, the class which at all times have believed they possess the only saving truth, and that those who fail to see it as they did ought to be dealt with as mercilessly as public opinion in the age and land would permit. The enemies of the higher criticism have been heard on every side. Abuse and bitter invective have been hurled at men who are among the most reverent and deeply religious, and also among the most profound scholars in the biblical world, simply because they have found that in the light of modern research old positions were untenable to those who placed truth above prejudice.

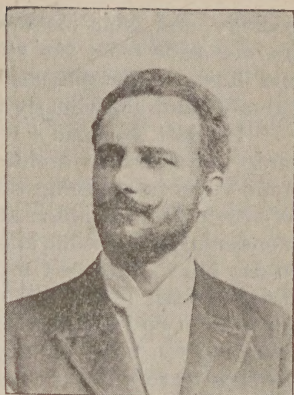
Now it is our determination to give the thoughtful American, during the next year, a series of papers which will show precisely where these great men stand; why they have been forced to take issue with old-time popular conceptions; what the new thought involves, the nobler view of religion it gives, and the aims of the movement. The ablest scholars in the orthodox churches, who represent the new movement in Europe and America, will contribute to this series.

Among the early papers will be contributions by Professor WILLIAM SANDAY, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Professor of Exegesis, Oxford, Eng., Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D., ROBERT F. HORTON, M. A., whose "Revela-

tion and the Bible" created such a profound impression on thoughtful Christians, and who was called from England to deliver a series of lectures to the students of Yale College last winter, now published under the title of "Verbum Dei," and Rev. F. B. VROOMAN, pastor of the Salem Street Congregational Church of Worcester, Mass.

Of interest as belonging in a general way to this topic, we have a very noteworthy paper, to appear in an early issue of *THE ARENA*, on "The Roman Catholic Church and Higher Criticism," by Merwin-Marie Snell, who for the past decade has been the private secretary of Bishop Keane of the Washington University.

Our series on the higher criticism will be the most authoritative and brilliant contributions setting forth the claims and objects of this great movement ever published in a review.



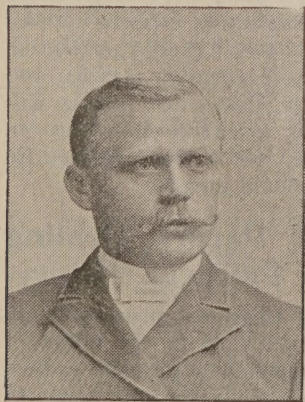
MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

Indian Occultism; or, A Scientist in Eastern Wonderland.

By HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D.

This series of papers embraces the following discussions: I. *The Marvels of Hindoo Magic*. II. *The Remains of an Ancient Civilization: or The Ruined Cities of Ceylon and Their Story*. III. *Occult Science in Thibet*. IV. *Among the Adepts of Serinagur*. V. *Glimpses of Eastern Wonderland: or Five Weeks with a Hermit in the Neilgherry Mountains*. VI. *The Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins*.

These papers are certain to awaken widespread interest, and to call forth much discussion. They are carefully prepared and are distinctly able.



DR. HEINRICH HENSOLDT.

The author, a German scientist, was, at the time of going to India, a pronounced materialist. He has carried into his researches the careful, critical methods of modern scientific scholarship, and he is perfectly candid. Nothing is glossed over or covered up. He has aimed to narrate events which have transpired under his personal observation exactly as they occurred. Some of the statements are astounding to the Western mind, but, as he suggests, the profoundest minds of India have spent centuries upon centuries in introspective contemplation; or the mastery of the human brain.

Dr. Hensoldt's career in India is exceedingly interesting. Indeed, if he chose to devote his facile pen to a narration of his wanderings in the Island of Ceylon, up the rivers and through the forests of India, over the mountains of Thibet and through Burmah, the work would

read like a powerful romance, while proving rich in information. For the author has the critical spirit which is the strong characteristic of modern scientific research. He has given special study to natural history and

geology, and is an interested student of archæology. Thus the story of his travels, aside from the strong interest attending his researches in occultism and Eastern metaphysical conceptions, would render such a work at once valuable and absorbingly interesting.

He left Germany with a fellow scientist, who was some years his senior, to assist in archæological researches. His friend desired to spend some years in studying the ruined cities of Ceylon in order to give to the Western world as much knowledge as it is possible for research to unfold of a wonderful civilization, about which even the ancient civilization of the Orient to-day knows little. Unfortunately for the enterprise the senior student was stricken with fever, and died shortly after reaching Ceylon. Dr. Hensoldt remained two years in Ceylon; thence he went to India, Thibet, and Burmah, spending ten years among the scholarly adepts and learned men of the East. He has carefully and critically investigated the remarkable phenomena witnessed in the presence of the mystics, and also has made their philosophy the subject of years of careful study. In his papers, prepared for THE ARENA, he discusses these problems in a masterly and scientific manner, and describes scenes which will awaken widespread interest. He also elucidates the philosophy of the East as he received it from the ablest students of the Orient. Those who have read his charming paper on "Atomic Worlds and Their Motion," published some time since in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and those who enjoyed his "Naturalist's Rambles in Ceylon," and other delightful contributions to scientific literature which have appeared in leading journals of opinion, will be aware of the easy grace and charming frankness which mark this brilliant author's style. He possesses the rare power of making dry scientific subjects fascinating to the general reader, and in these papers our subscribers will find an unusual treat. Whether one desires the truth for truth's sake, appreciating knowledge wherever it may be found for its own priceless sake; whether he merely desires to be entertained with glimpses of a strange world, which, while it was old when Homer sang, and when the children of Israel were making bricks without straw, is new to us; or whether one studies the facts merely to controvert them, as some persons who assume that we have all truth, and that whatever cometh not through certain channels must be error, will be eager to do—in either case these papers will be invaluable, especially to all who think for themselves and who enjoy new truths fascinatingly presented.

The first paper of this series will appear in the December ARENA, and is entitled "The Wonders of Hindoo Magic." Dr. Hensoldt's papers will rank among the most important contributions to magazine literature in recent years, and, coming from a critical scholar and a man trained in scientific methods, will be of special value to thoughtful people.

Important Political and Economic Papers Dealing with the Present Crisis in our Political History.

The year 1894 will unquestionably be one of the most memorable in the political history of the republic, because we are now in the midst of one of those great educational agitations which immediately precede radical and fundamental changes. Or, in other words, the people are preparing to take another upward step toward ideal republicanism. The conflict of the present hour strongly suggests the tremendous agitation which convulsed the colonies before Britain sent her armed force to Concord. In the early stages of the Revolutionary conflicts our fathers protested and fought against injustice; but their views soon broadened, and they came to see that nothing save freedom could satisfy the high demands of the hour.

So the discontent which has been smouldering for the past twenty years, owing to injustice caused by special privileges and class legislation, at first expressed itself in demands looking toward temporary relief for those who were being pressed downward to the precipice of want. Later, the people began to read and think for themselves; the West, and to a certain extent the South, became a great economic school, and it is doubtful if ever before so many people, at the same time, have been engaged in the study of political economy and important social problems as there have been in the United States during the past decade. This independent study soon led the people to see the fundamental evils of present conditions. They began to understand why, in a nation of untold wealth, honest, hard-working, and sober men, women, and children were being driven to starvation and servitude or crime, while a few hundred gamblers, landlords, and monopolists, who were feeding off special privileges, were able to luxuriate on palatial yachts, dazzle English society by lavish entertainments, squander fortunes in continental Europe, buy coronets for their shallow-brained daughters by wedding them to ruined *roués* in the Old World, and in various ways to fling away in dissipation and wanton waste millions upon millions of dollars—money enough to have made thousands of homes joyous had their occupants received their just earnings instead of being robbed through the aristocracies of finance, transportation, landlordism, and other monopolistic combinations which through special privileges have acquired millions of money legitimately earned by the despoiled wealth producers.

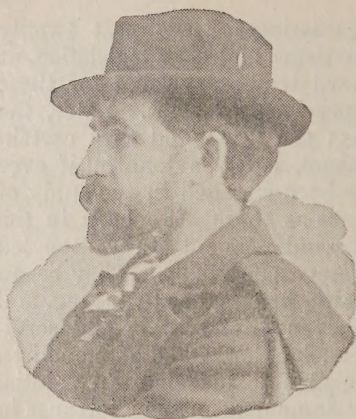
Appreciating the fact that only vital issues and real reformatory measures now appeal to men of independent thought and the wealth-producing millions, who are day by day coming to think for themselves, we have arranged for our readers a series of political papers, which we confidently believe will prove the most thoughtful and brilliant contribution to the political and economic literature of recent years. Under the general caption, "A REPUBLIC OR AN OLIGARCHY," will appear the following papers, which will show why (1) special privileges must ultimately transform a republican form of government into an oligarchy; (2) the real underlying or basic causes which have led to the present deplorable social conditions; (3) how the dream of civilization may be realized, and a republic in reality established through wise and just legislation.

This great symposium will be divided into the following series:—

- I. *THE LAND QUESTION.*
- II. *IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES.*
- III. *THE NERVOUS AND ARTERIAL SYSTEM OF THE STATE.*
- IV. *THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE MONEY QUESTION IN THE LIGHT OF EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN HISTORY.*
- V. *THE SLUMS OF OUR GREAT CITIES.*

I. The Land Question.

Embracing short and able papers on "First Principles of the Land Question," "Free Trade and the Land Question," "The Rights of Eminent Domain," "The Land Question and Social Experiments," "The Single Tax and the Farmer," "The Land Question and Mining," "The Land and the Woman Question," "Relation of the Land Question to the Natural Development of the States," "The Land Question and Socialism," etc.



HAMLIN GARLAND.

As before observed, these questions will be discussed in brief papers of from twelve hundred to two thousand words each. In this way every reader of *THE ARENA* will obtain a full, fair, and comprehensive view of the great land problem, given by the ablest students of this question. Among those who will contribute to this series are *HAMLIN GARLAND*, *W. D. McCrackan*, *A. M.*, *Judge J. H. Ralston* of Washington, *Edward Osgood Brown* of Chicago, *E. B. Gaston*, *C. A. Buell*, *Thomas G. Shearman*, and *Lee Merriwether*. They will be followed by eight or ten other scholars who have made the land question in all its phases the subject of exhaustive research. This will be the most complete and valuable

presentation of the problem ever made in a review.

II. Ideal Republican Measures.

THE ARENA was the first American review to give prominence to the successful social experiments in Switzerland known as the Referendum, the Initiative, and Proportionate Representation. The interest awakened by these papers and through such admirable works as *Mr. J. W. Sullivan's "Direct Legislation,"* *Mr. W. D. McCrackan's "Rise of the Swiss Republic,"* and other scholarly volumes, has gradually grown until the industrial millions of our land are everywhere demanding the introduction of these measures, in order that the republic may be saved from the absolute control of a soulless plutocracy.

That these great reforms will become leading issues, in the near future, no thoughtful student of political affairs can doubt; and that their introduction will be favored by all who love free government, and opposed by those who favor an oligarchy under the name of a republic, is equally certain.

After having contributed so largely to awakening an interest in this vital question, *THE ARENA* proposes to further the great educational agitation by a series of thoughtful papers, which will appear in 1894, under the general caption, "*IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES.*" Those wishing to be informed upon one of the great political issues of the next presidential campaign should not fail to read these papers.

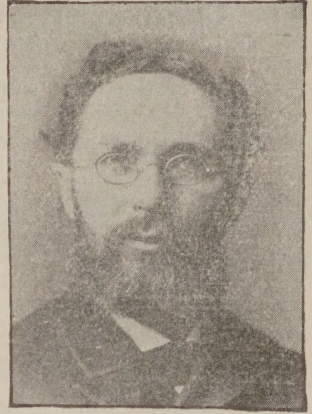
III. The Nervous and Arterial System of the State.

No question has grown more steadily in popular favor, unless it be the demand for an increased volume of currency, than that which looks toward the government taking to itself what have been aptly termed the circulatory and nervous systems of the State. The people are beginning to feel that as long as the great highways over which they and their products must pass remain in the hands of corrupt, lawless, and soulless corporations, the producer and the consumer will be robbed to support profligate wealth, to enrich Wall Street gamblers, to pay interest on watered stock, and to enable the plunderers of the millions to continue to debauch legislators. On the other hand, it is claimed that with such measures as the Initiative and Referendum in active operation, all possible objections which have heretofore been urged against governmental ownership would lose their force. Certain

it is this will be a great issue of the future, as well as the government ownership of the telegraph and telephone, and the ownership by municipalities of street railways, lighting, and other things in which all citizens are necessarily interested and which are popularly denominated "natural monopolies." We have arranged for a series of important papers along these lines. Among the early contributors to this series will be Rabbi SOLOMON SCHINDLER and Honorable IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

IV. Present Aspects of the Money Question.

During the ensuing year the financial problem will be discussed from various points of view. THE ARENA will not, however, follow in the wake of conventional reviews by going to those *who make money by changing money, or to the great gamblers of Wall Street who style themselves "financiers,"* for its contributions on this question; neither will it wait upon Lombard Street for wisdom. The papers which will appear in THE ARENA series on finance will be prepared by statesmen rather than demagogues, patriots rather than pirates on the financial seas. They will all be from men who have made the money question a profound study, and who are actuated solely by a desire to bring about a condition of national prosperity in which the industrial millions will share.



RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

A very important series of papers on the money question, which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1894, will be from the pen of Honorable John Davis, M. C. Mr. Davis has made the money question a subject of careful study for many years. He is far more conversant with the history of finance than most of the eminent financiers of Wall Street, who so frequently manage to get into print, in order to bolster up legislation which enriches the few and impoverishes the millions. These papers should be read by every patriot in America. They will be clear, logical, and convincing. Mr. Davis will notice: (1) Some Important Passages in the Financial Legislation of Europe; (2) The Financial Legislation of the United States from 1860 to 1890; (3) The Financial Problem of the Present Hour in the Light of Past History. Other papers will deal with: (4) The South and the Money Problem; (5) The West and the Money Problem; (6) The East and the Money Problem.

THE ARENA is the only great magazine in the English-speaking world which has given a full and fair hearing to the side of the financial problem which represents the opinion of the wealth-producers. The papers on the money question for 1894 will be invaluable for all who would keep abreast with the views of disinterested statesmanship on this great problem.

Many other papers on live political questions will appear from month to month. The problems which will be the issues of the next few years will be fully discussed, while no space will be given to the political bogies with which the designing have for years diverted the mind of the people from vital problems.

V. The Slums of Our Great Cities.

The frightful condition of tens of thousands in these plague spots of Christian civilization have been in a measure brought to public attention

during the past two years by THE ARENA's systematic agitation. During 1894 we will publish several important papers dealing with the slums of our great cities.

The Civilization of To-Morrow. Papers of Special Interest to Parents and Teachers.

One of the most important features of THE ARENA for 1894 will be a series of papers which are now being prepared by eminent authoritative writers, dealing with the civilization of to-morrow. These papers will discuss: I. Heredity. II. Prenatal Influences. III. Early Environment.



HELEN H. GARDENER.

These vital problems must be thoroughly expounded and their real import forced home upon the consciences of the people before we can hope to approach a true civilization. The writers who contribute to this series will discuss heredity and prenatal influences in an able manner. The problem of early environment will also be comprehensively treated. The paper dealing with early home influences, school influences, and the influence of persons and love on the young, all parents and teachers should read with especial care. The whole series will abound in hints, suggestions, and illustrations which will be of great value to them. Among the contributors to this series will be HELEN H. GARDENER, who is one of the ablest writers on heredity in America, and Dr. SYDNEY B. ELLIOT, the author

of the best work ever published on prenatal culture. The editor of THE ARENA also will write some papers on early environment.

Woman's World.

Since THE ARENA was started, four years ago, we have published more than three times as many contributions from women as any other high-priced review in the English language; while no magazine of opinion has so strongly advocated justice and freedom for womanhood as THE ARENA. In 1894 the cause of woman will be ably upheld, while the brightest and strongest thinkers among our American women will add to the interest of its pages.

Popular Papers on Emergency-Surgery, by WILLIAM THORNTON PARKER, M. D.

These papers are of great practical value, for after perusing them our readers will be acquainted with the latest and best methods of proceeding in case of accidents, such as wounds, hemorrhages, burns, sprains, dislocation, the treatment of those apparently drowned, those suffering from collapse or apoplexy, and those who have been poisoned. These papers are as follows:—

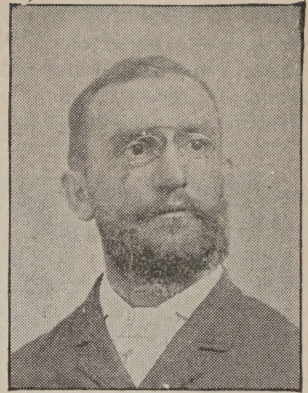
I. General Anatomy. A brief but comprehensive survey of this subject, to render the subsequent papers intelligible without further explanation.

II. Treatment of wounds in general, including hemorrhages, burns, scalds, etc.

III. Treatment of fractures, sprains, dislocations, also giving explicit directions for the use of the triangular bandage.

IV. The treatment of those apparently drowned and of those suffering from shock, collapse, apoplexy, with observations on the care of those who have been poisoned.

These papers are scholarly, yet practical; and while not in any sense so technical as to render them incomprehensible to those not versed in medicine and surgery, they will give our readers the most advanced and improved methods of treatment in cases of emergency. They contain a vast amount of vitally important information which every intelligent person should know.



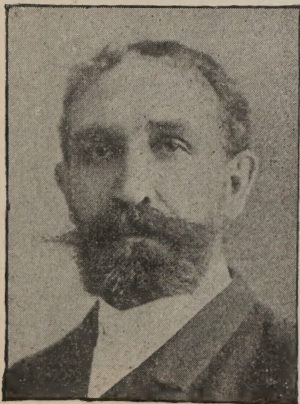
PROFESSOR WILLIAM THORNTON
PARKER, M. D.

Religious Views of Our Late Poets as Voiced in Their Poems.

Six short papers prepared by Rev. M. J. SAVAGE and his brother, Rev. WILLIAM H. SAVAGE. These papers will be charming expositions of the religious and ethical sentiments of Lowell, Longfellow, Whitman, Tennyson, Whittier, and Browning, and will contain many exquisite quotations from the writings of these great poets. They cannot fail to be exceedingly helpful.

Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent.

A series of important papers by scholarly physicians who have employed hypnotism with marked success in the treatment of disease, will be an important feature in the next volume of THE ARENA. These papers will be of great value and interest to all thoughtful people. The opening contribution will be from the pen of James R. Cocke, M. D., who after having graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine (homeopathic) completed a post-graduate course at Harvard. Dr. Cocke has met with marked success in hypnotic treatment. He is a scholarly physician, rigidly scientific in methods. His narration of important cases in which hypnotism has been successfully employed is very interesting and valuable, furnishing additional evidence of the power of mind.



REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

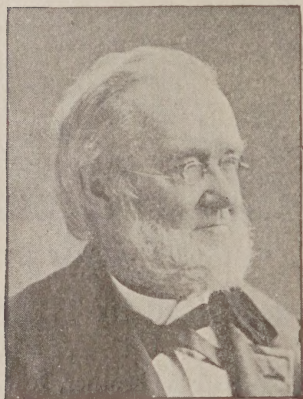
Psychical Science.

Embracing scientific papers on various psychical phenomena, including a series of valuable contributions prepared by leading scholarly physicians on hypnotism as a therapeutic agent. The first paper of this series will be a feature of the January ARENA. It is entitled, "*The Sixth*

Sense and How To Develop It," and has been prepared for THE ARENA by Mr. Paul Tyner. It is an essay of peculiar power, scholarly, scientific, and yet in perfect sympathy with that new thought which we believe will do

much to redeem the world. Dr. James R. Cocke will follow Mr. Tyner in a remarkable paper on "The Mind in Ancient and Modern Medicine." THE ARENA more than any other magazine or review in the world has awakened general interest in scientific investigation of psychical and occult phenomena. During the past three years many of the most eminent thinkers of our time

have discussed these problems in our pages, among whom we might mention Alfred Russel Wallace, Camille Flammarion, Rev. Minot J. Savage, F. W. H. Myers, of Cambridge, Eng., and Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D. In the future, as in the past, this review will give space to scholarly papers looking toward solving the great problems of the scope and power of the mind, and the to-morrow of the race.



PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

Physical Science.

A number of timely papers on Physical Science will appear in THE ARENA for 1894. The first of this series will be entitled, "The Marvels of Electricity," and has been prepared for THE ARENA by that profound scientist and philosopher, Professor Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D.

Editorial Department.

In the future, as in the past, the editorial department will be characterized by the vigor, boldness, and earnestness of purpose which have done so much to make THE ARENA the most popular and most loved review in America. In this department Mr. Flower contemplates devoting a few pages each month to current events of vital significance, which will be an epitome of important happenings in the republic.

Special Features of The Arena.

Fine portraits of leading thinkers, choice illustrations when the subject calls for illustrations, critical biographical sketches, stories of American life by American authors, prose etchings, character sketches, etc., will be features of THE ARENA for 1894, making the review interesting to all members of the family.

The popular southern short story writer, Will Allen Dromgoole, will contribute her best work to our columns during the coming year.



WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

The Books of the Day.

In addition to the 1550 pages which have constituted Volumes VII. and VIII. of THE ARENA, we have published during the past year over two hundred and thirty pages of reviews of the leading books of the time. The aim of the writers of these reviews has been to give the readers of THE ARENA a clear and intelligent idea of the nature, character, and contents of the books noticed.

In addition to the reviews prepared by the editor, carefully prepared criticisms have appeared from such able writers as Helen Campbell, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Hamlin Garland, Henry Wood, Hattie C. Flower, Rev. Philip Moxom, Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Mrs. Annie I. Fields, Grace Carew Sheldon, Professor A. B. Curtis, Helen H. Gardener, Lucinda B. Chandler, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and other critical writers. The two hundred and thirty pages of book reviews in themselves make an invaluable compendium of literary news and criticism, and added to the regular pages of *THE ARENA* make this magazine the largest review published.

The book department for 1894 will be specially attractive, as no pains will be spared to make it indispensable to the reading public.

A MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

Our Special Premium.

Two years ago we gave every reader of *THE ARENA* who remitted twenty cents extra for postage, our *Arena Portfolio*. Perhaps no premium was ever more appreciated by the public, and a large number of copies were sold at three dollars to persons wishing to make choice presents to friends. All the editions of our *Portfolio* have been exhausted, and owing to the destruction of a number of the plates, it will be impossible to republish that collection of portraits. At the urgent request of several thousand of our readers we have, however, decided to issue an *Arena Album*, very similar in many respects to the *Portfolio*. The initial page will contain fine portraits of Whittier and Tennyson; there will also be an index, giving list of portraits, and the following portraits with autographs, printed on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing, or the whole making a portfolio of special value and interest:—

Title page: Whittier and Tennyson.

Page giving list of portraits.

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

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|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| I. Richard A. Proctor. | VIII. Helen H. Gardener. |
| II. Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D. | IX. Louise Chandler Moulton. |
| III. Hamlin Garland. | X. Helen Campbell. |
| IV. James A. Herne. | XI. Will Allen Dromgoole. |
| V. W. D. McCrackan, A. M. | XII. M. French-Sheldon. |
| VI. B. O. Flower. | XIII. May Wright Sewell. |
| VII. Lasalle Corbell Pickett. | XIV. Helen M. Gougar, A. M. |
| XV. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. | |

These portraits are placed in a handsome portfolio, cloth back and board sides, stamped in silver. Every subscriber to *THE ARENA*, whose name is received after Oct. 1, 1893, will receive a copy of this magnificent Album, post-paid and ABSOLUTELY FREE. The retail price of the Album alone is three dollars.

We are determined to greatly increase our subscription list during the ensuing year. We believe the papers arranged for and which are prepared or being prepared by master brains, are unequalled in vital interest by any contributions ever before arranged for by a single publication. We are resolved to make THE ARENA for 1894 incomparably better than ever before. And in addition to this we give, absolutely free, our magnificent Arena Album.

In return we ask our friends, in sending in their subscriptions, to secure one or two additional names. Our family of readers have done splendid work in the past, and we doubt not that they will appreciate our efforts and contribute a little time to the work which we are carrying on, and which we believe is dear to the hearts of our people.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The December ARENA will open Vol. IX., and will be in many respects the most notable issue of the Review which has yet appeared. It will contain, among many other contributions of special merit:—

- I. **Ascent of Life; or Psychic Laws and Forces in Nature**, by Mr. STINSON JARVIS. The first paper will be given in this number.
- II. **The Higher Criticism; Its Aims and Methods**, by Professor WILLIAM SANDAY, D. D., LL. D., A. M., of Oxford, Eng. This is the first paper in our series of contributions upon the Higher Criticism, which are by the most eminent apostles of the new movement in the orthodox churches of Europe and America.
- III. **The Wonders of Hindoo Magic**, by HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D.; the first paper of our notable series on "Indian Occultism; or, A German Scientist in Eastern Wonderland."
- IV. **The Bank of Venice**, by Honorable JOHN DAVIS, M. C. The first of some important contributions on famous passages in the financial history of Europe. Several other important papers on vital political and economic problems will also be features of this number.
- V. **Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent**, by JAMES R. COCKE, M. D. A strong paper containing numerous striking illustrations of the benefits of hypnotism in medical practice which have come under the author's observation.
- VI. **Gerald Massey, Prophet and Reformer**. In this paper the Editor of THE ARENA will give a number of the most stirring and inspiring poems written by the people's poet of England, and which are peculiarly interesting for the present moment, when a great industrial revolution in the United States is in progress.

A fine portrait of Mr. Jarvis will be a feature of THE ARENA for December.

Read our prospectus for 1894, preceding this department.

The Close of Vol. VIII.

With this issue we close Vol. VIII. of THE ARENA. Since the appearance of THE ARENA our circulation has steadily and uninterruptedly increased, and our family of readers is far greater to-day than ever before; and it is our determination to double our circulation during the next three months. To do this we have resolved to make THE ARENA indispensable to all persons who are in any degree in touch with live problems. THE ARENA has never catered to fossilized thought, or sought the favor of

those who love to camp in the valley of ancient ideas. It has realized that we are living in an age in many respects resembling the Renaissance, which brought forth a race of giants, and gave the world an upward impetus; an age in which was given to man a new earth, a new heaven, the printing press, the Reformation, and that wonderful dream of the dawn, "Utopia"; an age which ushered in a noonday splendor in art, with scarcely an hour's dawn; an age in which evil was seen incarnate and active in the Borgia family, in Machiavelli, and

in the spirit of persecution which rose in the evening of this period, and which for a time veiled the face of freedom and manacled liberty. Our time is very like this most remarkable epoch; and though we who are in the heat of the battle may fail to fully appreciate the far-reaching and revolutionary character of the conflict, no student of history can be wholly ignorant of the fact that we are in the midst of a revolution all along the line of human thought, very similar to that which we call the Renaissance.

Now THE ARENA has ever sought to give voice to the best thought of the prophets of progress, and those who, while being scholars and deep thinkers, are as yet too far in advance of their time to be popular with those who wish others to think for them, those who cannot think, and those who love to haunt the graveyard of yesterday. It has never catered to conventionalism, and has steadily opposed plutocracy and that slothful conservatism which denies injustice when found in conventional life, and ignores wrongs which are nurtured by society and fashionable religion. It has been *the one review in all the world* which has fearlessly given the cause of the industrial millions a full and free hearing.

THE ARENA for next year will, we believe, surpass all previous volumes in interest and in the brilliancy of its papers. A contemporary kindly observes that "THE ARENA continues to lead the advance column in the realm of vital thought," and this will be our constant aim for 1894. We earnestly urge every friend of this magazine to read our prospectus in this issue.

I trust that every reader of The Arena will peruse the graphic description of the series of papers on "The Ascent of Life," given in our prospectus in this number.

The Late Professor Proctor on Shakespeare's Plays.

In this issue of THE ARENA we give our readers a most interesting paper, expressing the views of the late Richard A. Proctor on the Shakespearean plays.

This paper is taken from the unpublished letters of the late Professor Proctor to his daughter, who has carefully edited the correspondence in such a way as to preserve the phraseology, while eliminating from the letters matter of a personal nature. It is one of the most valuable contributions to the famous Bacon-Shakespeare controversy which has appeared.

Medical Slavery through Legislation.

We earnestly urge all our readers to peruse with care the thoughtful paper of Mr. Henry Wood, in this issue, on Medical Legislation. Mr. Wood is one of the most brilliant essayists of our time. His able works, "Ideal Suggestion," "God's Image in Man," and "Edward Burton," have given him an enviable place in the ranks of cultured scholarship, and alone entitle his word to special consideration. But aside from this, the question is one of vital importance, and one about which we propose to write at length at an early day. For as THE ARENA has ever stood for freedom and progress and as the enemy of all forms of class legislation, it cannot consent to be silent in the face of that species of class legislation which, next to religious laws, is the most odious conceivable; especially as other reviews and journals have for years been prejudicing public opinion against one of the most sacred rights of the individual — that of selecting whomsoever he desires in the hour of sickness. All persons who attempt to heal the sick should stand on precisely the same footing; and while it would be perfectly proper to enact a national law compelling every person who pretends to heal the sick to place upon his office wall certificates from the county clerk or other authority, stating his qualifications or lack of qualifications to practise, anything which goes further than this, so as to operate in a way that might prevent any American citizen from obtaining the services of whomsoever he desired when sick, is an iniquitous measure which destroys the most sacred rights, and in essence and spirit is as unconstitutional as it is unworthy of our age.

Any subscriber of THE ARENA who sends us one new name during the next thirty days (October 15 to November 15), will receive free a copy of "Ai," the wonderful social vision which is awakening such interest among thoughtful people.

The Lyceum of the Future.

Nothing has been more marked during recent years than the decline of the lecture platform, unless it is the decline in the power of the pulpit in great centres of civilization. The press and the drama have, to a great extent, supplanted the pulpit and the lyceum; and during the past few years the lecture platform has been given over chiefly to "funny" men and persons whose principal end seemed to be to make people laugh. A marked change, however, has recently taken place in many sections of the country, which is very hopeful, and indicates, I imagine, the rise of the lecture platform along legitimate lines. We have entered a period of earnest, serious study. Everywhere the demand comes for literature which treats of live and vital themes in a fearless, honest manner. And with this awakening, which seems to me destined to become nation wide, come calls for hints as to organization, and inquiries for lecturers and persons who can deliver a number of talks which will make great themes clear and lay the foundation for comprehensive courses of reading. This seems to indicate an earnest purpose, which will eventually express itself in organizations that will secure the services of able thinkers and specialists to discuss great questions. I know of nothing so helpful to a community as the entrance of an earnest, able, and thoughtful lecturer, who in one or more evenings gives the most receptive brains a wealth of new ideas, carefully marshalled and impressively presented. I have known small towns and communities intellectually awakened and a wonderful impetus given to general reading by the advent of a lecturer who discussed living and vital problems; while in Boston, last year, we had most striking illustrations of this same result. Professor Drummond's lectures on evolution were serious, solid, and to

the frivolous and shallow very dry, but to the vast majority of those who were fortunate enough to secure tickets, as well as to thousands upon thousands who enjoyed a digest of his views as published in the daily press, they were wonderfully stimulating and thought-inspiring. This was marked by the great demand for works treating of evolution, as well as by the nobler theme which for a time supplanted, among thousands of people, the small talk which a few years ago monopolized conversation. Public-spirited men and women, who would benefit their country and bless the rising generation, could not do better than raise a fund in each town, city, and village for a series of thoughtful lectures on living and vital themes.

Another indication of the growing interest in a lecture platform which shall represent vital thought and real issues, is seen in the deep interest awakened during the past year by Hamlin Garland in his lectures on American literature, on the land question, and various economic problems. The wonderful quickening of independent thought and the awakening of the intellectual life in the people is one of the most striking symptoms of our day. A soul hunger is found in all sections, and the serious and earnest speaker will feed the desire and supplement valuable literature, which is now within the reach of all reading circles.

Rabbi Schindler's Lectures on Living Themes.

The readers of THE ARENA are a com-wealth of thinkers upon live problems, and it will doubtless be welcome news to very many of them to learn that so original, profound, and earnest a thinker as Rabbi Solomon Schindler has prepared several lectures, and will fill a limited number of engagements during the coming season. The following are the subjects upon which Rabbi Schindler will lecture this winter:—

I. "OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, THEIR GLORIES AND THEIR DEFECTS."

A new lecture, which, among many other things, discusses the question of public school

funds for sectarian propagation. The lecturer was reared among the normal schools of Germany, has enjoyed a wide and varied experience among our own educators, has been for several years, and is now, on the Boston school board, and is well qualified to tell many things of vital import to parents, teachers, and all who admit the wisdom of the statesman who said, "Give me the children, and I care not who teaches the parents."

II. "BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF POSTERITY."

This is also a new lecture. As "the boy is father to the man," so, in one sense, are unborn generations the grandfathers of us all, if our altruistic efforts on their behalf materially modify our present lives. As we judge the past, pity its errors and excuse its crimes, or glory in its good deeds, so will the future call us to account. Among our noblest aspirations is the sincere wish to so order our lives, that posterity will be thankful for our existence. This is a unique and thrilling lecture, which rivals "Looking Backward" in interest, and excels it in practical benefits to mankind.

III. "INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM."

The first may be called the Ptolemaic system of ethics, in which all the universe revolves around the individual, and the Golden Rule itself is but a beautiful though inadequate outgrowth of this initial error. The second is the Copernican system of ethics, in which all individuals circulate around the great sun of truth, for the greater good of the whole. This charming lecture develops these two fundamental ideas, and shows how they are woven into the warp and woof of our very existence; and that our true motto should be—not "All for one," but "One for all." It finds favor with radical, conservative, and socialist alike; for it appeals to the great principles which move humanity as a whole.

IV. "WHAT IS NATIONALISM?"

The ovum of this lecture appeared in the *New England Magazine*, for September, 1892, concerning which the following is quoted from a personal letter to Rabbi Schindler:

"In all that has been written on the subject, I have met with nothing so well adapted to popular comprehension. You have answered the question so clearly, and replied to objections so fairly, no one can fail to understand. It is very readable, and whoever begins it will finish it. It is an educational paper in the best sense of the term."

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

V. "THE JEWISH CRIMINAL CODE AND THE TRIAL OF JESUS OF NAZARETH."

This lecture is a historical study, as convincing in its logic as it is startling in its conclusions. The speaker shows an expert's acquaintance with the proceedings under the ancient Jewish law, and proves that we get too much of our theology from Milton and Dante, as we also get too much of our Christianity from the earliest Christians, who were too close to both Judaism and Christianity to properly understand either. He talks from

the standpoint of a liberal Jew, and the lecture arouses intense interest in Jew and Gentile alike; but it is better suited for the *élite* among the *literati*, than for the popular ear.

Should any of our readers desire to communicate with Rabbi Schindler in regard to these lectures, they may address him, at his home, 36 Berwick Park, Boston, or his manager, Mr. James H. Dunne, No. 1 Beacon Street. I make this announcement with pleasure, believing it may be interesting news to our readers, and also hoping that through it some communities may be led to secure the services of one of the most original, and able thinkers of our time.

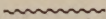
Mr. McCrackan's Lectures.

Another valued contributor of THE ARENA will give a limited number of delightful lectures during the ensuing year. I refer to W. D. McCrackan, A. M., the scholarly author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic." Mr. McCrackan is not only an able and vigorous thinker, but his long residence in Switzerland and his careful studies of everything pertaining to that wonderful little republican jewel in monarchical Europe, render him peculiarly fitted to speak authoritatively and interestingly on the following subjects:—

1. "Mountaineering in Switzerland."
2. "William Tell, in Fact and Fiction."
3. "The Life of the Swiss Peasantry."
4. "Swiss Solutions of American Problems." (The Referendum, the Initiative, and Proportional Representation.)

The first three lectures are given with stereopticon views; the fourth deals with political problems or ideal republican measures, and is given without pictures. Any organization or society securing Mr. McCrackan's services will, I am confident, feel richly repaid, as he is an entertaining speaker, his themes are of especial interest, and each lecture contains a vast amount of valuable information which could only be obtained by travel and deep research. Persons desiring to communicate with Mr. McCrackan should address him at his residence, 376 Newbury Street, Boston.

Do not fail to read our announcement of "The Ascent of Life," published elsewhere in our prospectus.



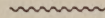
The Money Power.

William Waldorf Astor, one of the most conspicuous illustrations of a man who is enabled to luxuriate in foreign lands through *unearned increment*, very naturally champions the cause of gold, and in the September number of his *Pall Mall Magazine* appears in a signed editorial championing the cause of the Bank of England, and the usurer class of Europe and America. Mr. Astor closes his paper with this insolent remark, which well illustrates the spirit of the gold oligarchy, whose headquarters are in the Bank of England, and whose western branch is that world of gamblers known as Wall Street: "It is not likely," says Mr. Astor, "that in this practical age the financial centres will suffer a thing so delicate and vital as *their* standards of value to be trifled with at hazard. And so long as this remains the case, it may confidently be affirmed that it will be impossible to accomplish any monetary scheme of world-wide bearing which encounters the joint condemnation of the *city of London, Wall Street, and New York.*"

Nothing is more alarming to-day than the arrogance of Wall Street or the confidence it exhibits in its ability to further subvert the interests of America's millions for the financial gain of: (1) a few score of millionaires, (2) a class of financiers who through special privileges are accumulating millions of dollars, and (3) the usurer class of Europe, which may be justly compared to an octopus which is absorbing all but the very life of productive wealth. The question for the American voter to determine, and to determine speedily, is, whether Wall Street shall destroy the republic, or whether the wealth-producers shall unite in a Herculean struggle and destroy Wall Street. And by Wall Street I mean the world of gamblers and parasites who are feeding off the nation's wealth-producers.

In this issue we publish a paper worthy

of careful consideration, entitled "The Slave Power and the Money Power."



Knowledge the Preserver of Purity.

Few papers have been published in THE ARENA the past year which awakened more general interest or called forth a greater number of commendatory letters than Rabbi Schindler's contribution in the July ARENA, entitled "Innocence at the Price of Ignorance." It was this able contribution which suggested the brilliant and thoughtful paper contributed by Mrs. Laura E. Scammon, which we publish in this number. Mrs. Scammon is president of a large woman's club in Kansas City, Mo. She is one of those splendid thinkers who have in recent years succeeded in bringing together women devoted to serious thought. The clubs now being formed throughout the United States for grave consideration of vital subjects are a significant and happy sign of the times, and women like Mrs. Scammon little know the influence they are exerting on future thought by their splendid labors.



Is Liquor Selling a Sin?

In this paper the eminent temperance lecturer, Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, replies to Mr. Brown's notable paper, in which he defended liquor selling as scriptural. Personally I am far less concerned as to whether or not Jesus drank fermented liquors or manufactured wine on a certain occasion in a country where every one on festal occasions partook of the juice of the grape, than I am concerned about the morality of wine drinking here and now. We are far too prone to live in the past and disregard facts as they exist to-day. If the saloon is directly responsible for a large percentage of the crime committed; if it is filling our prisons, penitentiaries and almshouses, and if it can be shown that it is directly responsible for great injury being inflicted upon innocent persons—such, for example, as the suffering imposed upon the families of its victims—then it clearly becomes a subject for the voters to handle, uninfluenced by what was the custom or teaching in former times.

Patterns for Greek Robes and Syrian Costumes.

I am pleased to be able to give our readers the address of a thoroughly competent lady, who will send patterns for both the sleeveless Grecian robe, such as appeared in THE ARENA for June, and the Syrian costume, or who will make these garments when measures are sent. The address is as follows: Mrs. J. E. Watson, 19 Oakdale Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass. I can cordially recommend Mrs. Watson, as I have seen a number of her Syrian suits, the result in each case being perfectly satisfactory to the most fastidious.

It affords me great pleasure to note the general interest manifested by thoughtful people throughout the Union in this great movement. Quite a number of ladies in Boston are adopting the Syrian costume, and for bicycle use it is becoming very popular in various parts of the country. Mrs. Watson is the first dress-maker Mrs. Flower has found who is entirely satisfactory in regard to fitting; and for this reason I would recommend all friends who are desirous of obtaining satisfactory patterns to communicate with her.

Darwin's great work, "The Descent of Man," marked an epoch in the thought of civilization. Mr. Jarvis' "Ascent of Life," while in perfect accord with Darwin's "Descent," takes a step in advance and crosses the threshold of the next realm of conquest which confronts the human mind. See prospectus for outline of this most important series of papers.

Important Papers by Mr. Savage.

We have made arrangements with Rev. M. J. Savage and his brother, Rev. W. H. Savage, for six papers on the religious views of our latter-day poets. These sketches will deal with the thought and expression of Longfellow, Lowell, Browning, Whitman, Whittier, and Tennyson. Three will be prepared by Rev. M. J. Savage, and three by his brother, Rev. W. H. Savage, whose able paper on "The Real and Unreal God," in a recent issue of THE ARENA, occasioned such favor-

able comment. These contributions will be of special interest to all thoughtful people.

Remember that every subscriber to The Arena for 1894, whose subscription is received after October 1, will receive our magnificent Arena Album absolutely free.

Three Very Notable Papers.

In the December ARENA we will publish the first of three notable papers from the pen of James R. Cocke, M. D. These contributions are as follows:

I. Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent.

II. The Voice as an Index to the Soul.

III. Mind in Ancient and Modern Medicine.

These papers are very able and will prove exceedingly instructive and interesting to our readers.

I hope all our readers who have not read Mr. Daniel's wonderful social vision, entitled "Ai," will secure a copy. It is a charming story, rich in quiet humor and luminous with Christlike charity. It will bring all readers into the most active sympathy with the unfortunates of life.

Gerald Massey.

I propose to notice the life and work of Gerald Massey in three papers. The first, dealing with Mr. Massey as man and poet, appears in our issue this month. Next month I shall deal with the prophet and reformer, and in the January issue with Mr. Massey as a mystic. In those papers will be found many of the poet's gems of song which deserve far wider notice than they have as yet received.

Professor Sanday on Higher Criticism.

The opening paper of our series on the Higher Criticism, from the pen of Professor William Sanday of Oxford, Eng., will appear in our next issue. Professor Sanday is one of the deepest scholars among the orthodox thinkers of England, and his paper will be read with great interest. We have in hand an ex-

ceedingly able paper on this theme by the eminent English thinker, R. F. Horton, A. M., which will appear at an early date.

A Leader in the Cause of Justice.

We are in the midst of a social revolution, although comparatively few people who are not in perfect touch with the industrial millions appreciate the magnitude of the movement. During the ensuing year THE ARENA will be in the forefront of the battle, fighting for absolute justice for the people. It will expose special privileges and wage a ceaseless warfare against class legislation.

Mr. Powell's Study of Thomas Paine.

In this issue we publish a companion study to the admirable paper on Benjamin Franklin which Mr. Powell contributed to the September ARENA. Few persons possess the rare power evinced by Mr. Powell of discussing in a charming and yet critical way the life, thought, and work of eminent persons. It is only fair to say that the paper given in this number was in our hands months before Mr. Conway published his admirable work on "The Life of Thomas Paine," the entire essay as it appears being the result of Mr. Powell's individual and exhaustive research, extending over several years.

Rabbi Schindler's Thoughts in an Orphan Asylum.

While many of our readers will not agree with Rabbi Schindler in the views expressed in his able paper in this issue of THE ARENA, all persons will be benefited by perusal of this contribution, as the author is always suggestive. It is the peculiarity of original thinkers that they open up many vistas of thought, awaken ideas, and stimulate the brain; and this in a very real way characterizes all the work of Rabbi Schindler. Our readers will be pleased to hear that we have arranged with this thoughtful writer for a number of papers, which will appear in THE ARENA for 1894.

Close of the Bacon-Shakespeare Case.

We close the verdict on the celebrated Bacon-Shakespeare case in this issue, giving the opinion of Governor Russell of Massachusetts, Andrew H. H. Dawson, A. B. Brown, and Henry Irving. As will be seen, the verdict is overwhelmingly in favor of Shakespearean authorship.

La Corriveau.

In this issue of THE ARENA we publish a striking historical sketch from the pen of the well-known and accomplished Canadian author, Louis Frechette. It will be read with interest.

Brilliant Southern Authors.

THE ARENA has brought to public notice a number of brilliant Southern authors. In this issue we give a story from the pen of an accomplished writer from western Tennessee, Mary Jameson Judah. Among the well-known persons who own Tennessee as their home, and who are contributors to THE ARENA, are General Marcus J. Wright (at present in Washington, D. C.), Will Allen Dromgoole, Virginia Frazier Boyle, and Mary Jameson Judah.

The Social Science Federation.

I take great pleasure in giving our readers the following open letter which is being sent out by the Social Science Federation, of which Mrs. Laura E. Seammon, author of the noteworthy essay on "Knowledge the Preserver of Purity," in this number of THE ARENA, is president. I rejoice to see this glorious work being so ably pushed. Only one word: Broaden your work, dear friends. Do not imitate men by confining your membership to one sex. Hand in hand must manhood and womanhood rise.

Believing that organization among women is the demand of the hour; that by the concentration of their forces may be increased, many fold, their power for good, the Social Science Federation desires to call the attention of its friends, and of all who are interested in club work to its recent change from the old interstate organization to the broader basis of a Western Federation of Clubs.

As first organized, it was the aim of the Social Science Club to promote a better acquaintance

among the women of this section, to enlarge their opportunities, and to bring the highest knowledge of each for the benefit of all; and thirteen years of helpful and happy association upon this basis has developed in the club an earnest desire for the broadest and freest extension of its benefits and pleasures — the desire, above all others, to extend to those who live in new settlements and remote farming districts its genial friendship and the mental stimulus which springs from community of thought and feeling.

In no sense a rival of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, but rather its sincere friend and ally, the Social Science Federation yet feels that there is in the West a demand for work more detailed in plan, and more intimate in relation than is possible with so general and large an organization. Hoping that it may help to meet this demand, it now offers its hand with its heart in it — its many hundreds of hands and hearts as one — to the women's clubs of Kansas, Missouri, and adjoining states, looking toward the establishment of a general working sisterhood in the West.

The research and discussions of the Social Science Federation are conducted under several departments, viz., Education, History and Civil Government, Literature, Natural Science, Domestic and Sanitary Science, and Philanthropy and Reform. Courses of study prepared by the committees in charge of these several departments are furnished to clubs upon application, though their adoption is optional. No iron-clad rules govern the formation and admittance of clubs. "Unity in diversity" is the motto of this federation, which aspires only to be a link in the chain of mutual helpfulness that shall encircle the earth, uniting each to every other and all to the Highest. "The torch of God passes on its way, hand reaching out to hand." The Social Science Federation asks only that each member shall hold her torch high.

Reference books under the various courses of study will be furnished to clubs for a nominal rental, just sufficient to pay the expenses of distribution.

Copies of the constitution and by-laws, and a simplified constitution in conformity with it, will be sent upon application, either to the president or corresponding secretary; correspondence upon any and all matters pertaining to club membership or work is solicited, and all inquiries will meet with a cordial response; also the personal co-operation of some member of the executive council is tendered to all who may wish for such aid in the organization of new clubs.

Fraternally signed,

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Mrs. Laura E. Scammon, president, 2460 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Jennie M. Kellogg, first vice-president, Emporia, Kansas; Mrs. Sallie Toler, vice-president, North Wichita, Kansas; Mrs. Lucy B. Johnston, vice-president, Minneapolis, Kansas; Mrs. Lilian Hale, vice-president, 2402 North 10th St., Kansas City, Kansas; Mrs. T. H. Church, vice-president, 622

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Remember that every subscriber to THE ARENA whose subscription is received after October 1, of this year, will be presented with our magnificent Arena Album, absolutely free.

Help for the Sinking and Redemption for the Young.

During the past two years and a half THE ARENA has raised between three and four thousand dollars, which has been expended in feeding the starving, caring for the sick, securing positions for the needy, and redeeming the children of the slums. Accounts of these disbursements have been made in this department of THE ARENA, so that our regular readers are acquainted with the great good which has been accomplished. But as numbers of new readers have joined our circle during the past few months, I wish to say a word on this subject and ask every friend of THE ARENA to do something for the needy within the next sixty days. I do not ask that the money be sent to our Fund, for many friends have those whom they can help at their own doors. But I do ask that each reader of THE ARENA register a vow to help some needy one during the next sixty days, and let that vow be sacredly kept. We are on the verge of a terrible winter. Tens of thousands of our people will suffer, but we can greatly lessen the bitterness of some lives by thoughtful aid. Let no one withhold the help which lies in his power. THE ARENA has two life-saving stations which will be its special charge this winter. One is located in the slums of the North End in Boston, the other in the slums of Philadelphia. And it is about these two branches of work that I wish to speak most seriously to our friends.

I. THE SLUMS OF BOSTON.

Below, I give a letter from Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, the noble-souled minister who is giving his life to relieving suffering, aiding the disheartened, and redeeming the young in the very heart of the slums of Boston. It has been under the personal supervision of Mr. Swaffield that the main portion of our disbursements in the slums of the North End has been made. And chiefly through the agitation opened two years ago, and carried on by THE ARENA, substantial reforms have been wrought in this part of the city. As long as our Fund was supplied we were able to do great good in relieving suffering, in helping the needy to secure positions, and in various ways aiding those who had fallen under the wheel. Now, however, our Fund is empty, and until we receive assistance we can do nothing. All money paid into this Fund is so disbursed as to help in a real way the deserving poor. All cases are personally investigated, so that no money is wasted on those who do not really need help, or given where it can be used for liquor. The story of the good which has been accomplished by THE ARENA Poor Fund would require a volume, and while I have never urged the aiding of these unfortunates as anything more than a palliative measure, I do claim that it is our sacred duty to help these sufferers to the full extent of our ability while we agitate for those great reforms which are rooted and grounded in justice. This is Mr. Swaffield's letter and report:—

My Dear Mr. Flower:—

I enclose statement of expenditure of the last \$40 received from the Arena Fund.

The recent visitation of families in the North End reveals a sad state of affairs. Poverty and want I fear will be terrible this winter—so many willing and able are out of work, and hence are unable to provide for those dependent upon them. We hope that funds will come in so that we may be able to run our new soup kitchen at its fullest capacity.

I am glad to say that, through your agency in the main, in exposing the evils of society in the North End, many sights that used to sadden our hearts and eyes are now gone, and many families are now doing well in the suburban towns around Boston.

Yours very sincerely,

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

Expenditure of Arena Fund to Sept. 27, 1893.

For board of 15 mothers and children in the country for 6 days each at 40 cents a day	\$36 00
For meals and lodging for men out of work	2 00
Medicine and food for sick	2 00
	\$40 00

W. J. SWAFFIELD.

II. THE SETTLEMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.

And now one word in regard to the magnificent work being carried on by Mr. Daniel in Philadelphia. I am peculiarly interested in this work because of the breadth of its scope and the catholicity of its spirit. Mr. Daniel in his wonderful little work, "Ai," has outlined the redemption of the slums along certain broad and noble lines. The dream precedes the reality, and having dreamed of redeemed and transformed slums Mr. Daniel has set to work to bring about the realization of his dream. Accordingly he has moved his family into the slums, and has commenced personal labor among the unfortunates after the manner of the work operated by Ai in the story of that name. This work will, I believe, save to civilization and the race many persons who would otherwise be lost. I believe also that it will eventually lead to much helpful labor along the same lines in our great centres; and therefore I feel a keen interest in its success. Below I publish a letter just received from a friend, giving five dollars for this enterprise. This, with the ten dollars credited in THE ARENA last month, makes fifteen dollars already contributed to the work.

All who feel moved to aid us in either of these noble works may forward money to us, and it will be acknowledged in THE ARENA. An account of its disbursement will also be given at intervals as heretofore. Please designate for which work you wish the sum expended.

Enclosed find \$5 for the good Mr. Daniel in assistance to his noble work among the slums at Philadelphia.

May his friends, who are legion, prove their sympathy by a timely aid.

Yours for truth,

F. S. CHANNELL.

A Card from Mr. Fleming.

I greatly dislike to give place to personal grievances in the columns of THE ARENA, as I always deplore the mentioning of any name in other than a decorous manner. I have, however, received the following letter from Mr. Fleming, to which I give place merely because it seems simple justice that Mr. F. be heard in his own behalf, although I cannot in the future permit personal grievances to be discussed in our pages.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18, 1893.

To the Editor:—

My attention has been directed by the *Critic*, September 2 last, to the following statement made by Mr. Appleton Morgan, in the July number of THE ARENA, p. 236:—

"Later I sent a man named Fleming (not a Shakespeare scholar, but a man with no motive for prevarication) to examine it, and he arrived at the same conclusion."

In reply I beg to state:—

In 1887 at the request of the editor of "Shakespeareana" I prepared a paper on "Bibliography of the First Folios in New York City." While doing so I examined the copies of that book in the Lenox Library. That paper was read before the Shakespeare Society of New York, and afterwards published in "Shakespeareana" for March, 1888.

In reply to the words, "not a Shakespeare scholar," I enclose a copy of a letter from Mr. Morgan to myself:—

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.
Appleton Morgan, *President*.

Office of the President,

21 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1891. }

Dear W. H. F.:—

Do you feel disposed to go ahead with that joint arrangement of which we spoke?

"A Technical examination of all the Quartos and of the Four Folios of the Shakespeare Plays tending to an Identification of the Printing Offices from which they were Issued: and so to a Summary of the Circumstantial Evidence as to their Sources, Production, and Shakespearean Authorship."

How would that do for a title? H. O. H. & Co. would print it. We would have to jointly shoulder the expense, less, however, all the ornaments, headpieces, tailpieces, etc., which have been used in the Bankside, and as many of the H. P. blocks as we care to use.

[Here follow details as to style of printing, number of copies, price, sales, etc., etc. The letter concludes:—]

Believe me, the labor will be enough for our lifetime. Shakespearean study will never perish, and it will link your name and mine together for our collateral descendants, anyhow—unless you propose to get married, and if so you had better hurry up.

Cordially always,

(Signed) A. M.

I declined Mr. Morgan's repeated offer to join him in writing this book, *not being willing to "link" my name with his*. Hence his present opinion of my scholarship. I congratulate myself that I am placed in the company of such eminent scholars as Dr. Furnivall and Dr. Rolfe as one of the subjects of Mr. Morgan's malicious criticism. In view of the confession made in the closing paragraph of his article, such criticism comes from him with very bad grace:—

"Admitting, then, as Mr. Donnelly says, that I wrote, ten years ago, a book to prove the Baconian authorship, it seems to me that if anything I should be rather commended than condemned, for being frank enough publicly to state that I had, as I believed, become convinced that I was mistaken."

One who makes such a blunder should be a little modest in criticising those whose reputations for ripe scholarship are firmly and permanently established.

WILLIAM H. FLEMING.

Consumption

may be averted, and now is a good time to begin the work of averting it. If your lungs are weak and your tendency is toward consumption you should think now about preparing yourself for Winter's strain. *Don't wait* until cold weather sets in, but begin at once with

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda. Scott's Emulsion will nourish you, build you up, and make your lungs strong so that colds will not settle there. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Coughs and Colds

and Throat Troubles are speedily cured by Scott's Emulsion. It is a rich fat food that enriches the blood, cures Blood Diseases, creates Healthy Flesh and makes the skin clear and natural in color.

NOTICE! Why should you go contrary to the Physician's advice by allowing some inferior preparation to be substituted for Scott's Emulsion?

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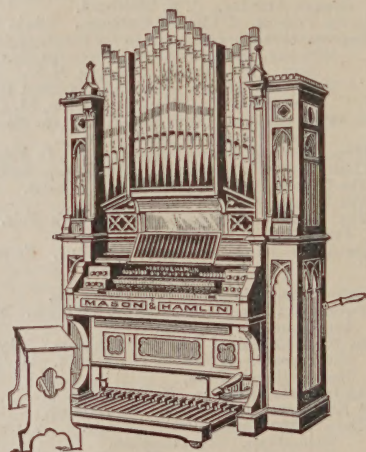
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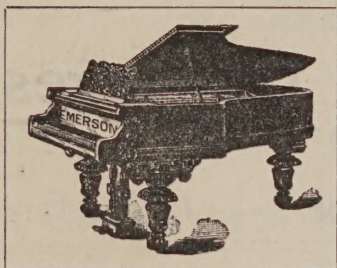
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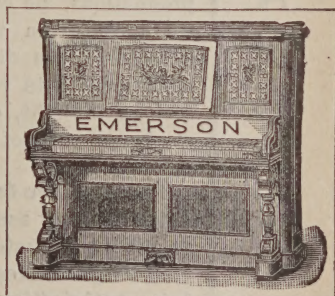


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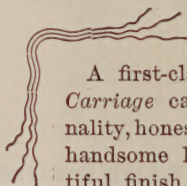
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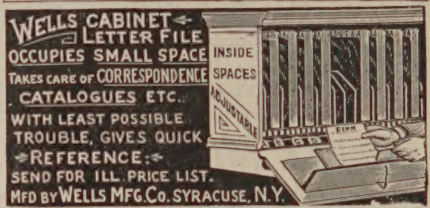
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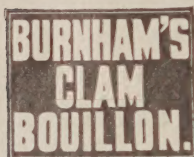


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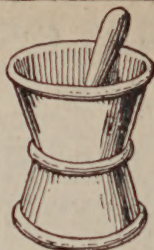
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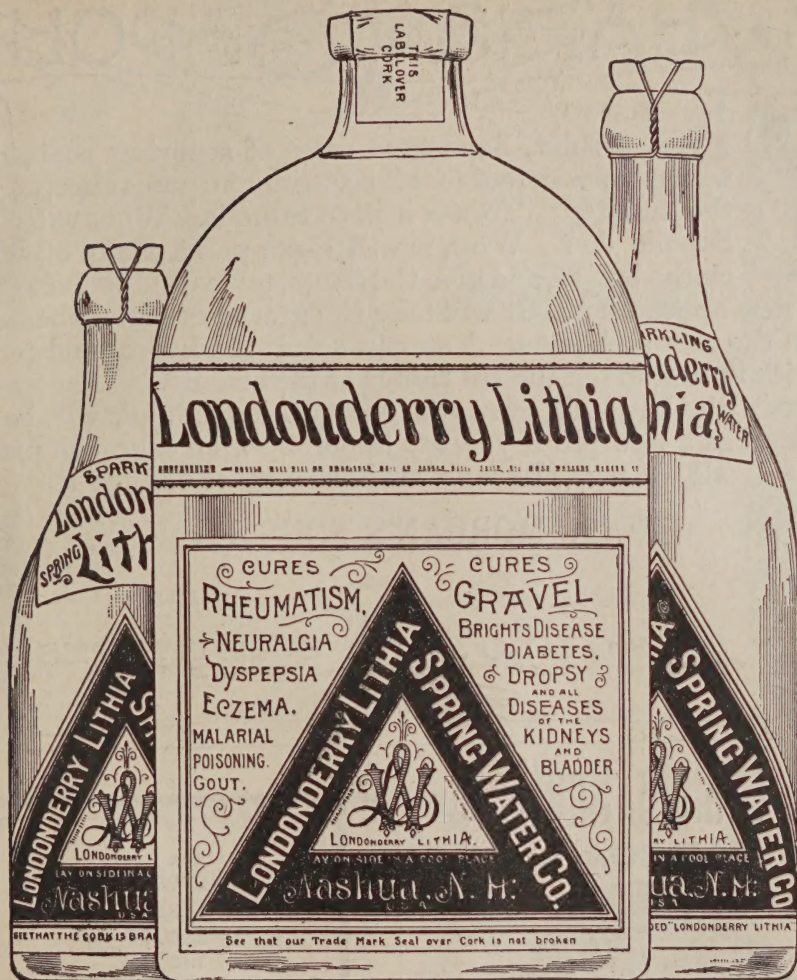
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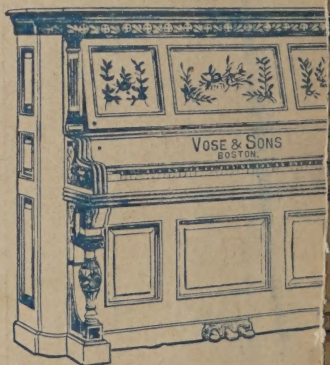
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